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ITALY

AND

THE ITALIANS

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ITALY

AND

THE ITALIANS,

IN THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY:

A VIEW OF THE CIVIL, POLITICAL, AND MORAL STATE OF THAT COUNTRY:

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF ITALY UNDER THE FRENCH;

AND A

TREATISE ON MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

86267

By A. VIEUSSEUX.

——————— E il più gentile
Terren non sei di quanti scalda il Sole?
D'ogni bell' arte non sei madre, o Italia?
Polve d' eroi non è la polve tua?

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, *Tragedia.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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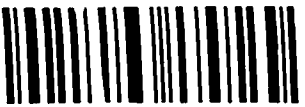

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ITALY,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

SARDINIAN STATES.

AFTER spending several months in Switzerland, it is with heartfelt satisfaction that I find myself once more on the south side of the Alps, in the beautiful plains of Piedmont, and this too in a most delightful time of the year. Having visited Lyons, the second city of France, I left it by the Turin diligence. We travelled the whole night; passed through Bourgoin and la Tour du Pin, two small French towns; and arrived at Pont Beauvoisin, on the frontiers of Savoy, next morning by ten o'clock. There we were detained four hours by the Piedmontese custom-house officers, who examined every part of the baggage. They are civil to passengers; when they have no suspicion of their concealing any contraband articles, they

do not empty their trunks, but merely overlook the contents, taking care not to injure them. I have found the custom-house officers of the King of Sardinia the best behaved of any I have met in the whole of my travels. They are well clothed and well paid, and do not seem susceptible of bribery; I have met with the same disinterested spirit in the Piedmontese police officers, and in the carabineers, who do their duty very well, and keep the roads perfectly safe; and I am happy to be able to pay them this compliment; they reflect credit upon their government and upon their country.

Pont Beauvoisin is a small town divided in two by the river Guier, which forms the boundary between France and Savoy. On the bridge which unites the two districts of the town, there are on each side sentries of their respective nations. The French part is the best built. As I was standing in the middle of the square near the post-house, I could read the inscription of eight or ten inns, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms dignified by high-sounding names. I suppose that the military, the custom-house and police officers, and the other people employed by government, form the principal part of the inhabitants of the place, and that they spend their frequent leisure hours in public places to kill time. The situation of Pont Beauvoisin is

low, and surrounded by high grounds, and I think it must be rather unhealthy in summer. The part of it belonging to Savoy seems poorer and of less consequence than that on the French side.

While the custom-house officers were visiting the goods with which the diligence is generally loaded, we got our dinner, and at two o'clock we started again. We soon arrived at the *pas du Chail*, which is the first defile one meets in entering Savoy. The road is narrow and cut out of the perpendicular rock on the brink of a fearful precipice, at the bottom of which runs the river Guier. It is over this frightful chasm that smugglers venture often in the depths of night, climb the rocks at the risk of being precipitated into the abyss below, and wading through the river, pass from one territory into the other, notwithstanding the gens d'armes are on the watch for them; and thus they run the chance of losing their property, and with it their liberty, and sometimes their lives. Still the temptation is so great on account of the heavy duties by which the governments of Europe have thought proper to fetter commerce, that numbers of people are known to live by smuggling all along the frontiers. Guilty as they are of breaking the laws of the country, I cannot help compassionating in some degree many of these people, whom real necessity and want of

resources in these inland districts lead to follow this dangerous and illegal course of life. What nights of watching, fatigue, and anxiety, they must pass when engaged in their expeditions; the profits of which very often serve to enrich their employers who rest secure at home, and who give them such a poor reward as is barely sufficient to support existence! With what throbbing hearts must their families be waiting their return! The subject is certainly very sad, and one of the evils of the present system. The gens d'armes or carabineers trace out the smugglers, like hunters after their prey. I observed the manœuvres of some of them who had got scent of a depôt of contraband goods, concealed in a solitary house situated on the Savoy bank of the river, near the road; those who were on foot surrounded the place at a distance, concealing themselves behind the bushes; one of the party who was mounted, galloped up to the house, when all the rest rushed in. Our carriage driving on, I could not learn any thing of the success, but I felt that the scene was a most unpleasant one to reflect upon.

We arrived at sunset at the great pass of *les Echelles*, one of the most romantic spots I have ever seen. A range of table mountains, which I believe to be a secondary chain of Alps, runs across Savoy, between the Rhone and the Isere, and seems to

forbid the approach to Italy on that side, forming as it were an outwork of the great Alpine barrier. Formerly, the only way to proceed was by steps cut in the rock, accessible only to pedestrians, and resembling ladders, from which the pass took the name of les Echelles. Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, had a road opened by mines through this mass of rocks for a length of about two miles; a most useful and noble undertaking. An inscription remains in commemoration of the sovereign who had it constructed. The road is winding; the cliffs are in some places nearly a thousand feet high and almost perpendicular. A solemn stillness reigns in this region. At a tremendous height above your heads, a few sheep and goats, scarcely distinguishable by sight, are straying on the crags which overhang the precipice; and higher up, the azure sky contrasts with the grey colour of the rocks by which you appear enclosed on every side, so as not to perceive any issue. The whole forms a most wild and dreary scene. In the midst of these horrors, the singular appearance of a beggar stationed on one side of the road, strikes the traveller. I was told this man had lived twenty years in this place, in a kind of wooden hut built against the rock, ten feet in length and six in breadth; there he sleeps, works, cooks his scanty repast, and collects the alms of the

passengers. A strange existence, which still must have some attractions!

At the entrance of the pass we had left our carriage, as the ascent is very steep and fatiguing for the horses; to avoid the worst part of it, a gallery has been cut through the rock; it is more than eight hundred feet in length, by twenty-five in breadth. This cut was begun by Bonaparte, and has just been finished by the present King of Sardinia, who seems not to neglect these kinds of improvements in his territories. After twenty minutes' walk through the rocky glen, we saw the sun again, the pass becoming less steep and the mountains lower, and we began to descend towards Chambery. Les Echelles forms on this side a natural defence to Savoy; but the country is open and accessible on the south, towards Grenoble. We passed the night at Chambery: the situation of this place is romantic, in a valley closely surrounded by the lofty Alps; the town itself is poor and indifferently built; the governor of Savoy resides in it; it has a senate, which is the supreme court of justice of the duchy. There are many noble families in this place, but generally they have small incomes. They retain, however, much of the pride of feudal times; they were once overbearing to the peasantry, but this is now over, and things tend

rather to the opposite extreme. The Savoyards are sincere, but passionate; honest and faithful, but headstrong; charitable among themselves, but the lower classes, notwithstanding this, are much inclined to beg from the traveller, without always having the excuse of real want. A great number of them leave their country, and wander about Europe, subsisting by different kinds of labour. Numbers of them used to resort to Paris, where they performed sundry menial offices, as porters, messengers, and sweeps, and where their honesty and industry had become proverbial. The country women are the most submissive servants of their husbands, as in all rude countries; they stand waiting behind their chairs, while they are at table, and never take their meals until their lords have finished.

The inhabitants of Chambery, and of other towns of Savoy, speak good French. The men of letters write with great elegance and purity of style. One of them, Le Chevalier Maistre, published some time ago a curious little work, under the title of "Voyage autour de ma Chambre"; in which he has imitated with success the style of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

The Savoyards have acquired much of French manners and ideas during the last twenty years, and consequently a certain prepossession in favour

of their late masters. The restored government has also perhaps neglected them, and showed a preference to its Italian subjects, the Piedmontese. In the late revolution of 1821, however, the Savoyards remained quiet.

On leaving Chambery, as my fellow-travellers and I were walking before the diligence, we met a young peasant carrying a bundle of hay:—"*Ah, messieurs, si j'etois comme vous, je ne porterois pas cette botte de foin,*" said he with a significant look of envy, and an expression of ill concealed dissatisfaction at the supposed superiority of our lot.

A short distance from Chambery, I was struck with the appearance of a fine country-house and gardens on the right of the road, which belong to a native of this country, who made his fortune in India. A curious story was told me of his having been high in rank in the service of Tippoo Saheb, and of his having betrayed his master into the hands of the English; and although I replied that Tippoo had perished on the breach at the storming of his own capital, the Savoyard who related me this tale, did not seem persuaded of its untruth. The nabob, as he is called, has lived for many years in this place, in complete retirement; his countrymen seem prejudiced against him, and avoid his company. He succeeded lately in marrying a natural son of his to a young lady of Chambery,

to the great disapprobation of the rigorists; but money is as great a temptation in Savoy as elsewhere. It must be said in his favour, that he employs a good part of his fortune in charitable purposes.

The country about Chambery is the most fertile part of Savoy. On approaching Montmelian, I noticed the curious appearance of a rock on the left, which resembles the head of a sphynx, and preserves the same resemblance on every side. The situation of Montmelian is picturesque, and seems important in a military point of view. It is built at the foot of a steep mountain on the right bank of the Isere, and commands the pass of that river. Four deep valleys open from it;—the one by which you come from Chambery; another on the left, leading into the high Alps of Tarentaise; the third, to the right, following the course of the Isere to Grenoble; and the fourth, opening into the province of Maurienne, through which the road to Italy leads. The Austrians and the French had some hard fighting at this place, in 1814.

The road, after crossing the Isere, ascends slowly, winding between two chains of Alps, which rise higher and higher, and seem to close at Aiguebelle. The situation of this town would afford a fine subject for an Alpine landscape.

We dined at Aiguebelle; and, proceeding on our route, turned round a mountain into the valley of Maurienne, a poor barren country. The river Arc, which descends from Mount Cenis, runs through the whole of Maurienne, and empties itself into the Isere between Aiguebelle and Montmelian. The road keeps along the banks of this stream all the way to the foot of Mont Cenis. We passed in the evening Saint Jean de Maurienne, the principal town of the province. The approach to Italy is here gradually felt: the sounds of the *patois* become more like the Piedmontese; the appearance of the people is more Italian; there is more expression in their countenance, and more warmth in their address. The sky was pure and brilliant, and the moon shone brighter than I had seen it for a long time. We passed the night at Saint Michel, a small town with a tolerably good inn, where the diligences to and from Italy regularly stop. Starting early in the morning, we passed the forest of Bramant, and found ourselves in the very middle of the Alps, some of their highest peaks covered with eternal snow towering above the rest. We saw to the left Mont Iseran, whence the Isere takes its source; Mont Cenis before us, and the Col de Sestrieres on the right, over which there is a passage practicable in summer leading to Fenestrelle. In the

midst of these solitudes, the Sardinian government has since the last peace raised the new fortress of Bramant, on a rock surrounded on all sides by dreadful precipices, and the batteries of which command the pass. It is an important outwork in defence of Italy. After passing the village of Lanslebourg, we began to ascend Mont Cenis; the road winds along the side of the mountain, the ascent is easy, it was free from snow, and we had a beautiful sunny day. In about three hours we were at the summit of the ascent. This is the place where in winter time people slide down over the snow, on little sledges directed by a man in front, and they reach the bottom in eight or ten minutes, while it would take them an hour and a half by the carriage road. There have been instances of English travellers, so very fond of impetuous motion, as to repeat the experiment two or three times following, re-ascending the mountain for the purpose of being hurled down again from the top of it. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, is a common proverb in Italy. This place is called La Ramasse.

The road striking across to the left, we lost sight at once of the valleys of Savoy, and saw nothing but craggy summits covered with snow, and a few fir-trees scattered round the sides of the mountains. As we proceeded, however, towards the little

plain on the summit of Mont Cenis, the view became more extensive and varied. A lake of the most brilliant azure, and of about a mile in length, occupies the centre of the plain; its banks are covered with fine green pastures, mixed with wild flowers and aromatic herbs, and the scenery is enclosed on all sides by Alps rising upon Alps. We passed the post-house and went to pay a visit to the *Hospice*, which is an extensive building, intended for the purpose of affording shelter and assistance to travellers. We met two regular priests belonging to a house of their order at Turin; they regaled us with some excellent trout from the neighbouring lake, some Mont. Cenis cheese, which is renowned both in Piedmont and France for its richness; stale bread, sour wine and fruit. They make no regular charge for the refreshments they give; but those travellers who can afford it leave a small discretionary present for the benefit of the institution. Poor people are sheltered and fed gratis. Napoleon supported this establishment, which was useful to his troops, who were constantly passing this road; and the present government continues to maintain it. There are revenues attached to the institution, besides the monopoly of the fishery of the lake. We parted from the friendly monks and continued our journey, following the course of the Dora, which takes its

rise in this mountain. We were now on Italian ground, but nothing was to be seen as yet of the plains of that delightful country. Italy, like a pretty coquette, seems to be retreating before you; you have a glimpse of her in descending to Susa, but you do not see her in her loveliness until long after you have passed that town, and are arrived in the plains of Turin.

The Italian side of Mont Cenis, as well as that of the Simplon, is wilder and more abrupt than the opposite side. The rocks are steeper, the precipices are more frequent and deeper; nature has surrounded her favorite Italy with these horrors, like the fabulous dragons watching the entrance of the garden of the Hesperides. We passed the plain of St. Nicholas, a deep valley, encompassed on all sides by mountains almost perpendicular; it is a dangerous pass in stormy weather, when the snow is drifted about, so as to cover all traces of the road, and bewilder the poor traveller. To prevent these accidents, long poles are stuck in the ground at short distances from each other; and *refuges*, or shelter houses of strong masonry, have been built to afford asylum against the fury of the elements. The descent becomes steeper and steeper; it forms a zig-zag with very sharp angles. We arrived at five o'clock at Melaretto, the first Piedmontese

post-house. Here nature assumes a milder aspect; we left behind us the dreary horrors of Alpine scenery, and there remained only the romantic, pleasing features of the valley. We noticed also the difference in the dress of the postilions; the embroidered military jacket of the French gives place to the short Italian jacket and trowsers of striped velveteen; half-boots are substituted for the enormous French jack-boots, and the red sash of the south begins to make its appearance. The language is the Piedmontese, the least Italian of the dialects of Italy.

We arrived at Susa about sunset. It was a Sunday evening, and I perceived visible signs of the Sabbath, which, in France, is hardly discernible from other days. The shops were shut, and number of cleanly dressed females, in their holiday garb, were returning from church. I felt real pleasure in seeing this; the Italians, with all their frailties and follies, still preserve that respect for the religion of their forefathers, which is connected with the best feelings of the heart.

Susa is an ancient looking town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Dora, and at the very foot of the Alps, and surrounded by gardens and vineyards. It had an ancient castle, called La Brunetta, which was considered very strong, but

it was razed by the French in the late wars. Here the climate, the architecture, the appearance of the people—every thing is Italian.

We left Susa next morning early, and followed a narrow valley, along the river Dora. We passed Avegliana, beyond which the landscape becomes wider and the country finer, until at last, on approaching Rivoli, you see at once the wide fertile plains of the Po opening before you, with the majestic Alps forming a crescent at a distance; the fine avenue of Rivoli, the domes of the capital, and the stately sanctuary of Superga. The whole constitutes a magnificent amphitheatre: this is real Italy! this is *il bel paese,*

"Ch' Apennin parte, e 'l mar circonda e l' Alpe."

The road between Susa and Rivoli being very bad, the King had given orders to repair it, but government seems not to be seconded by its subalterns. Instead of mending the old road, which might easily be done, they were constructing, at a great expense, a new one, at a short distance from the former, by which means the commissioners enrich themselves, the people grumble, and all parties complain, to the satisfaction of the evil intentioned. This is the way in which most things at present are carried on in Italy.

Rivoli is a small town, about seven miles from Turin; it has a palace belonging to the king,

who spends here a part of the year. A superb, straight avenue, with double rows of trees, leads to the capital. We arrived at Turin at eleven in the morning; we entered by the Porta Susina, and the fine street of Dora Grossa.

Turin is perhaps of all the Italian capitals, the least noticed by travellers, although, in my opinion, it deserves a distinguished place among them. This unmerited neglect is probably owing to the short stay that English and other travellers make in it. A foreigner, arriving by Mont Cenis, feels generally such a strong attraction drawing him towards the south; Florence, Rome, and Naples, are objects of such magnitude in his view, that he cannot linger on the very threshold of Italy, and after a day or two spent in visiting the gallery of paintings in the king's palace, in sauntering under the arcades of Strada Po, and in peeping in at the theatres, he hastens to quit Turin, with few lasting impressions remaining in his mind. At his return, he either takes the road by Milan and the Simplon, or if he retraces his steps by Mont Cenis, he is so full of what he has seen in the classical parts of Italy, that Turin is again disregarded, and he passes through it with the same listless indifference as before. For my part, having visited this city repeatedly, and remained some time in it, I have learned to appreciate it, and I consider

Turin as a very interesting place, equal in point of situation to any inland town of Italy, and a most comfortable residence for a stranger. It is called *Il giojello dell' Italia;* and is, upon the whole, the best built city in that country, the greatest part of it being on a regular plan. The streets are broad, straight, and intersect each other at right angles. The two principal squares, Piazza Castello, and Piazza San Carlo, are magnificent; and the fine lofty arcades around them, and those along the Strada Po, afford great convenience in bad weather. There every day after twelve you meet the fashionable part of the population, walking up and down; there you find the best shops, coffee-houses, inns, and *restaurateurs;* and after crossing in this manner the principal part of the town, on arriving at the end of the Strada Po, you see at once the river, the noble bridge over it, the verdant hills on the other side covered with country houses, and their highest point crowned with the splendid church of Superga.

The situation of Turin is extremely pleasant, and the landscape round it bold and varied. The city is built on the left or western bank of the Po, in a beautiful plain, bounded on the north and west by the Alps, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles; to the south it opens into the fertile province of Saluzzo; and to the east the view is

agreeably terminated by a range of hills rising immediately from the right bank of the Po, and which afford, during the summer, a pleasant retreat in their verdant groves and well cultivated gardens. Passing the bridge over the Po, you ascend to the church and convent of La Madonna del Monte; and from the terrace in front of it, you see to the greatest advantage the whole amphitheatre I have mentioned. The city of Turin is laid before you as on a map; it is small, but elegant and neat; and the country around is well cultivated. You trace the course of that noble river the Po, which takes its source from the glaciers of Mont Viso, the highest and boldest peak of the chain which divides Piedmont from Dauphiné; then turning to the north, the sight is bounded by the formidable mass of Alps which divides Switzerland from Italy. You easily distinguish the hoary summits of Monte Rosa, the highest mountain in Europe next to Mont Blanc, rising proudly above the rest. It is a scene indeed worthy of admiration; such a variety of yellow plains, green hills, dark woody mountains, and white icy peaks: you follow nature through all her gradations, from the banks of the Po, to inaccessible regions beyond the clouds, from the heart of genial summer to the depth of eternal deathlike winter; here are seen united the wild boldness of the Swiss, with the

softer feature of the Italian, landscape; the whole enhanced by a warm sun and brilliant sky. The sight of this magnificent panorama put me in mind of a circumstance which happened here a few years ago, when the French ruled this country. A general of that nation, accompanied by his valet de chambre (the latter a true Parisian), arrived at Turin in the dead of night, and went to lodge with a friend, who resided on the hill beyond the Po. Next morning La Fleur gets up, throws open the windows of the apartment, rubs his eyes, and sees before him the plain of Turin, the city, the Po, and the Alps: *Que c'est beau! cela ressemble au Parc de l' Empereur*, cried out the astonished Parisian, intending a compliment to the lovely and sublime country spread before his eyes.

But to return to Turin; in the evening I went to the theatre Carignano, situated opposite the palace of this name. It is here that opèras are performed during a great part of the year; the grand theatre being only open during Carnival. The theatre Carignano is small but neat; the subject of the opera was "Messer Gianni," taken from the French of "Jean de Paris." It is now the predominating taste in Italy to borrow their dramas and comedies from the French, English, and Germans; instead of choosing Italian ones.

This is another instance of the want of national spirit.

On the 8th September, being the day of the nativity of the Virgin, in whose honour and under whose title the church of Superga was built, high mass was performed in that church, at which the court attended. On this day the population of Turin, and of the neighbouring country, flock to that sanctuary. The church is built on the summit of a very steep hill, about four miles to the north-east of Turin. I descended the Po in a boat for about two miles, and landing at the foot of the hill, began to ascend by a rugged path. Numbers of pedestrians, citizens and rustics, men and women, crowded along the way. They were all in their best dresses, jogging merrily on; an air of liveliness and contentment shining on their countenances: the clear brown complexions of the females were flushed by exertion and the heat of the weather—it was a real Italian holiday. In little more than an hour I arrived at the summit, and proceeded to the church. It is a neat and elegant temple, with a fine portico in front, and crowned by a lofty dome; the interior of the church is cased with rich marbles, and the whole is far superior to any of the churches in Turin. It was built in consequence of a vow made by

Victor Amadeus, on the eve of the memorable battle won by Prince Eugene over the French, who were besieging Turin, in September, 1706. The tombs of the kings of Sardinia are in the vaults underneath. When I entered the church, high mass was being performed, at the end of which, a statue of the Virgin, covered with a gaudy dress, was carried round in procession. The King and the Queen followed, escorted by their officers. The music was fine, and the whole ceremony was gone through with much decorum and solemnity. The people seemed to feel real respect and devotion; and after all that has been said against the introduction of images, and the forms of Catholic worship, it may be doubted much whether southern nations, who are by nature more sensual and less metaphysical than those of the north, could do well without those emblems that strike the senses, and thence find a way to the heart.

I visited the adjoining cloisters, an extensive and well planned building, from the windows of which I enjoyed a most splendid view, far more extensive than that of La Madonna del Monte, although perhaps less interesting on account of the diminutive appearance of the distant objects, owing to the greater elevation. From the north-east side of the building I had a view of the plains of Lombardy, and I was told that in very clear weather

the spire of the cathedral of Milan is to be seen. More to the right, the hills of Montferrat, covered with vineyards, closed the view. The south-east prospect ranges over the plains of Alessandria, as far as the distant Apennines of Genoa. From the corridor on the south-west, I saw the fine plains of Saluzzo and the western Alps, with the peak of Mont Viso overtopping them; and, nearer, the city and plain of Turin. To the north-west, I observed that remarkable opening in the mountains which leads to the valley of Susa; and farther to the right, the colossal chain of the Swiss Alps appeared like a massy wall, the summit of which was lost in the clouds. This view is somewhat of the same character as that from the Duomo of Milan, and the two together furnish a pretty accurate idea of the immense plain watered by the Po.

A little below the church, on a small flat, there is an inn, where the joyous peasantry repaired after their devotions, to refresh themselves and enjoy the rest of the day. Temporary sheds were placed round, under which all parties sat indiscriminately at table, eating and drinking, talking and laughing. Others were spread in groups about the neighbouring meadows, and were busied in cooking the victuals they had brought with them, by a fire of twigs and leaves hastily collected. Parties of strolling musicians went about, receiving as

their fee a share of the collation. After their frugal repast, the junior part of the assembly collected themselves in various clusters, and began dancing their national monferina or rather monferratina, (from *monferrato*), a lively kind of country dance. All this scene was so animated, so pastoral, and so full of innocent and genuine gaiety, that I felt its influence operating powerfully upon me. A pure atmosphere, a fine country, a magnificent view; surely this is happiness, if happiness can be found on earth. These people are naturally good and generous; no malignant passions, no splenetic vapours, were to be traced on their features. Italy, with all her evils, is still a happy country. Let peace be granted to her, and nature is so bountiful as to make her quickly recover from all her losses; and then her contented children may laugh at all the wild reveries of discontented philosophers, who pretend to better their condition by persuading them that they are unhappy, and thus depriving them of their peace and tranquillity.

I had seen the great theatre of Turin on a former occasion, and found it one of the finest in Italy; it ranks after San Carlo of Naples and the Scala of Milan. The entrance to it is under the arcades at the eastern end of the Piazza Castello, close by the Strada Po. The interior is rather gloomy, owing to the appearance of the ornaments, the

faded gilding, and also to a scarcity of light, there being no chandelier in the middle; this darkness, however, favours the effect of music, and I felt more delighted in it than in the dazzling brilliancy of San Carlo. A fault in Italian theatres is that of the pit being quite flat, by which persons behind are deprived of the sight of the stage. This, however, serves to leave room for the lower order of boxes.

I saw at the grand theatre of Turin a greater display of female beauty, than I expected from the general appearance of the sex in the public walks. The Piedmontese ladies are rather fair; they have generally a delicate and pale complexion; they are tall and well made; their features perhaps have not that regularity of contour to be found in more southern regions, but they have a softness of expression, a certain languor and pensiveness in their looks, and an air of benevolence and openness, which are peculiarly interesting. The men are a stout race, tall and well made, and fairer than other Italians. In some of the valleys of the Alps, and particularly in the Val d' Aosta, there are *cretins* with very large *goitres*, or swellings in their necks, similar to those who are met with in the valleys of Switzerland on the other side of the Alps.

The whole appearance of Turin, and of its inhabitants, is rather solemn and sad; the regularity of

the buildings, the width of the streets, the quietness that reigns in them—every thing inspires a degree of melancholy, more pleasing, perhaps, than the bustle and confusion of Naples, or the dissipation of Milan. The manners of the better sort of the Piedmontese are genteel and dignified; there is much solidity in their character; they are sensible and studious; magnificent and rather ostentatious in their taste, and fond of good living. The lower classes are cheerful, open, and industrious. There is an appearance of ease and comfort in the looks of the Piedmontese peasantry, which is not to be found any where south of the Apennines; except, perhaps, in Tuscany. The females of the lower classes are fond of show in their ornaments. They wear necklaces of large beads of gold in five or six rows; they have a peculiar kind of high cap of white muslin, somewhat resembling in shape the helmet of a cavalry soldier. The *bourgeoises* of Turin dress in coloured gowns, black silk aprons, and caps, quite *à la Française*. This class of females, consisting in Turin of shopkeepers' wives and daughters, milliners, and dressmakers, are very free in their manners and address, and have a good deal of French coquetry about them. The Piedmontese ladies dress generally after the French fashion, but of late many have adopted the English style.

The Piedmontese landholders are generally rich, estates being very productive in this country. Piedmont is one of the most fertile regions of Europe. Its plains afford abundance of corn and rice, of fruits, and vegetables of all kinds; and the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, for the nourishment of the silkworms, is the source of an important branch of commerce. The silks of Piedmont are superior to those of Naples. The system of irrigation, by canals and sluices from the numerous rivers which cross the plains of Piedmont, adds greatly to their fertility. The hills of Monferrato and Asti are covered with vineyards which yield various kinds of excellent wines, consumed in the country, and little known out of it. A rich proprietor of Asti made lately a trial by sending some of the wine of his own growth by sea to Lisbon, whence it returned much improved; which shows that the fault attributed to Italian wines in general, of being unable to bear a sea voyage, is not applicable to those of Piedmont. The beautiful valleys, which branch in several directions from the plain to the very foot of the Alps, are rich in pastures, and the cattle reared in them are the finest in Italy; numbers of them are sent to the Genoese territories. This is, however, the country which a French writer described lately as *un pays sterile et peu favorisé de la nature*. The Pied-

montese gazette contented itself with remarking, that it was a pity the French had not made this discovery while they were masters of the country, for then they would not have loaded it so unmercifully with taxes.

The Piedmontese are rather fond of gambling; they have a national game called *tarrocco*, in which a peculiar set of cards are used. The billiard rooms are much frequented. The Piedmontese gentry, especially those in the country, are hospitable, sociable, and fond of strangers. Since the peace, however, some adventurers having found their way to this rich country thought it well to lay it under contribution. They assumed names, and pretensions to rank; had a ready tale of some accident having happened to them on the road, and contrived to live for some time *à discretion*, and to get credit for clothes and other objects; after which, they thought proper to take French leave of their Piedmontese friends. One of those worthies, a native of the Ionian Islands, succeeded in getting introduced to several persons of rank, natives and foreigners, and to sit at their tables. This, however, is easier in Italy than in other countries, on account of the familiarity of manners and of the little formality and reference required to make a new acquaintance; and it shows that there is much less diffidence in the Italian character

than foreigners are apt to suppose. You make the acquaintance of an Italian in a coffee-house, or in the diligence, and if he is satisfied with your outward appearance and manners, he will immediately invite you to his house and introduce you to his relations and acquaintance. This confidence has, however, decreased, like many other pleasing traits of national character, since the late wars.

The state of morals at Turin is not so loose as at Milan, Venice, or Naples. The good example and strict regularity of the court keep the upper classes at least within the bounds of outward decorum and decency. Young ladies are brought up very strictly, either in nunneries or in their own houses, until the time of their marrying. Gallantry to married women is practised among people of fashion; but in the other classes it is less frequent, or carried on with more caution and secrecy. I think one of the reasons which renders this evil so common in the upper classes, is the little attention paid to the inclinations, tastes, and sympathies of the parties, in matrimonial alliances. Young blooming girls are often bestowed in marriage on old invalids, or worn-out rakes, who have no other recommendation but their rank and fortune: such preposterous connexions cannot be happy; nature has its rights, which all the contrivances of men cannot destroy. In proposing a marriage to the

relations of a young lady, the first things settled are, her portion, pin money, carriage, opera box, number of servants, house in town, villa in the country, and other items; the least important part of the whole is to know, what kind of education the girl has received, what her dispositions and tastes are; and scarcely any attention is paid to her sentiments towards her future husband.

The Piedmontese profess the Roman Catholic religion, with the exception of a little district in the Alps, called the valleys of Luzerne, the population of which is Protestant; and who, although in former times they were persecuted, are now protected, and enjoy the free exercise of their worship. Religious ideas, although neglected by the young men of the cities, still preserve their power on a great mass of the population. The solemnities of the church always attract great crowds; and as the court and elder part of the nobility are strictly religious, they oblige the young fashionables to follow their example, at least in appearance. I think the Italian character naturally inclined to religion, on account of its disposition to melancholy: passionate feelings and enthusiastic devotion spring from the same source.

In a former visit to Italy, I happened to be at Turin, in the early part of 1817. The winter had been very distressing to the poor in the north of

Italy. The badness of the harvest and vintage of the preceding year, the dearth and misery which was the consequence, the rigour of the winter, and the epidemic diseases which followed, rendered the appearance of Turin exceedingly gloomy. At every third or fourth door I saw the insignia of death; I met funerals in every street; and to add to the general calamity, a drought of three months had parched up the earth and filled the atmosphere with malignant vapours. Public prayers were put up to implore the Almighty to send rain, and restore health to the afflicted people. Ladies of the first rank followed the processions in mourning; these scenes were impressive and affecting. The idea of death had become familiar to the inhabitants; even young women spoke of it without terror, saying, with a sad but calm resignation, "Our next-door neighbour is just dead; next week, perhaps, it will be my turn; I hope I shall see you once more before that."

As I was one night walking through the street of Dora Grossa, I saw a number of torches lighted, and many people assembled; I approached; about twenty little girls dressed in black with white veils thrown over their heads, and wax tapers in their hands, were standing in two ranks before a house, some whispering, others laughing with childish simplicity. All at once a priest came out of

the house; a bier followed, carried by two men; the tapers were lighted, the greatest silence prevailing amongst the spectators; the first verse of the psalm *Laudate pueri Dominum*, was chanted by the priest, and answered in chorus by the attendants, and thus the procession moved slowly on towards the grave. It was a young girl who had left the world before she could regret it.

The royal palace at Turin is a good building, forming one of the angles of the Piazza Castello; the court seldom resides in it, but spends the greatest part of the year at the royal seats in the country or at Genoa. It contains a choice collection of paintings. There are gardens annexed to the palace, which are open to the public during the summer. I went from the palace, through a passage, into the royal chapel del S. Sudario, which forms part of the cathedral. This chapel is so called from a relic it is said to contain, namely, the sheet in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped. The inside of the chapel is lined with black marble brought from the mountains of Chablais. The solemn gloom of the place harmonized with the impressive chant of psalms, and the swelling peals of the organ, in the church below.

Of the buildings at Turin, little can be said in favour of their architecture, if examined singly; although the general effect produced by a whole line

of streets is imposing. The principal churches are, the cathedral of S. Gio. Battista, la Consolata, S. Filippo Neri, and Il Corpus Domini. The two architects employed in these buildings were, Guarini and Giuvara. The former is particularly remarkable for his fondness for crooked lines, useless ornaments, and irregularity of style, of which the palace of Carignan is a specimen. The old castle, which stands in the middle of Piazza Castello, has a fine front facing the street of Dora Grossa. The other sides of it are in a ruinous state; the old towers present an odd contrast with the modern appearance of the buildings and arcades round the square; the effect they produce is peculiarly striking by moonlight. It was the intention of the late government to have razed this castle, but I think it would have made the square appear monotonous and dismal, unless they had planted a garden in the centre of it: this, however, is neither a French nor an Italian fashion. The streets of Turin are washed every night by the water of the Dora, which is let out through sluices for the purpose.

The environs of Turin abound in fine walks. One of the pleasantest is that which leads to the Valentin, a pleasure-house of the king on the bank of the Po. The principal country residences of the court, and which deserve to be visited by tra-

vellers, are, Stupinigi, Rivoli, La Veneria, and La Villa della Regina. The last is charmingly situated on the slope of the hill beyond the bridge of the Po, and contains some good paintings by Carlo Maratti and others.

Turin was formerly fortified with ramparts and ditches; the latter are filled up and the former demolished, so that from almost every part of the town you have a view of the country. The citadel, however, is still remaining; it stands at the south-west end of the town, and is considered of some strength, but certainly could not protect the capital from an invading army, and its vicinity to the city might prove fatal to it.

The university, situated in Strada Po, has a good library and a collection of a few antiques, dignified by the name of Museum. It possesses, however, one great curiosity, the famous Isaic table of brass, covered with hieroglyphics, supposed to relate to the astronomical observations of the ancient Egyptians. There are also two mummies, in good preservation, and a very fine ancient Mosaic, found in the Island of Sardinia. Sciences and literature are cultivated at Turin; this city has produced in modern times many distinguished men of letters. The Royal Academy of Sciences is well known to the learned throughout Europe

Count Napione has published a Biography of the Piemontesi Illustri. In the last century this country has produced, the mathematician La Grange, the historian Denina, the metaphysician and theologian Cardinal Gerdil, the critic and philologist Baretti, the Orientalist De Rossi, the celebrated typographer Bodoni, the poet Passeroni, the famous Alfieri, and his friend l'Abate Caluso di Valperga.

Very few beggars are to be seen in the streets of Turin; the police is good, the streets are well lighted at night, and great order and regularity prevail. Travellers arriving at Turin must have their passports signed by the minister for foreign affairs, for which they pay four livres. There is, however, no delay attending this formality, and the persons employed in the different offices are remarkably civil.

The city of Turin is about a mile and a half in length from Porta Susina to Porta Po, and somewhat less in its greatest breadth; it contains about ninety thousand inhabitants. The population has increased since the return of the king; and Turin, which, under the French, had become a mere provincial town, has regained its splendour. I was rather surprised to see the city of Turin styled in public documents, *L' illustrissima città di Torino, Contessa di Grugliasco, Signora di*

Beinasco; the latter are two fiefs belonging to her ladyship.

Among the philanthropic institutions of Turin, besides the hospitals, that of Le Rosine is the most remarkable; this is an asylum for orphan girls, who are brought up under the direction of matrons, in such habits of industry, that they almost support the establishment by the work of their hands. It is truly pleasing on passing under their windows, to hear them singing cheerfully while at work—their harmonious voices mixing with the noise of the loom and spinning wheel.

Passing from this pleasing subject to a very different one, I am sorry to say that the prisons and houses of correction are not always conducted with that spirit of humanity and Christian charity, which ought to preside over all such places. The houses of confinement, throughout Italy, seem in general more calculated to strike terror and despair in the hearts of the wretched victims of distress and corruption, than to recall the misled, and console the repentant. The Ergastolo, at Turin, where a certain class of females are confined, affords a distressing specimen of this want of feeling. The fate of these unfortunate creatures is already hard enough, without the addition of unnecessary severity and cruelty. They might be truly called the victims of society, and ought not

to be treated like felons. This melancholy subject has claims on the attention of the philanthropists and politicians of every civilized country.

It is pleasing, however, to be able to state, with regard to prisons, that of late a lady of Turin has devoted herself to promote the improvement of the internal discipline of these establishments, after the example of the philanthropists of other countries, and especially of England. Thus a new channel of beneficence has been opened in Italy.

The Piedmontese tongue is a dialect of the Italian, in which many corrupt French words have been introduced, and it is difficult to understand it*. It has many nasal diphthongs of the French, as well as their pronunciation of the letter *u;* but the construction of the phrases and the etymology of most of the words are Italian. The last syllables are generally dropped, and the accent placed on the preceding one, with a lengthened drawl, as in the words *piemontêis, câ* instead of *casa, vîn* for *vino, bôtt,* &c. Some of the words are completely disfigured, such as *nên* for *niente, chiel* and *chilla* for *egli* and *ella,* &c. Those verbs which in Italian end in *are* change their termination into an Italian

* Mr. Sismondi says the Piedmontese, as well as the Provençal, Languedocian, and Catalan, are derived from the extinct language of the Troubadours, or Langue d'Oc. I have myself remarked that natives of Languedoc understood the Piedmontese dialect with great facility.

ê accented, as *andê*, *mangiê*, &c., and the first person plural of the present indicative terminates in *uma*, as *portuma*, *amuma*, *auguruma*, instead of *portiamo*, *amiamo*, *auguriamo*. Some of the common phrases are almost French, as *mi non so pas*. A word frequently heard in the streets of Turin is the common salutation *ciau*, which is a corruption of the word *schiavo*, or *servo*. With all its capricious irregularities, the Piedmontese dialect is not unpleasant to the ear, and when spoken by the better sort of females is remarkably soft, expressive, and truly fascinating. The upper classes pride themselves upon speaking the pure Piedmontese with as much affectation as a Cruscante displays in the pronunciation of his *pretto toscano*. The Piedmontese dialect varies in the different provinces. Songs, fables, and other light compositions have been written in Piedmontese, and it is easy to trace in them a common etymology of most of the words with the corresponding Italian. The late king, Victor Emmanuel, who abdicated in 1821, had a marked predilection for the Piedmontese dialect; he always preferred it when speaking to his confidants and attendants; he did so, probably, from that strong national spirit which he certainly had.

The Italian language is now used in all official documents, in the courts of justice, and in the

public acts; it is the language of the state throughout the King of Sardinia's dominions, even in Savoy, where this regulation has created some dislike. This, however, is not so extraordinary as the practice of the French, who, when they had annexed the half of Italy to the empire, established their language over it. The judges of Italian countries were obliged to write their sentences, and attornies their documents, in French. These were, as one may suppose, most miserable specimens of the French language; it was Italian turned into French words, and I have been highly amused in reading some of the public acts of that period.

Most of the inhabitants of Turin speak French fluently, although with a bad accent, by which they can almost always be known, and which is peculiarly remarkable in the letters *j*, and *ch*, the first of which the Piedmontese pronounce like a *z*, and the second like an *s*;—for instance, *j'avais, z'avais; je chantai, ze santai;* the diphthong *eu* is also another stumbling-block; they generally pronounce it like the French *ou*, which latter fault they, however, have in common with the other Italians. Many Piedmontese literati, however, write as good French as if they had been born on the other side of the Alps.

The daily newspaper of Turin is the Gazzetta Piemontese, which is well written and neatly

printed; but, like all Italian journals, it is but a short compendium of the French papers; the editors contribute little of their own towards the entertainment of their readers, and their task is, therefore, not very laborious. The perusal of their short columns appears very uninteresting to persons accustomed to the freedom of English newspapers, and to the elaborate and often instructive paragraphs many of these contain.

A company of Italian comedians perform at Turin almost every evening throughout the greater part of the year; the Theatre d'Angennes, in the street of the same name, is allotted to them. I have met, in my different visits to this capital, the two companies Goldoni and Perotti, both respectably composed. Comedy is generally well acted in Italy; but there are as yet few tragic performers of merit, although I think the nation highly susceptible of improvement in this branch of theatricals. The performance of the Italian comedies is a good school for learning the pronunciation and phraseology of the language. The Italians in general have become of late very partial to tragedy and comedy, which I think is a good sign of the improvement of their intellectual faculties; and the attention and interest shown by the audience are very unlike the listless indifference which prevails at the Opera-house.

Living at Turin is remarkably cheap, and provisions of all kinds are good. Their beef is the best in Italy; milk, butter, and cheese, are excellent, which is owing to the rich pastures that cover the lower regions of the Alps. The rivers and lakes furnish plenty of good fish, especially exquisite trout and carp. Poultry and eggs are plentiful, as is also game of every sort. Vegetables grow in great abundance in the well-watered gardens in the neighbourhood of Turin. The common wine is rather poor, but the vineyards of Montferrato and Asti furnish generous wines, red and white, which are sold at Turin as cheap as common wine is at Paris. There are many good *restaurateurs* at Turin, where dinner is to be had *à la carte*; besides which there are *tables d'hôte* at the several inns. A custom prevalent here is that of itinerant musicians coming into the room while the company is at dinner; they play on the guitar and sing ballads or *canzoni* for a trifling remuneration: some of them sing in good style, with much pathos, very superior to the *crialleries* of the French strolling musicians, whose songs, as the Italians remark, always end in the tone of *ora pro nobis*, in the litany.

Lodgings at the inns, as well as private apartments, are very reasonable. One of the comforts in which Turin is superior to other Italian towns is

that every decent apartment has a fire-place. The floors are, as in the rest of Italy, paved with square tiles, varnished red. There are a number of good coffee-houses, some very large, and where coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments, may be had at very moderate prices.

The Piedmontese manner of cooking is very good; it is a sort of medium between the French and Italian. It is much more agreeable to strangers than that which they meet farther south. Butter is a general ingredient, and oil is banished from the kitchen. The Piedmontese have some dishes peculiar to themselves; their *polenta*, a pudding made of the flour of Indian corn, seasoned with gravy and truffles, or with butter and cheese, is a very wholesome and substantial food; the *polenta* forms the principal diet of the country people. Truffles are very abundant in this country; they are different from those of France in colour and flavour; the inside resembles that of a nutmeg: the Piedmontese cooks use them in most of their dishes. Their *sambajon* is a mixture of white wine, yolk of eggs, and sugar, beat up together, and poured out hot: a cup of it is very pleasant in cold winter days. There is a peculiar sort of bread which is used in Piedmont only, called *grissin;* it is baked in the shape of long sticks, about the thickness of the little finger; it is very light and dry, and tastes like biscuit;

the Piedmontese are very partial to it, and prefer it to their common bread.

The currency of Piedmont consists of livres and sous; the livre is nearly one-fifth more than the French franc. There are also small pieces of seven and a half, and eight sous, with fractions of them; these are very puzzling to strangers.

Piedmont has several manufactures of silks, and velvets. It is supplied with woollen cloths by France, and with cotton manufactures by England, through the way of Genoa. Turin has a reputation for the construction of good carriages, which, however cannot be a subject of great admiration to Englishmen. The snuff of Turin (a monopoly of government) is remarkably good. An Englishman lately established an iron foundry and a saw mill at Mondovi, which, if encouraged by government, may prove of great service to the country.

Upon the whole, the Piedmontese are yearly improving; they have good notions of cleanliness and comfort, and are fond of good and decent living. They are a rational, well-disposed people; every real friend of Italy must feel an interest in their welfare; intrusted as they are with the important passes of the Alps, they are likely to make a figure in the future destinies of the Italian peninsula.

English travellers at Turin are not looked upon

with that envy and animosity, nor with that impertinent curiosity, which is often shown towards them in other countries; the court and the upper classes are partial to the British nation, and the rest of the people feel no dislike towards them. Piedmont not being a maritime or manufacturing country, and the mass of the inhabitants being less attached to the French than the Milanese, the national interests and prejudices are not, therefore, at variance with those of England.

The above is the result of my observations during my residence in this capital, which, to my taste, is one of the most pleasant of Italy, particularly for persons of quiet habits, as it affords every reasonable indulgence of life, as well as sufficient scope for intellectual pursuits.

CHAPTER II.

THE SARDINIAN MONARCHY.

The House of Savoy is one of the oldest dynasties of Europe. Its princes had the title of Counts of Savoy as early as the eleventh century; they assumed afterwards that of Dukes, and became successively sovereigns of Piedmont, of Nice, of Monferrat, and of the Marquisate of Saluces. At last, about a century ago, they obtained possession of the island of Sardinia, with the title of kings. Piedmont, however, though only styled a principality, forms the main strength of their monarchy.

The princes of the house of Savoy, although absolute, have in general been distinguished by their virtues, and the mildness of their sway; several of them have been famous in arms and in politics. Being placed, by the position of their territories, at the entrance of Italy, and between the two colossal powers of France and Austria, they found themselves entangled in all the wars these two nations have waged against each other, during the last four centuries, for the supremacy of Italy.

The house of Savoy contrived, partly by political skill, and partly by real valour and military abilities, to secure at almost every treaty of peace, not only the possession of its former territories, but gradual additions to them; and the result has been, the aggrandizement of the Sardinian monarchy to its present importance, it being now the second in extent and population, though perhaps the first in real strength, among the Italian states.

Piedmont had enjoyed a long peace, when the French revolutionary war broke out; an event which brought upon the house of Savoy the greatest calamities. From the beginning of the French revolution, the then reigning sovereign of Piedmont, Victor Amadeus III., had found himself placed in the most critical position. Being in danger from his proximity to France, which was then a focus of democratic principles; being, at the same time, closely allied by family connexions with the house of Bourbon,—whatever course he pursued, danger threatened him on every side. At last, being informed of the events that had happened at Paris on the 10th of August, 1792, which put an end to the French monarchy, he acceded to the first coalition of Pilnitz against France, and the French ambassador at Turin left that capital. The immediate consequence was, the loss of Savoy and Nice, the two provinces of the

Sardinian states which are most exposed to the attacks of France, being on the wrong side of the mountains. Oneglia and some other districts, which the king of Sardinia possessed in the western Riviera of Genoa, were also occupied by the French, and a warfare was carried on for several years between the latter and the Piedmontese troops, supported by an Austrian auxiliary force, along the whole line of the Alps. The Piedmontese, aided by the nature of the ground, defended themselves obstinately and bravely, though not always successfully; they, however, maintained their old military reputation, which they enjoyed above all their Italian brethren.

At last, in April, 1796, the battles of Montenotte and Millesimo opened to Bonaparte the passes of the maritime Alps; he cut off the communication between the two allied armies, the Austrian and Piedmontese. The latter left to themselves made still some resistance at Mondovi and Cherasco, but the flood-gates were opened, and the French poured with an irresistible force into the beautiful valleys of Piedmont, which had seen no foreign enemy for nearly a century. It was then that Bonaparte is reported to have spoken those celebrated words: "Soldats! voilà l'Italie!" the meaning of which, however it might at that time be mixed in Napoleon's mind with a share of that romanticism, to which he was somewhat prone in

his youth, was taken in its most obvious and matter-of-fact sense by his troops.

The Austrians had retired into Lombardy, to defend their own territories, and the king of Sardinia, left to himself, with the enemy at the gates of his capital, made an armistice, which was followed by a treaty of peace, signed in the following month of May;—a peace such as it might be expected, between an overpowering conqueror and his prostrate enemy. The greatest sacrifices of money and other means, as well as of dignity, were required from the court of Turin; French troops were put in possession of the principal fortresses of Piedmont; they had the free pass all over the country, even to the very gates of the capital; and in the following year (April, 1797), the king, Charles Emmanuel, who had succeeded his father, Victor Amadeus, had the additional humiliation of becoming the forced ally of his enemy, with the condition that he should furnish the French republicans an auxiliary corps of nine thousand men, to fight against his former allies.

At the same time, French agents resided at Turin, watching every motion of the court, interfering between the government and its subjects, demanding amnesty for conspirators, complaining of and demanding satisfaction for, the insurrections of the Piedmontese peasantry, who hated the

French military, and often received provocations from the latter such as no man can forgive.

This state of things was too unnatural to last long. The court of Turin must have detested the French government, and the French government knew it. Bonaparte had left Europe for Egypt, and the French Directory, on the eve of a second war with Austria, then assisted by Russia, did not think it prudent to leave its armies in Lombardy, exposed to an enemy, however weak, in the rear. The Directory might have spoken candidly; its reasons were politically plausible, but the Directorial Government had not even that sort of bold outward frankness in injustice, which its successor, Bonaparte, often showed. Pretences were fabricated, and a puerile report got up under the shape of a message from the Directory to the Legislative Body, dated 14th December, 1798, in which the coarsest invectives* were mixed with the weakest arguments against the Piedmontese Government. But when the message was delivered, the Piedmontese government had already ceased to exist. The French General Joubert had occupied Turin on the 7th of the same month, and on the 9th, the King, Charles Emmanuel, signed an

* Among the rest, the Duke of Aosta, the king's brother, was designated in this official document, as a *monster*, and as another *old man of the mountain*.

act by which he resigned the exercise of his authority over his continental dominions, and set off that same night from his capital to embark for the Island of Sardinia.

Piedmont was then taken military possession of by the French. Next year (1799), it was reconquered by the Austro-Russians; but a twelve-month after, the battle of Marengo, fought in the Piedmontese plains, decided the fate of the North of Italy, and the French resumed possession of Piedmont. Partial insurrections took place in several districts among the peasantry, but ended in the sacrifice of the insurgents.

In June, 1802, Charles Emmanuel abdicated his sovereignty of Sardinia, and his claim to his continental states, to his brother, Victor Emmanuel; after which he continued to live in a sort of religious retirement, first at Florence and then at Rome, where he died a few years ago.

In the month of September, 1802, the first Consul Bonaparte annexed Piedmont to the French empire. Nice and Savoy had been incorporated long before. Piedmont was divided into six departments; Eridano, Dora, Sesia, Marengo, Tanaro, and Stura. A Governor-general was placed at Turin to superintend all the French departments *beyond the Alps*. Since that epoch, until the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, in 1814,

Piedmont was lost in the French empire, and its name almost forgotten. The French laws, the French manners, the French language, the French conscription, the French system of taxation, were adopted. The frontiers between the French empire and the so-called kingdom of Italy were marked by the rivers Sesia and Po in the very heart of Italy.

Meantime, Victor Emmanuel had retired first to Rome, and afterwards he withdrew himself to Gaeta, from whence he embarked for Sardinia in 1806, when the French troops invaded the kingdom of Naples. From that time he resided at Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, where he kept a shadow of a court.

When at last, in 1814, the allies entered Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel was recalled to the throne of his ancestors. He entered his capital in May, 1814, and was received by the great majority of his subjects with unequivocal demonstrations of satisfaction.

At the return of Bonaparte from Elba, the king of Sardinia took part in the war against France, and his troops invaded Dauphiné and took Grenoble. At the congress of Vienna, to the territories of the Sardinian monarchy, including the province of Novara, was added the Duchy of Genoa, a magnificent and most important accession.

Victor Emmanuel was an upright and well-

intentioned man, fond of his subjects, strongly national in his feelings, and jealous of the honour and independence of his country; plain and affable in his manners, of an easy access, benevolent, regular, and religious without bigotry. He was also personally brave and attached to the military profession; he was often seen drilling himself his officers in the gardens of the palace; he was active, laborious, a good equestrian, simple in his manners and style of living. In ordinary times he would have made an excellent sovereign, but he came to the throne after Piedmont had been for fifteen years under the French sway; he found parties and interests at variance with each other; an expensive ally, the Austrians, still occupying his fortresses; a troublesome neighbour, the French, at his doors; the exchequer empty, the country drained, and the crown of Sardinia, although with an addition of territory, much reduced from the importance it had assumed during the last century. Yet, with all these disadvantages, he contrived, during the seven years of his administration, to re-establish order and regularity at home,—to make his country respected abroad; the Austrian troops evacuated his territory; new fortifications were erected on the passes of the Alps, and at Genoa; a new and fine army was raised; a navy created, which caused the Sardinian flag to be respected; roads constructed;

public buildings erected, and the finances were put again in order. The only fault that was found in the late Victor Emmanuel, was his excessive goodness and conscientiousness, which made him afraid of taking a determination without listening to the advices of others.

I have often met the good Victor Emmanuel walking under the arcades of Strada Po, with a single attendant, mixed with the crowd of his subjects, whose salutations he returned in a most affable, though becoming manner. There was an air of dignified simplicity, of decorum and regularity about the royal family, which could not fail to impress the people with a sense of esteem and respect; and in spite of the sneers of a few, the Piedmontese in general, and the people of Turin in particular, were attached to their sovereign. Economy and regularity, carried almost to monotony, were the standing orders of the royal household. Scandal, which is so busy in courts, was mute about that of Turin. The queen, Maria Theresa of Austria, was amiable, elegant, and dignified, possessed of abilities and information; she spoke Italian, German, and French equally well, and her family, consisting only of daughters, was peculiarly interesting.

The Duke of Genevois, the present king, is married to Maria Christina, daughter of the king of

Naples, who is highly commended for her goodness and charitable disposition. The Salic law being in force here as well as in France, the crown will devolve to the Prince of Carignano, a cousin of the reigning king, and who has married the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The morality and decorum of the court of Sardinia were certainly different from the conduct of most of the French governors who were sent to rule the foreign dependencies of the empire.

The government of the Sardinian states is an absolute monarchy; and the ancient laws and system of administration were re-established at the restoration, perhaps with too great exactitude, on the same basis on which they stood before the French invasion. On this point, therefore, the people have lost by the change; as the French civil and criminal codes, with all their imperfections, were certainly preferable, and more adapted to the present state of the human mind; for which reason they have wisely been preserved in most other Italian states. There are several regulations in the present Sardinian code of laws which are particularly complained of, and I will briefly mention some of them. The subjects of the King of Sardinia are, in a certain manner, attached to the soil; no one can quit the country or sell his immoveable property without the permission of government.

By the present code there is, in several instances, a marked difference between the penalties applicable to the nobility, and those applicable to the other classes, in cases of the same nature. The administration of justice is left, in a great measure, to the discretion of individuals, however respectable, and rests too much upon their probity—a dangerous trust for all parties. Another vice which prevails also in almost every state of Italy, is the indefinite procrastination in law suits, and also in criminal processes, by which a man is sometimes kept long in prison before his fate is decided. In reading over the regulations for the civil and criminal administration of justice in the states of his Sardinian Majesty, published in 1815, after the restoration, one cannot help observing that the views of the compilers have been to protect as much as possible individuals from injustice and oppression. Punishments are laid out for every abuse of power from the magistrate, the gradations of guilt in culprits are scrupulously determined; but yet the original principles in the establishment of the courts and in the manner of conducting the proceedings is faulty, for it trusts too much to men, over whom, in a country where the press is not free, the law has not a sufficient controul; therefore all the conscientious intentions of the legislator may be easily frustrated. In several

chapters, however, of these regulations, is seen an improvement upon former practices; for instance, in the examination of prisoners, not only there is no longer the question, but the magistrates are strictly forbidden to threaten the accused, or to insinuate promises of forgiveness to obtain his confession. Persons brought to trial choose their own counsel, besides the *Avvocato de' poveri*, who is *de jure* their defender. In many other chapters of these regulations one sees great approximations to sound principles, formerly unknown. The criminal code is, however, too severe; punishments are not always proportioned to offences, which is a fault common to most other countries.

Two other great subjects of complaint in Piedmont, after the restoration, were the *salvo condotti* and *biglietti regj*. The former were protections given by the king to persons hard pressed for debts, and which secured them against the prosecutions of their creditors for a certain period. The *biglietti* were orders also emanating from government, by which several noblemen have been authorized to take possession of their estates which had been sold during the political changes, on paying the original sum disbursed by those who had purchased them. These arbitrary acts appear so extraordinary that they require some explanation. The following is the result of the inquiries I have made

on the subject. During the first French invasion, many of the nobility who were attached to their ancient government, were either arbitrarily deprived of their property, or submitted to heavy contributions; to pay which they were obliged to borrow money at an exorbitant interest, and to mortgage or even to sell their estates, and, in short, to submit to all the wrongs imposed on them by their merciless rulers. On the return of the king, they stated the grievances they had suffered; many cases of flagrant oppression were made out; it was proved that many of the acquirers of national property had come in possession of it unlawfully, or paid but a very trifling part of the value; upon which, the only means government could devise of arranging matters, in such a chaos of conflicting interests, was to adopt the system of issuing *salvo condotti* and *biglietti*, which might compensate in part the faithful adherents of their sovereign for their losses. This was, in many instances, punishing injustice in a summary and irregular manner; an arbitrary, but not always an unjust retribution, similar to those peremptory decisions we find so much praised in the history of the Caliphs, and other ancient monarchs renowned for wisdom. This practice may have led to abuses; the king's conscience may at times have been misled and his power misused in the service of undeserving people; but it ought to

be remembered, that the King of Sardinia, on returning into his dominions, was obliged, both by policy and gratitude, to do something for those who had suffered in his cause, and he could only do it at the expense of the persons who had profited in an unprincipled manner at the overthrow of the ancient government, and who had shared with the invaders the plunder of the country: it was at worst but paying them in their own coin. These obnoxious concessions seem, however, at present, laid aside.

The ministry was composed of men of abilities: the minister for foreign affairs, Marquis St. Marsan, well known in the diplomatic world for the missions in which he has been employed; the minister of finances, Marquis Brignole, a Genoese nobleman, well acquainted with financial affairs; Count de Balbo was intrusted with the portfolio of the interior, and he superintended also the important department of the public studies and education;—a man highly respected for his abilities, integrity, and amiable qualities. His nomination to the high post he occupied did great credit to the sovereign, and was a subject of satisfaction to all honest men.

The merchants complained that little attention was paid by government to the commerce of the country, and that the duties upon importation and

exportation were not laid on in such a manner as to encourage national industry; this subject does not appear to be settled yet, as alterations continue to be made in this department. The present government has had plenty of business on their hands since the restoration, and it went slowly to work for several years.

With regard to their political opinions, the Piedmontese, as well as the other Italians, were, after the restoration, divided into two parties. The great body of the nobility were attached to the existing government by principle and by interest, and the peasantry by habit and religion. In the middle classes, and especially among the junior part of them, there were many dissatisfied spirits, who, however, had not made up their minds as to what they wished for, though they entertained a vague notion that something was wrong, but would have been much at a loss to have explained how it was to be mended. Piedmont had not had, like Lombardy, even a shadow of independence under the French, nor any sort of national representation; it was merely a province of the French empire. Several of the discontented people were, therefore, regretting the French system, and this for many reasons. Interest was one: many of them held lucrative employments, either civil or military, under the late government,

which they lost by the restoration. Besides, the late system, which was not remarkably strict on religious or moral points, was more analagous to the taste of many, especially young men; ambition and vanity had a great share in their predilection for the French government; they were flattered by the idea of forming part of a great nation; they were dazzled by its military glory; their enthusiasm and passions had taken this bias, and they felt their disappointment severely. Under the French, also, the career of dignities and lucrative employments was more generally open to all ranks. I have heard some Milanese make an appropriate remark on this subject to their Piedmontese friends: comparing the present situations of their respective countries, they observed, that the Piedmontese have at least an Italian sovereign and court; that they rank as an independent state; that the taxes they pay are spent in the country, and circulate to its profit; that civil and military situations are all filled by natives, and, in short, that the fate of their country is much preferable to that of Lombardy, reduced to the condition of a distant province of a foreign empire. The justness of these reflections must strike every dispassionate mind. There was, however, another class of men who wished to unite the whole of

the north of Italy under one government, an enterprise much beyond their powers. But of them anon.

The military forces of the King of Sardinia were in a very respectable condition. Part of them were formed into a standing army, in which soldiers were enlisted voluntarily, either for a certain period or for life; the guards, the cavalry, the artillery, the royal regiments, and several regiments of *cacciatori*, or light troops, belonged to this class. The other, and the most numerous part of the army, was formed of provincial regiments, raised by conscription; the soldiers composing them were classed in three divisions, one of which alone was under arms at a time, while the rest remained at home, and they relieved each other every eight months, so that in the course of two years the whole had performed their duty. This was a great economy to government, as the soldiers off duty received but a trifling allowance out of their pay; besides which, there was a saving in their dresses, arms, and accoutrements. As it would have been hard to turn away those amongst them who perhaps had no home, or a miserable one to return to, those who wished it were allowed to remain, or to serve in the permanent army. This indulgence was, however, not often required; and it must be observed, that the extent of the country

being small, the distance of the different garrisons from the respective homes of the soldiers was but short; and it was also but a pleasant walk of at most three or four days, through a fine country, to go to and from their houses.

By these means, the King of Sardinia had an army of sixty thousand men well disciplined, perfectly well dressed and equipped, and which he could collect at ten days' notice. The provincial regiments were named from their respective provinces and towns, such as the regiment Aosta, Saluzzo, Cuneo, Monferrato, Alessandria, Asti, &c. The Piedmontese are good-looking men and good soldiers; they have enjoyed this reputation for centuries; the guards are a remarkably fine body of men.

It was an old remark, that the servants of the House of Savoy, civil and military, had been always remarkably faithful to their masters. An heroic instance of self-devotion occurred during the siege of Turin, by the French, in 1706. At one time the besiegers were near getting possession of the citadel, when the commander, Count Daun, ordered some mines to be dug under the French trenches and batteries. A Piedmontese soldier, Pietro Micca, was the leader of the miners; the mine was ready, and nothing remained but to lay the train and set fire to it. While Micca was

preparing the train, he heard the report of the workmen of the enemy below him, who had brought their counter-mines so that the earth began to sink under his feet. In a few minutes his mine would have been destroyed, before he could finish to prepare his train. Micca, struck with the importance of the work he had been preparing for the defence of the place, ordered his companions to hasten to leave the mine, requesting them to recommend his family to the beneficence of the sovereign; he then lighted a match, and as soon as his comrades gave the signal of their being out of the mine, he set fire to the powder, and blew up himself together with the enemy. The injury done to the French works gave time to the Prince Eugene to come to the relief of Turin, and to obtain over the French his memorable victory, of which the temple of Superga remains a memorial.

At the time I was speaking of, namely, 1819 and 20, the spirit of the Piedmontese troops was considered good; there were known to be the remains of partiality towards Napoleon, in some of the individuals who had served under him, but even they were believed to be mostly reconciled to their government, which showed a particular regard for the army. There were, besides, in the Piedmontese army, a good number of old officers, who had

always been attached to the king's cause, and who had either followed him in his exile to the island of Sardinia, or entered the ranks of the allied armies and fought under the banners of Russia, Austria, or England. The Russian army had several officers of rank who were natives of Piedmont. The greatest part of the Piedmontese officers who had served abroad returned after the peace, and offered their services to their own sovereign, who distinguished them with his favour. There were several colonels of regiments, who served in the foreign corps, in British pay, in different parts of the Mediterranean. Upon the whole, there seemed to be a national spirit and good harmony prevailing among the officers. There were but few foreign officers in the service of his Sardinian majesty.

Piedmont furnished the greatest part of the King of Sardinia's army. Savoy, Genoa, Nice, and Sardinia sent their respective regiments; but the difference of national character between the natives of these various countries was some obstacle to their good understanding. The Savoyards and the Genoese did not agree well with the Piedmontese; political recollections mixed with their national feelings.

The system of rigorous adherence to the old customs of the Sardinian monarchy, and of exclu-

sion towards those who had served the French, which had been adopted by the court of Turin, on its restoration, was, however, relaxed by degrees; a change had taken place in the ministry, by which men strictly loyal, but of enlightened sentiments, and on the level with the age, succeeded those unconditional admirers *temporis acti*, who in Piedmont, as well as elsewhere, are now reduced to a small number, and who would, probably, if left to themselves, have dwindled into nothing in the course of a few years: vexatious duties had been taken off—the kingdom enjoyed peace and plenty —improvements had taken place in the system of education under Count Balbo's administration; civil and military officers were employed and promoted, without regard to their former politics; the finances were in a prosperous state, so much so, that at the epoch of the insurrection of 1821, eighteen millions were found in the treasury; it was even reported, from the highest quarters, towards the end of 1820, that there was a favourable leaning towards the establishment of some sort of representation, a thing absolutely unknown in Piedmont, and which, therefore, must have been introduced by degrees. The moderate party had evidently obtained the ascendancy; when the ill-timed insurrection of March, 1821, made every thing retrograde for several years, and

brought again irritation, re-action, and other calamities, upon a country which wanted but rest to follow a slow but progressive improvement. We will now proceed to facts.

The proclamation of the constitution in Spain, followed by that of Naples, was probably thought favourable by those who were advocating a similar system in other parts of the Continent. The Piedmontese waited, however, till the Austrian army had marched into South Italy to attack the Neapolitans.

In the beginning of March, 1821, several regiments, forming the garrison of Alessandria, assembled as if for parade, were harangued by some of the officers, who cried out, "The Constitution for ever," and formed themselves into a deliberative body. Those among the officers who did not approve of this novelty, left the place. The regiment of Savoy, which formed part of the garrison, would take no part in the general movement, although several of their officers made common cause with their brethren of the other regiments; the body of the Savoyards refused to obey the directions of those self-instituted authorities, and determined to set off for their native country, there to wait the orders which would emanate from the established government of the kingdom. They set off accordingly, by companies and divisions, commanded

by subaltern or non-commissioned officers, and marched in the most orderly manner through the plains of Piedmont, crossing towns and villages where every thing was in a state of confusion, and where no provisions were made for them; and yet these honest mountaineers did not commit a single act of depredation. They reached at last the mountains of Savoy, where they found the authorities of that state still acknowledging the king's government, and the regiment of Savoy placed themselves at their disposal. The conduct of these men, natives of a country which was thought to be one of the least affected to the court of Turin, forms a striking trait in the history of those transactions, and it gained the esteem of men of all parties. Meantime, the rest of the garrison of Alessandria, joined by civilians who had assembled from various parts, established a provisional junta of government. While this was passing at Alessandria, the students of the university of Turin, being joined by some other individuals, among whom, I was assured, were many foreigners of various nations, showed the first symptoms of insurrection in the capital; they assembled in the square, crying out, "The Constitution for ever!" Being dispersed at first by the troops, they went out of the capital, and took the road to Alessandria. The events, however, which had happened in the latter place

becoming known at Turin, new assemblements took place, and men of some influence began to appear favourable to the cause. A deputation was sent by them to the Prince of Carignano, the presumptive heir to the throne, to state to him the wishes of *the people*, with regard to the establishment of a constitution. The prince replied, he could not act without the instructions of his sovereign. Seeing, however, the crisis had become serious, he went to the king, and informed him of the state of affairs. The troops in garrison at Turin were wavering. It is said, however, that the king was advised by some of his counsellors, to put himself at the head of some squadrons of cavalry, who could be depended upon, and face the insurgents; and that had he done so it would have decided the rest of the soldiers in his favour, and the business would have been at an end. Victor Emmanuel, although not deficient in personal courage, felt averse to violent measures; he was, above all, reluctant to excite a civil war among his subjects, whom he really loved; he was also particularly jealous not to give an opportunity to foreigners to interfere in the affairs of his kingdom.

The court, therefore, appeared undecided, and the partisans of innovation now became bolder. Several noblemen and superior officers, men of various civil professions, lawyers, physicians, and mer-

chants, and many officers of the various regiments, assembled and avowed their intention of proclaiming a constitutional government. The king was requested to give his assent to it. He replied that no compulsion would make him part with his authority, such as it had been transmitted to him by his ancestors, and which he was bound to deliver over unimpaired to his successors. He might have said, and it would have been a stronger argument, though leading to the same conclusion, that he could not bend to the judgment of some individuals, who evidently did not constitute any thing like a majority, either numerical or moral, of the nation; and that before making any change in the system of government, it was meet to ascertain the real opinion of the people. But Victor Emmanuel had been brought up in other sentiments, to which he conscientiously adhered; and which could not be expected, at his age, and after all his vicissitudes, to be erased from his mind. He took what he considered to be the only path left to him; he abdicated the crown to his brother and heir, Charles Felix, Duke of Genevois; who was then at Modena, on a visit to his niece, married to the sovereign of that Duchy. Couriers were sent to the new king, informing him of these events.

Victor Emmanuel acted the part of an honest,

conscientious, though some will say mistaken, prince; the latter, however, is a matter of opinion. He at least exhibited no tergiversation, no self-interest; but followed what he considered his paramount duty. He was also stung to the quick at seeing his good intentions disregarded and rendered useless; persons whom he had employed and benefited appeared now arrayed against him; he foresaw incalculable calamities to his country; and the probable interference of Austria, which it had been his object carefully to avoid, now provoked by the rashness of the reformists. He left his throne without regret for himself, and prepared immediately to depart with his family for Nice, there to embark. Prince Carignano offered to accompany him; but the king declined it, and told him he ought to remain in the capital in the absence of the new king, and watch over the interests of the state.

On the night of the 10th March, Victor Emmanuel, his consort and daughter, and a few faithful servants, left the capital.

The mass of the population of Turin had taken no share in these events; they stood amazed and perplexed; the departure of the king, who was personally loved, threw an additional gloom over the capital. The constitutionalists complained of this coolness of the metropolis. One of them, writing from a provincial town to a friend at

Turin, called it: *la vostra gelata capitale, la seria Torino.*

The constitutionalists now formed a junta, and appointed the members of a new administration; the Prince of Carignano accepted *pro tempore* the regency of the kingdom. Considerable discrepancy of opinion existed, however, between the constitutionalists about their future plans. Piedmont had never had a representative government. Some wanted a moderate constitution, with a house of peers, an hereditary nobility, and important prerogatives left to the crown; others, and they were the greater number, declared themselves (and, it may be said, unfortunately for all parties) for the constitution of Spain, which, as it may be supposed, was little known to the Piedmontese. However, the constitution of Spain was proclaimed on the 13th of March, and a number of copies, translations, and extracts of it having been printed, were sent and spread about the country. There was also some demur between the junta of Alessandria and that of Turin; the latter considered themselves as the central government, and required the dissolution of the former; at last those of Alessandria submitted.

The answers of King Charles Felix to the communication of his brother and the junta were anxiously expected; at last a fulminating decree

came from Modena, in which, after accepting the crown only *pro tempore*, and until his brother should resume it, or confirm his abdication, the new king declared the establishment of the junta as unlawful, all its acts void and null, and ordered its members to return to their allegiance under pain of being considered as rebels. He reinstated every thing in the state it was in before the insurrection; ordered the old functionaries to resume their duties; and appointed General La Tour, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, till his return.

The last-mentioned officer, who had taken an active part in the late wars against the French, kept aloof on the present occasion from any participation in the insurrection of Alessandria and Turin. He assembled the garrison of Novara, to which were now joined many officers and men of different corps who did not approve of the determination of their comrades, and he communicated to them the orders from Modena, and his determination to acknowledge no other authority but that of his lawful sovereign King Charles Felix. The troops professed their fidelity, and that they would abide by him. The regiment of Cuneo was among the most eager in these demonstrations of attachment to the royal cause. The carabineers or *gens d'armes*, which, in Piedmont as well as in France, form a most effective body, being composed of picked men

and old soldiers, remained also faithful to the king throughout the kingdom. They would not receive any orders but from their commanding officers. Those of Turin continued to perform the duties of the police of the capital, without taking any share in political demonstrations. By degrees General La Tour collected at Novara about six thousand men, infantry and cavalry, with a considerable train of artillery. He was in that position protected in his rear by the Austrian troops, who had began to assemble on the frontiers of Lombardy, under Count Bubna, governor of Milan.

When the contents of the despatches from Modena were known at Turin, alarm seized several of the constitutionalists. Some of them were probably disgusted at the turn affairs had taken, seeing the democratic party had carried their object in preference to theirs; others perceived that the change could not now proceed as smoothly, as if either the old or the new king had come to terms. From whatever motive, despondency or repentance, several of the leading characters left Turin. The Prince of Carignano had already given the example. He went off suddenly to Novara, and there put himself under the orders of General La Tour, acknowledging himself a subject of King Charles Felix.

The junta, however, remained firm; the die was

cast; and they were determined to make resistance. They declared that they could not consider the orders of Charles Felix as the expression of his real sentiments, while he was out of the kingdom. But their affairs were in a desperate state. The king against them and out of their reach; a strong royalist army at Novara; Savoy refusing to acknowledge their authority; the governor and the senate of Chambery preserving their power over that duchy; several provinces of Piedmont in a state of indecision; regiments divided in opinion; and Genoa, which had undergone two or three changes in the course of a few days, seeming half inclined to take advantage of the general confusion to throw off its allegiance to the Piedmontese government, whether royalist or constitutionalist.

But, as if to increase their difficulties ten-fold, the constitutionalists had also evinced, from the beginning, a spirit of bitter hostility against the Austrians; meantime the latter collected their troops on the borders of Piedmont. The Piedmontese spoke of driving the *barbarians* out of Italy; they kept correspondence with the disaffected of Lombardy; the Austrian minister was insulted by the mob, and left Turin; in short, a rupture with Austria had become unavoidable. If there was an intention of effecting a movement in Lombardy, simultaneously with that in Piedmont, the plan

must have miscarried; but it is more probable that the leaders, as has been the case in all the late revolutions, miscalculated their influence and their means. An Italian was describing these movements as *malamente immaginati, peggio ordinati e pessimamente eseguiti.* In the beginning of March, letters from Paris were seized at Turin, addressed to some of the principal constitutional leaders, in which their correspondents told them to delay the blow, for it was either too soon or too late. I was assured at Turin, and from good authority, that for several days previous to the breaking out of the insurrection, the police was acquainted with the plot; but either it did not or would not consider it of sufficient importance, or the king deprecated harsh measures, especially as they affected men who had a name in the country.

The month of March passed in this state of suspense;—the junta of Turin endeavouring to gain partisans, and, above all, to collect an effective army, notwithstanding the discouragement produced by the news of the events of Naples; and General La Tour strengthening himself at Novara, with regular troops, and, above all, a great body of officers. The provinces and districts, however, remained tolerably quiet, and the mass of the population passive; and this was perhaps as bad as if part had shown themselves hostile. The only

disorders that took place at Turin and at Genoa, were momentary, and, as it appears, the result of accident, by which a few individuals lost their lives; but there was nothing like deliberate bloodshed.

At last, on the 4th of April, General La Tour advanced from Novara upon Vercelli with part of his troops. The constitutionalists had assembled the troops they had at Alessandria and Voghera, and concentrated them at Casale, to the number of about three thousand infantry, a thousand cavalry, and six pieces of field artillery, under the command of Colonels Regis and Saint Marsan Caraglio.

On the 5th, some interviews took place between the officers of the two armies, to endeavour to conciliate matters, but they had no result. On the morning of the 6th, Colonel Regis marched his troops upon Vercelli. General La Tour evacuated the latter city, and retired beyond the river Sesia. Next day a flag of truce from the royalist camp communicated to Colonel Regis the despatches of the Austrian General Bubna to Count La Tour, in which the former said, that if the constitutionalists continued their march towards the frontiers, he would consider it as an act of hostility, and would give orders to the Austrian troops to cross the river Ticino. If, on the contrary, they halted where they were, he would wait the result of the

mediation of Count Mocenigo, Minister of Russia at Turin, who had offered his good services between the constitutionalists and the king.

The constitutionalists, however, resumed, though slowly, their march upon Novara, and passed the night under the walls of that place. The Austrian troops, from the opposite side, then crossed the frontier, and arrived in the neighbourhood of Novara during the night.

On the morning of the 8th, the Austrian sharp-shooters began the engagement; a Piedmontese battalion from Novara charged the constitutionalists, who, seeing the Austrians had really crossed the frontiers, and hearing that other troops of the same nation were marching by Vigevano upon their rear, began to effect their retreat towards Vercelli. This was done at first in tolerable good order; some of the Austrian cavalry charged the rear-guard, which was composed of Piedmontese dragoons, and there some fighting took place. About a hundred men were killed and wounded. Arrived at Vercelli, however, the constitutional troops began to disperse in every direction, and from that moment there was no longer an army. The news of the affair of Novara were brought to Turin, and the junta and the other leaders hastened to leave the place. Thus ended, after thirty days, the insurrection of Piedmont.

The Austrians marched upon Alessandria, where they entered without opposition, and General La Tour continued his march upon Turin. The students had shut themselves up in the citadel, whence they exacted provisions from the municipality; they, however, were soon brought to reason. The rest of the kingdom, Genoa and Nice, returned without any opposition under the royal authority.

The constitutionalists, in advancing upon Novara, were in hopes, either that part of General La Tour's corps would join them, of which there were some indications at one time, or that the Austrians would not cross the frontiers. Even had they been joined by the troops of Novara, they would not have been able, with about ten thousand men, to oppose the march of twenty thousand Austrians. It was altogether a sad affair, an useless and uncalled-for exposure. The old king, Victor Emmanuel, is said to have expressed himself feelingly about it to some officers, pointing to the national uniform, *Est abit l'avem un po'spurcà.* "We have stained a little this coat."

I visited Turin again in September, 1821. An unusual appearance of gloom was spread over the city. Many families mourned over the consequences of the late insurrection, and the forced absence of their relatives, who had been obliged to

expatriate themselves, in consequence of it; or of others, who, less fortunate, were arrested, and expecting their sentence. A great number of persons had lost their situations, civil or military. It was then that the fatal effects of revolutions were felt, and one could ruminate coolly upon them. The court was absent; the old king, Victor, was at Lucca, with his daughter, who is married to that prince, and the new king, Charles Felix, was still at Modena. The latter returned at last, in October, and published an indulto or amnesty to those not principally implicated in the late affairs. The universities both of Turin and Genoa were closed. The Austrians garrisoned Alessandria, Casali, Vercelli, and other fortresses; but Turin and Genoa were left in trust to the Piedmontese troops who had followed General La Tour.

Most of the leaders of the Piedmontese revolution escaped to Switzerland; others embarked near Genoa, where the authorities humanely avoided molesting them in their escape. Two or three officers, who began the revolt at Alessandria, were tried and executed; others were condemned to imprisonment for various periods; several, being absent, were outlawed, and their property confiscated. It was remarked, at the time, that there was more rigour shown against the constitution

alists in Piedmont than at Naples, where the Austrian General, Frimont, was supposed to have exerted a beneficial influence.

By degrees, however, things in Piedmont have assumed a milder appearance; the universities have been re-opened, the army re-organized, the Austrians have evacuated the kingdom. A certain degree of confidence has been restored. It is to be hoped, that the measures of government will be such as to make the people forget their past agitations and misfortunes; for it depends, in great measure, upon government to render such a country as Piedmont, with a population whose general character is decidedly good and estimable, one of the happiest in Europe, and the Sardinian monarchy the most respected in Italy.

CHAPTER III.

PIEDMONT AND GENOA.

On leaving Turin, we passed the fine bridge on the Po; it is of white stone, and was constructed under the French, who, with regard to works of public convenience and splendour, revived in the Italians that taste for magnificent undertakings, which the latter had shown in past ages, but which seemed for many years to have been slumbering in them.

The present governments of Italy are encouraging this renewed disposition; the plans of the French are being completed, and new ones of importance laid out. The King of Sardinia is constructing fine roads through different parts of his dominions, especially along the two Riviere of Genoa, where no track of wheels had ever been seen before; the Pope has cleared out and brought to light again many of the remains of Roman architecture, which adorned the city of the Seven Hills; the King of Naples continues the excavations of Pompeii, and the roads in the neighbourhood of his capital; he has had the theatre of San

Carlo rebuilt, with more than its original magnificence; and is now adorning the square in front of his palace with a fine colonnade, in imitation of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. All these are subjects of rejoicing for the lovers of the fine arts.

The road to Genoa follows, for some time, the right bank of the Po, until it ascends the steep hill of Moncalieri, whence it strikes off at once in an easterly direction, in which it continues as far as Alessandria. Moncalieri is a little town remarkable only for its fine situation, and its palace belonging to the Kings of Sardinia. The French had made a military hospital of it, and they left it in a ruinous condition; it has been since repaired, and became the residence of King Victor Emmanuel* after his abdication. From Moncalieri we proceeded to Poirino, through a fine well-cultivated country. While changing horses at Poirino, we witnessed a squabble between the conductor of our diligence, a Savoyard, and the postilion, a sturdy Piedmontese, about some difference on money matters, in which the former called the latter a *brigand;* the Piedmontese very coolly threatened to take him before the justice of peace for insulting an honest subject of his majesty, animadverting, at the same time, on the impertinence of the Savoyards, who, he said, come from their barren mountains to

* Since dead, in the beginning of 1824.

live and thrive in the fine lands of Piedmont, and, in return, abuse the peaceful inhabitants. "This is just like the French," said he, "who, while they were plundering our country, called *brigands* those who were resenting their *brigandage*." This overbearing spirit, which the Savoyards, who, in other respects, are a good people, have inherited from their late masters, is much to be regretted; as it is a source of animosities between them and their fellow-subjects the Piedmontese.

Upon the heights of Villanova, we had a last view of that fine range of Alps we had so much admired at Turin. Between Villanova and Asti, the country is hilly, and covered with vineyards. This district, called L'Astigiano, produces the wine known by the name of Asti. There are two sorts of Asti wine, red and white; the latter is a kind of muscat, having a fine flavour, and sparkling like champaign. Asti is a large well-built place; there is an air of comfort here, as well as in the other provincial towns of Piedmont; the peasantry have a healthy comfortable appearance, different from the squalid looks of the country people in the south of Italy. Asti is well known as the birth-place of Alfieri, the Italian Sophocles; one of the most distinguished characters of modern Italy. His house is still to be seen near the main street, and his sister now resides in it. The name of Alfieri

is endeared to his countrymen for many reasons; he was passionately fond of his native Italy; he regretted the state of weakness into which it had fallen, but his discriminating mind soon perceived that no good was to be expected from foreign interference, and he well knew how to draw the line between liberty and license: he often repeated, that he loved liberty, but not French liberty. In his political meditations, his stern mind and fiery temper led him to seek for models among the ancient Romans, whom he resembled in character; but he found nothing like them in modern times. The English were the only foreign nation he esteemed, and he was perhaps the first to hold them out as an example to his astonished countrymen, and to kindle in them that feeling of admiration which many Italians have since shown for British institutions. His exclamation on first touching the shores of England, expresses in a lively manner the enthusiasm felt by his generous mind:

> "Dopo tanti sospiri, e voti tanti
> Ti vedo, e calco alfin libera terra
> Cui son di Francia, e Italia, ignoti i pianti.
> Qui leggi han regno, e niun le leggi atterra."

Alfieri may be called the father of the Italian tragedy; he has imparted to his native language a strength and an energy, of which it was

not deemed susceptible before. Alfieri had his failings, like all the children of men; but his genius, his honest sincerity, and the undaunted firmness of his character, atone largely for his imperfections, and will secure him a distinguished place in the memory of future generations.

From Asti the road follows the course of the river Tanaro as far as Alessandria. On approaching the latter city, the country opens into a wide plain. We passed by the citadel, which is one of the strongest places in Piedmont; it communicates with the city by a covered bridge over the Tanaro. Alessandria was regularly fortified: the French enlarged the lines and outworks, so as to make it capable of holding a garrison of sixty thousand men; they considered it their central position in Piedmont. The Austrians, in their last conquest of Italy, destroyed the fortifications, which had cost enormous sums; but, in truth, it was no great loss to the King of Sardinia, such an extensive fortress being disproportionate to the numbers of his army. There is still, however, a strong garrison stationed in the town and citadel. Alessandria has the gay military appearance of all garrison towns; it is well built, and has a fine square in the centre planted with trees, which is a rare thing in Italy; round it there are a number of coffee-houses and billiard-rooms, the resort of officers

during their leisure hours. The diligence from Turin to Genoa stops here for the night; the inns are very good; passports are examined by the military commander.

Here we met the first Austrian troops. Their white uniforms peeped just above the citadel. We then met Germans, Croats, Sclavonians, and Hungarians, crowding in the square of Alessandria. They were fine men, well dressed, and appeared perfectly orderly; we inquired of the people of the inn, a class of persons not very favourable to them in general, how they behaved; "poor fellows, they behave like saints," was the characteristic Italian expression we received in answer; "they pay for every thing, and are quiet; it is not their fault if they are here."

Next morning we proceeded on our journey, and passed the Bormida, a river which takes its source near that of the Tanaro, in the Apennines of Mondovi, and which joins the latter river below Alessandria, whence their united streams flow into the Po, a few miles lower down. We entered the celebrated plains of Marengo, where the star of Bonaparte rose and decided the fate of Italy. The country is flat and woody. The road here divides in two, the one to the left leads to Tortona, Pavia, and Milan; that on the right proceeds to Genoa. The French army advanced from Tortona,

and after passing the Scrivia, proceeded to the villages of San Giuliano and Marengo: the Austrians had come out of Alessandria to encounter them. The Austrians fought bravely, and the day seemed lost for the French, when at five in the evening the timely arrival of Dessaix's corps of reserve turned the fate of the battle. Still the Austrian army remained strong, the greater part of its cavalry had not been engaged, and the troops appeared competent to renew the fight; but the Austrian commander-in-chief, overawed by the critical position in which his army was placed, thought proper on the second day after the battle to sign a convention at Alessandria, by which he gave up the greatest part of Lombardy, and twelve important fortresses, on condition of being allowed to retire unmolested to the Mincio. The battle of Marengo took place on the 14th of June, 1800, and the convention was signed on the 16th.

This district is called by the inhabitants La Fragola; the peasantry of it are represented to be daring and fierce; they rose *en masse* against the French on the first invasion of their country, as did also the inhabitants of Carmagnola, Mondovi, and of other places in the southern part of Piedmont. The Italian peasantry showed in general, every where, a great dislike towards the

French intruders. Their ideas were unsophisticated by theories, and they reasoned upon facts; they had been for generations contented and quiet in their humble condition; acts of oppression were rare in the country; they lived comfortably, particularly those of the north of Italy. They were attached to the religion of their fathers; the corruption of cities had made little progress among them; they were fond of their wives, and jealous of the honour of their daughters. But as soon as the French came, a most dreadful alteration took place. The generals and commissaries extorted money and provisions from the inhabitants, the soldiers seduced or ravished their wives and daughters, and they all joined in insulting their saints, their belief, and the ministers of their religion; and if any one dared to remonstrate, he was brought before a military commission and shot on a charge of disaffection and high treason against liberty. This is a short compendium of the behaviour of the republican armies in Italy; no wonder then, that the inhabitants revolted in many places and revenged themselves on their oppressors, committing acts of dreadful retaliation. Had they succeeded in driving them out of the country, their conduct, like that of the Spaniards, in later times, would have been called heroism; unfortunately for them, they failed, and

were looked upon as banditti. Carmagnola, a nice little town to the south of Turin, on the right bank of the Po, was taken and burnt by the French. Mondovi, a large place situated farther south at the foot of the Ligurian Apennines, made a longer resistance. The peasantry of the country around, a stout spirited race, rose, to the number of many thousands, and kept the French at bay for some time; but the jacobin party in the town, who were in correspondence with the enemy, contrived to distribute to the peasants cartridges made of adulterated powder, so that when they came in contact with the enemy, their fire had no effect, and they were easily defeated and massacred. The invaders then entered Mondovi, which they partly set on fire, plundering, ravaging, and murdering in every direction. There is still living one of the jacobin leaders, whose wife was the first victim of the fury of the French soldiery; she was shot at, while looking out of a window for her husband, who was coming along with them. After the massacre, these lawless ruffians, joined by all the abandoned characters, male and female, that collected to share the plunder, went to dance *pêle mêle*, and committed all kinds of abominations in the sumptuous halls of the fugitive nobility, and this in honour of the goddess of reason.

Such scenes were not rare in Italy at that time; and those nations who have had the good fortune to escape the storm will hardly credit the account of these horrors. A number of people, however, still live who witnessed them, and who relate them to the disgrace of the perpetrators. The details are too horrid for description. In later times, the conduct of the French imperial armies (although better disciplined than their republican predecessors) in the ravaged regions of Calabria, in the mountains of Tyrol, in the glens of the Sierra d'Estrella, at the taking of Taragona, and amidst the smoking ruins of Moscow, affords such a mass of evidences, that, even allowing much to be exaggerated, there remains enough to stain the memory of the conquerors in the recollection of future ages. Some of their officers have reluctantly confessed, that the demoralization of the army had reached the highest pitch; and that, having indulged it at first, the chiefs had no longer power to restrain it. Courage and abilities cannot atone for such an abuse of them. May the remembrance of these foul deeds serve as a lesson to every nation not to trust, in future, the fair promises of an ambitious conqueror.

The plain of Alessandria is bounded on the south by the Genoese Apennines, on the west by the hills of Monferrato, on the north by the Po, and

it extends to the east along that river towards Voghera. We entered the ancient Genoese territory at a place called Pozzolo, and arrived at Novi, a considerable town at the foot of the mountains. Here we felt we were approaching southern Italy, by the alteration in the looks and dress of the people, in their language and manners, and in the style of building. The flat and broad brimmed hat of the Piedmontese peasant, gives way to the sugar-loaf hat, or to the hanging red cap of the Genoese. A velveteen jacket thrown carelessly over the shoulders, short breeches unbuckled at the knee, the neck bare, a red sash round the waist; dark complexions, spare, bony forms, raven hair, the wild penetrating glance of the children of the south, and an appearance of carelessness; these are the general characteristics of the male peasantry. The heads of the women are uncovered, their hair plaited, powdered, and tied up behind with a riband; plain calico gowns, a gaudy handkerchief tied across the bosom; sunny complexions, fine figures, bright eyes, and an indolent demeanour; these are the striking features in the appearance of the females.

Many of the buildings of Novi give a good idea of the taste and magnificence of the wealthy Genoese, who have palaces in this place. The Genoese style of architecture, and especially the

ornamental part, is of a peculiar kind; the yellow or red painting of the exterior walls—the white stucco ornaments contrasting with the green lattices—the pillars and cornices, all these announce your approach to the region of the fine arts.

The broad chanting pronunciation of the Piedmontese is replaced here by the close unintelligible accent of the Genoese dialect. It is the variety of people, as well as that of landscape, that renders a tour in Italy so interesting, and that gives to this country a charm of novelty not to be found in any other. Every fifty miles you find yourself in another country, among people quite different from those you have left; and every where you find peculiar features and new curiosities which attract attention. But this same variety is the misfortune of Italy; it resembles the trappings with which victims were adorned before sacrifice: it prevents that similarity of character and that national spirit, without which no country can be great.

On going out of Novi, we began to ascend the Apennines. The country about Novi is fertile; gardens, orchards, and pleasant green meadows, surround the town. This place was the scene of a sanguinary contest between the Russians, commanded by Marshal Suwarrow, and the French, under General Joubert, in which the latter were

totally defeated, and Joubert slain. The battle of Novi took place in August, 1799.

As we continued to ascend, we observed that the scenery assumed that wild and barren aspect peculiar to the Apennines, and so different from the lower Alpine regions. We passed the defile of Gavi, through which runs the Lemmo, a torrent, which in the rainy season overflows the whole valley, and is rendered unfordable. The small castle of Gavi, built on a commanding hill, and almost impregnable by situation, defends the passage. The country around is rocky and desolate. Continuing to ascend, we came to Voltaggio, a large village, embosomed in the mountains, in the midst of the wildest scenery. Thence, in about an hour, we arrived at La Bocchetta, the name of the highest point over which this road passes. There a new and brilliant landscape was spread before our eyes. Around us, the rugged and barren Apennines with their uniform conical summits; down their sides, forests of chesnut trees, through the dark thick foliage of which glimmered white spires of churches, and the greyish roofs of the houses covered with slates of *lavagna*; at the foot of the mountains, several narrow valleys were seen branching in various directions; and beyond them appeared the blue waters of the Mediterranean, bordering on the horizon, and sparkling with the

reflection of the sun. The cool sea breeze, the picturesque dress of the peasantry, the inexpressible magic of southern nature and southern climate—every thing inspires the spectator with a feeling of pleasant melancholy, somewhat like the languor produced by soft music. As you descend into the valley of Polcevera, the magnificent villas of the Genoese nobility tell you of your approach to a great city, to *Genova la superba;* but that city is still concealed behind a range of steep and lofty hills, crowned with fortifications, above which rise the three commanding summits of *Il Diamante* and *I due Fratelli.** It was under those inaccessible ramparts that many a valiant host was encamped during the late wars. There the French, the Austrians, and the English have successively balanced the destinies of Italy.

We arrived at Campomarrone, a village so called from the number of chesnut-trees which surround it. This is the last post before you arrive at Genoa. We saw, a little farther on, the beginning of the new road which strikes off to the east through a valley, avoiding the mountain of La Bocchetta, and which, passing by the village of Serravalle near the river Scrivia, joins the old road on the other side, near Novi. The ascent is much easier than that of the Bocchetta. It will be passable in a few months, and will prove a great

convenience to travellers, who at present are miserably jolted on the rough old paved road.

On leaving Campomarrone, the road proceeds along the rocky bed of La Polcevera, which, like that of all the Apennine streams, is nearly dry in summer. The habitations now become thicker; village succeeds village, until at last the road is entirely lined on one side by a range of houses; and on a sudden turn to the left, you find yourself in the magnificent suburb of San Pier d'Arena, close on the sea shore. You pass the outer line of fortifications with which Genoa is surrounded, you admire the noble light-house built on an insulated rock, and enter at last the amphitheatre, formed by the mountains and the sea, around which the city proudly rises.

Genova la superba, for this is the appropriate epithet which was given it in the time of its splendour, and which it still deserves on account of its stately buildings and commanding situation, stands partly on the declivity of several hills rising in a semicircle round the harbour, and partly on a narrow slip of ground between them and the sea. The harbour is in the form of a half moon, about a mile and a half in length; its entrance faces the south, and is protected in part by two moles running across from the two extremities, but leaving between them an open space of about half a

mile, through which the sea rushes in tremendously when the wind blows from that quarter. Vessels, however, can lie in security in that part of the harbour which is behind the old mole. They talk now of stretching this mole farther, over several sunken rocks, so as to approach nearer to the Molo Novo, behind which is the station for vessels performing quarantine. The city seen from the light-house on entering the gates presents a most magnificent *coup d'œil*. A succession of fine buildings, more than two miles in length, lines the shore. The loftiness and elegance of the houses in general; their painted walls and white roofs; the numerous palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rising one above the other on the steep sides of the hills that rear, from behind, their dark and barren heads crowned with formidable ramparts, forts, and batteries; a noble harbour, where thousands of vessels may lie at anchor: the whole gives a grand idea of the former riches and power of this city, once the rival of Venice, and the mistress of the Mediterranean.

As you proceed, you arrive at the inner line of fortifications, which divides the old city from the new. You pass the gate of San Tommaso, and arrive at the Piazza dell' Acqua Verde, whence that line of fine streets begins, which is the principal boast of Genoa. These three streets, Balbi,

Novissima, and Nova, are lined with two rows of splendid palaces, belonging to the nobility, among which, those of Durazzo, Balbi, Brignole, Lomellino, and Serra, are the most remarkable. The first of these has a valuable collection of fine paintings, to which strangers are always allowed free access, according to the truly liberal spirit of the Italian nobility. Servants are always stationed in the ante-rooms, ready to accompany the amateurs through the splendid suite of apartments which contains the treasures of the fine arts. One of the most remarkable paintings in the Durazzo collection is that of the Magdalen washing the feet of our Saviour, by Veronese, and one of the best works of that great master. There are, in another room, three paintings by Luca Giordano, one of which represents the death of Seneca. The Palazzo Durazzo is really a residence fit for a sovereign—its façade is very fine. There is another palace belonging to the same family, also in Strada Balbi, which is remarkable for its magnificent marble staircase boldly suspended, as it were, in the air. This part of the architecture of the Genoese palaces is perhaps the most remarkable, and well deserves the attention of strangers. The Palazzo Serra, in Strada Nova, has a splendid saloon, rich with lapis-lazuli and gold: it is lined with mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and which,

flecting one another, multiply the objects *ad infinitum*, so that the spectator is at first apt to think himself in the middle of a long vista of rooms. The ceiling is finely painted to represent the triumph of a Genoese captain of this family over the Turks. I was told that the expense of this superb saloon amounted to a million of Genoese livres, about thirty-five thousand pounds sterling. When illuminated on great occasions, it must be almost too dazzling to the eyes.

Between Strada Balbi and Strada Novissima, is an irregular square, on one side of which stands the church dell' Annunziata, one of the finest in Genoa. It was built by the family of Lomellino; its interior is rich in marbles and paintings.

At the end of Strada Nova you meet with another irregular square, called delle Fontane Amorose; thence, ascending the hill, and turning to the right, you pass by the grand hospital, a magnificent building, and you arrive at Strada Giulia, which leads to the eastern gate of Genoa, and to the Fauxbourg of Bisagno.

This succession of streets, which crosses the city from west to east, is the only way through which carriages can pass; the rest of the streets are, on account of their narrowness and steepness, impractic able for any wheeled vehicle. They are all, however, well paved, and remarkably clean, and very

convenient for pedestrians, such as are all the inhabitants of Genoa. Ladies going to the theatre, or evening parties, are carried in sedan chairs, of which there is a great number, private and for hire.

Genoa is, as may be supposed by what has been said, a very quiet city; and a stranger arriving from a large capital finds it rather dull, on account of the stillness that reigns in it, particularly at night. The streets being very narrow, and the buildings generally five or six stories high, each story very lofty, the shops and the lower part of the houses are dark and gloomy. The best apartments in Genoa are generally in the upper floor; but their tenants are subjected to the inconvenience of ascending seventy or eighty steps to reach them. This, however, is the case only in the lower part of the city, for, on ascending the hills, the houses are lower, and being raised one above another, are airy, and command a fine prospect of the town and the sea. The district of Carignano, situated on a high hill to the south-east, between the fortifications and the sea, is the best in the city for its situation. On the highest part of it stands the church of the same name, dedicated to the Virgin. Its lofty dome forms a prominent feature in the view of Genoa. Proceeding to it from the square of Sarzana, you pass a bridge of one arch,

built over the street de' Servi, which connects the two opposite hills. This bold structure was raised at the same time with the church, by a noble Genoese family, of the name of Sauli, and the idea of it originated in a pique between them and a rival house: so powerful and rich were the lords of the little republic! From the summit of the dome there is a fine view of Genoa, and of the neighbouring country. On a clear day, one can see the greater part of the *Riviera di Ponente*, or western coast, as far as Capo delle Mele, and the Alps of Piedmont, towering from behind; but towards the east, the bold promontory of Porto Fino, advancing into the sea, closes the view on that side; to the south, you can perceive the mountains of the island of Corsica. The hill of Carignano, behind the church, is covered with gardens; there is a pleasant walk along the adjoining ramparts, looking over the sea, and leading round by the walls of Santa Chiara to the gate of L'Acquasola. The prospect from this walk is beautiful. The valley of Bisagno, and the suburb of this name, lie before you; and the hills of Albaro, covered with elegant country-houses and gardens, contrast with the abrupt barren mountains which terminate the view.

The neighbourhood of Genoa is rich in variety of scenery. To the north of the city rises a very steep hill, on the top of which is built the fort of

Lo Sperone, which commands the whole town, and is the summit of a triangle, of which the outer line of fortifications form two sides, and the sea the base. The city occupies but a small part of the extensive space enclosed within; the rest of the ground is, in a great measure, waste and naked.

That part of the fortifications of Genoa which overlooks the valley of Polcevera, may be considered impregnable; but the eastern side, towards the valley of Bisagno, is by no means so formidable. It was on this side that the English army attacked it in 1814, and in a few days got possession of the outer works, by which means they obliged the French to capitulate. It must be observed, that the French garrison was weak, and chiefly composed of conscripts. It requires a numerous army, like that which Massena had in this city in 1799, to defend a line of works of ten or twelve miles in extent. The Piedmontese government is now adding to the fortifications, and when the additional works are completed, Genoa, garrisoned by a sufficient number of men, may be considered as the strongest hold in Italy. A Frenchman of rank, who visited Genoa lately, showed some peevishness on seeing these improvements, remarking, with a sneer, that *Le Roi de Sardaigne rive bien les clous aux Gênois;* it is, however, only what the French would willingly have done themselves.

Genoa is essentially a commercial place; the barrenness of the soil, the small extent of its territories, and their favourable situation along the shores of the Mediterranean, naturally turned the attention of the inhabitants to maritime trade, in which they succeeded so well, that their city became the emporium of western Europe. The capital its merchants had collected enabled them to retain much of their former influence, even after commerce had taken another direction, in consequence of the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The Genoese became the bankers of Europe, and their harbour continued to be the depôt for foreign goods in the Mediterranean. Conveniently situated within a few days' sail of Spain, Africa, and Sicily, vessels of every nation came into this port to deposit or exchange their cargoes, and the Genoese were the consignees, warehousemen, and brokers, of all the Mediterranean merchants; a number of them, besides, were established over all the different coasts, and Genoa was the central point with which factors from Lisbon, Cadiz, Malaga, Barcelona, the coast of Barbary, and the *Scale* of Levant, corresponded. The Bank of St. George lent money to the different governments of Europe, and the proud Genoese nobility did not disdain to employ their funds in trade. The character of the Genoese

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was peculiarly adapted to the mercantile profession. Sober, industrious, and parsimonious; shrewd, active, and intelligent; less fond of pleasure and show than the Venetian people, less ambitious and haughty than the Patricians of the latter republic, they accommodated themselves better to circumstances, and were more pliant in their connexions with foreign powers; but they also knew, in case of need, how to defend their independence: interest and patriotism joined together on those occasions. But, like all human prosperity, theirs could not last for ever. They had resisted many shocks, but by degrees they became weaker and weaker, and at last found themselves wholly unprepared for the great earthquake which overturned all Europe: the French revolution crushed them with the rest.

When the republican armies began to attempt the conquest of Italy, the Genoese, instead of perceiving that it was their interest to join the other Italian states for repelling the common enemy, the foreign intruder, seemed only awake to their petty jealousies against the Piedmontese. They temporized with the French, and let themselves be cajoled by the crafty democrats who then ruled over France; incited by the thirst of gain, they supplied the republicans with provisions, and allowed them to enter their western territories:

the French exchequer was in their debt for several millions; which they were afraid of losing. In the mean time, the population of Genoa, attacked by the disease of democracy, began to dislike their aristocratical rulers. The grey-headed pilots who were at the helm of the state, accustomed to long seasons of calm weather and smooth seas, were unable to steer through such an unprecedented storm; and the frail bark, after being tossed about and buffetted for a while by the contending elements, was upset by the overwhelming waves.

Such was the fate of Genoa; and, what was worse, it carried along with it the fate of Italy. Had the western passes been defended by real patriots, by people proud of the name of Italians, the French would not have been able to encamp quietly on the fine shores of the Riviera, there to provide themselves with abundant supplies, and to watch for the favourable opportunity to climb over the mountains of Mondovi and Montenotte, from which they rushed like a sweeping torrent over the prostrate regions of Lombardy. Thus far the Genoese did not act like real Italians, and they suffered for it. The short-lived Ligurian Republic enjoyed only a mock independence, under the paramount influence of France; its treasures were laid open for the maintenance of

the armies; their capital suffered all the horrors of war and famine; and when the fate of the mother republic was mastered by an extraordinary and ambitious man, proud Genoa was obliged to send her own Doge and Senators to dance attendance on the ruler of the day, and to beg the *honour* of being annexed to the French empire! Fit retribution for their want of national character and spirit.

The Genoese became French, and many of them imbibed all the notions of their new compatriots; still the peasantry here, as every where else, detested these pretended friends, and real masters. The sea-faring people, who form a very important part of the population of this country, saw their profession annihilated, in consequence of the continental system; and the only resource left them to avoid starvation was the honour of serving on board the imperial fleet stationary in the harbour of Toulon. But the greatest part of the Genoese sailors were too enterprising and too fond of independence, to allow themselves to be cooped up in those magnificent hulks, where they had not often a chance of seeing the enemy; many of them, therefore, took French leave, repaired to the English establishments in the Mediterranean, and entered as sailors on board foreign vessels. Others formed associations, and scoured the seas as pri-

vateers, in which capacity they greatly annoyed the British trade in the Mediterranean, and often captured their own countrymen serving on board vessels under the English flag. Some of their captains, such as Ludovico, Dodero, Serra, and others, made a great number of prizes, which they sold in the harbours of Barbary. Such were the beneficial effects of the French prohibitory system upon a commercial and maritime nation; love of plunder, dereliction of their country and families, and total demoralization.

At last the star of Napoleon grew dim, and disappeared in the gloom of a Russian winter. The consequences of his reverses were particularly felt in the foreign provinces of his empire. The Genoese were by this time almost tired of the French, and they became unruly. A year after, the English forces landed in the Riviera di Levante, and encamped under the walls of Genoa. The French garrison was weak; the people were enraged against them; women and children abused the French in the streets; the statue of Bonaparte, in the Piazza dell' Acqua Verde, was hurled down from its pedestal, and broken in a thousand fragments. The French commanders saw that the hour of retaliation was come, and that further resistance would prove fatal: they capitulated, but, probably on account of what

they considered as the rebellious spirit of the Genoese, they only made terms for the garrison; and left the city at the mercy of the victors. However, the Genoese republic was provisionally re-established, but shortly after, the congress of Vienna disposed otherwise of its fate, and Genoa was given up to the King of Sardinia. I will not enter into the question of the right and justice of this last measure, but I shall offer a few remarks on its expediency: as it is well known that governments, in their foreign politics, are seldom directed by the same strict rules of morality, as individuals in their civil and domestic concerns. The lesser evil must often be adopted, and political justice is generally but comparative.

The union of Genoa to Piedmont, however condemned by some politicians, and deplored by mistaken patriots, will, probably, if considered on an enlarged scale, and with regard to its effects, be found more conducive to the future welfare and independence of Italy than the former state of that republic under its antiquated oligarchy. On the other hand, Genoa could not possibly remain under a democratic form in the present state of Europe; the nobility are too rich, and the people too mercenary. It would, besides, be a continual scene of cabal for discontented Italians and intriguing foreigners, and would fall an easy prey

to any of its powerful neighbours. As for the Genoese, they are now as well off as most continental people, and better than many. Their flag is now free, and respected every where; while under their ancient republican government, they did not dare to lose sight of their native shores, except in well armed vessels, for fear of being taken by the Barbary Corsairs, and carried to Algiers and Tunis, there to end their days in slavery and despair. The removal of this evil is alone a benefit of such magnitude, for a sea-faring nation like them, as to overbalance their prejudices against their present government.

I was at Genoa in 1816, about the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers, and I witnessed the satisfaction of the Genoese at the arrival of the British frigate which brought the happy tidings, and restored their countrymen who had worn so long the chains of the Moslems. The sentiments of gratitude and regard towards the English, which they had sincerely professed, when they were delivered from the French yoke, were then renewed; but this most essential and disinterested service is now nearly forgotten, in consequence of the prejudices which some people take pains to instil in the minds of the people of the Continent against the English. They cannot deny the benefit, but they make light of it; they say,

that the forbearance of the Barbary powers is but temporary; they endeavour, against all common sense, to hint at the interested views of England, even on this occasion; but it is useless to repeat here all their sophisms, which are well known to every one who has travelled on the Continent. However, I am happy to say, that the plain unsophisticated minds of the Genoese sailors see things in a better light. I have conversed, travelled, and lived with them, and found them sensible of the benefit conferred on them by the English, and proudly confident of their future protection.

A person who has not visited the coast of Barbary can hardly form a proper idea of the sufferings to which Christian slaves were exposed, and cannot, therefore, appreciate the full value of Lord Exmouth's expedition, which put a stop to that abominable practice. While I was at Tunis, there were several hundred slaves at *la Goletta* or the harbour, where they were employed in the construction of the public works, carrying heavy burdens, exposed all day to the scorching rays of an African sun, covered with rags and vermin, allowed a scanty and bad diet, drinking brackish water, ill-treated and beaten by their surly keepers; in this manner they passed their days: at sunset they were huddled together in a sort of

barrack, there to lay their weary limbs on a heap of bad straw, breathing in a suffocating and corrupted atmosphere, to rise again with the next sun to fresh torments; year after year passed, without bringing any alteration to their condition, and the best part of their life was spent in unavailing regret. The fate of the female slaves was often still more deplorable and dreadful. The mind recoils at the idea of the horrors of their situation. The benefit conferred by England, at the cost of her blood and treasure, on the nations of Italy, is, therefore, inestimable; and yet there are men calling themselves *enlightened* and *liberal*, who strive to diminish the sense of it in the hearts of the Italians; these men are, however, feelingly alive to any instance of severity on the part of their governments against any one of their party. Their system of politics is not so inconsistent as it appears to a person unacquainted with their real principles. They winked at the atrocities of the revolution, they approved of the injustices of the imperial government; but they are always ready to exclaim against the *threatening* power of Russia, the *encroaching* system of Austria, the *ambition* of England, and the *fanaticism* of Rome. They extolled to the skies Bonaparte's decrees against convents and the inquisition, but they make light of the suppression of

the slave trade, and of the abolition of Christian captivity effected by England; they very *discrimi-nately* point out the imperfections of these last measures, and the private views which they suppose have dictated them——but enough of these *equitable* people. "Intelligenti pauca."

The Genoese sailors are the best in the Mediterranean, and resemble the British tars more than any others; they are a hardy, manly, and steady race; and were their vessels equal to those of the English, they would be worthy perhaps of bearing a fuller comparison with the latter*. Like all brave and simple people, they are open-hearted, attached to their religion without bigotry, fond of their homes and their families, to whom it is their chief satisfaction to bring, on their return from their laborious voyages, their hard-earned savings.

The territories of the old Genoese republic now

* A circumstance happened not long ago, an official account of which was published in the Italian papers, and which reflects credit on the character of the Genoese sailors. During the heavy gales of January, 1820, a Genoese *pinco*, (a vessel with lateen sails) Schiaffino master, was wrecked on the Roman coast near Nettuno. A young sailor, a native of Camogli, near Portofino, Riviera di Levante, in his repeated endeavours to save some English females who were passengers on board, lost his life, after having succeeded in bringing one of them to shore. The Sardinian government has given a pension to his relations.

form part of the states of the King of Sardinia, under the title of duchy. A governor-general, who resides at Genoa, is the representative of the sovereign. Genoa has its separate senate, courts, and code of laws. Much care is taken to conciliate the minds of the Genoese; the civil employments are filled by them, they have national regiments, the commissions of which are given exclusively to natives. The Piedmontese troops in the garrison of Genoa are kept in the strictest discipline, and severely forbidden to enter into any dispute with the inhabitants; and when such instances occur, the decision of the authorities is generally in favour of the Genoese. A new road has been constructed at a great expense along the mountainous coast of the Riviera di Levante, by which a direct communication is opened from Genoa to Leghorn and the south of Italy, and will prove a great advantage to the inland commerce of the Genoese. Many travellers going to Rome and Naples will pass by Genoa, instead of going round by Milan and Bologna. Until now, Genoa has only been accessible on one side by land, over the difficult road of the Bochetta; but in future it will be open in two directions, by two fine carriage roads, the one to Turin and Milan by Serravalle, and the other to Leghorn by Lerici. Another road is also

being constructed along the Western Riviera to Nice and France.

All these are no trifling improvements, and deserve to be duly appreciated, when we consider that the King of Sardinia is, in riches and means, but one of the inferior powers of Europe. I have met, among the Genoese, dispassionate men who are willing to do justice to their present government, but they complain of the bad effect of taxes upon industry and commerce. This, however, is the universal complaint all over the continent; much might be said, too, in apology of the existing financial system, which was left by the French as a forced inheritance upon the present governments of Europe, and which it would be injudicious, and perhaps impracticable, for the latter to change entirely. The French introduced the present system of taxation and administration in Italy, and thereby produced an universal change in every branch of political and civil economy; the swarms of people they employed in their numberless *bureaux;* and the hosts of gens d'armes and custom-house officers, who swelled the ranks of their partisans; the great military establishment; all these were gifts conferred by the French on the Italians. The governments that succeeded them could not turn all these people adrift, as

these would have then become their declared enemies, and cried aloud against the injustice of such a measure. A great part of them have, therefore, been kept in office; and to give them bread most of the taxes have been continued, at which the population murmurs, and those very people who live upon this system often join in the cry. This shows how difficult it must be in the present times to govern mankind—how impossible to please every body.

But I think the principal source of the dissatisfaction of the Genoese is to be attributed to their old prejudices against their neighbours the Piedmontese. This is one of the precious consequences of the division of Italy into so many little states, which some statesmen wanted to perpetuate, by opposing the only preparatory way of removing the evil, namely, that of uniting those fragments into three or four grand divisions. But, forsooth! it did not suit every one—and no political measure ever will.

The Piedmontese were for centuries the subjects of the house of Savoy, and the house of Savoy was not always on the best terms with the most Serene Republic of Genoa. The Genoese and Piedmontese, therefore, although both Italians, and living within a few miles of each other, disliked each other as cordially as the Spaniards and

the French did. Hence arose national abusive expressions and nick-names, and the hatred was perpetuated from father to son. The Piedmontese are fond of a sort of pudding made of polenta or Indian corn flour, for which the Genoese called them *mangia polenta*; the Genoese are industrious and economical, the Piedmontese called them Jews.—These and other feuds, equally reasonable, nursed their hatred; just as Goldsmith's invalid hated the French because they wore wooden shoes. Meantime the communications between the two countries were very rare; the inhabitants of Turin and Genoa, although living only at a hundred miles distance, knew each other as little as those of Paris and Petersburg. By the union of the two countries this obstacle has been removed. The two people mix together; they learn to appreciate their respective good qualities; they have a common sovereign, common interests, and a common language, as they always have had a common country and a common religion. A certain mistrust and dislike still exists; but if government pursues a moderate and conciliatory system, the Piedmontese and Genoese, after a generation or two, will look upon each other as children of the same family, and those among them who may then read the debates upon the annexation of these countries will smile at the instability of human opinions. This

is the case in all annexations; surely Lorraine, Alsace, Burgundy, Guienne, Poitou, and Britanny, are not now the worse for being united to France; although at the time of their union many interests were wounded, the result has been for the general good. But the passions of men blind them to general truths, and their ideas are narrowed by prejudices.

The commerce of Genoa is not what it once was; still, in the present stagnation of affairs, there is more business going on here than in any other port of Italy. There are great capitalists in this place eager to employ their funds to advantage. Genoese vessels now trade directly with the West Indies, where their flag had never been seen before. The Piazza Banchi or exchange, and the Porto Franco, where goods are deposited in warehouses without paying any duty, offer lively scenes of bustle and activity.

The Genoese in general show no particular taste for elegant pursuits and amusements; commerce is their grand occupation, and their calculating spirit leaves them neither time nor money to spare for the construction of public edifices dedicated to the fine arts and literature. Genoa is worse off for theatres than any other Italian capital. The theatre of Sant' Agostino, which is the principal one, is sufficiently large, but ill constructed and

poorly decorated. The performers are also in general very inferior. The house is seldom filled, and the profits are too small to enable the manager to engage first-rate actors. It is only during the winter that operas are performed here; in the rest of the year comedies and tragedies are acted. The present company, Granara, is tolerably good; it has one or two respectable tragic performers. I saw the other night Il Saulle, one of the finest tragedies of Alfieri. The part of Saul was well acted by a performer of the name of Subotich. I had formerly seen Filippo performed in this theatre to great advantage. Gnudi and Verzura, two of the best Italian actors, have lately left this company.

L'Avvocato Nota, a Genoese, has lately written several good comedies. The young gentry of this place do not much frequent the public theatres, but seem to have a taste for private acting, and unite in companies of dilettanti for the purpose. I was present the other night at one of these performances at a house on the hill of Albaro, and was pleased with their exertions; indeed it would scarcely be fair to criticise with severity, people, who, with a social spirit, provide amusement at their own expense, and distribute tickets gratis to their acquaintance. This liberal taste is more common in Italy than foreigners imagine.

"Genoa cannot be called a city of learning, and that for the reasons already stated. There is, however, an university, a Collegio de' Nobili, and several public libraries. Among the men belonging to the learned professions, some rhetoricians, poets, and beaux-esprits are to be found. The poets Chiabrera and Frugoni were Genoese, at least from the territory. Genoa boasts of having given birth to Cristoforo Colombo.

The Genoese have produced some good financiers; Count Corvetto, late minister of finance in France, and the Marquis Brignole, the minister at Turin, both were from this country.

The churches of Genoa are remarkable, not so much for their exterior architecture, as for the magnificence and taste displayed in their interior. The most important of them, besides those already mentioned, are; the cathedral of St. Lorenzo, the front of which is constructed in a barbarous taste; the church of St. Siro, which is the most frequented on Sunday by the upper classes; that of Le Vigne; and the church of St. Ambrose, belonging to the Jesuits, which contains a fine Assumption, by Guido. The church of San Stefano, near the eastern gate, possesses the famous painting by Giulio Romano, representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen. It was taken to Paris by the French, but has been since restored to its proper place.

The religious ceremonies are performed at Genoa with great splendour. On the twenty-third of September I was present at a great festival in the church of L' Annunziata, in honour of the Madonna della Mercede, a ceremony instituted by the religious order of this name, one of the most useful and interesting of monastic establishments, and whose object was to ransom the Christian slaves in Barbary. The church was full of people of all classes, the illumination was brilliant, the ornaments splendid, and the music fine, but somewhat too theatrical; two orchestras were raised opposite each other, and the *motivi* resembled the ariettas of an opera. The music of the mass was by Anfossi, but the singers were not to be compared with those of Rome or Naples. A short panegyric of the Virgin was delivered in pure Italian, by Padre Giannotti, a Roman Jesuit. A boy, twelve years of age sang the *tantum ergo*, with a good deal of effect. The benediction followed and closed the ceremony, the whole of which was conducted with great decorum. I do not, however, much approve of the *canto figurato*, used on these grand occasions in the Italian churches. How much more impressive is the ordinary service, and the singing of vespers, throughout the year, when the fine voices, with which Italy abounds, arise in solemn chorusses, accompanied

only by the swelling peals of the organ. The *canto gregoriano*, that simple primitive music, is so well adapted to religious sentiments, so much in unison with the sublime effusions of sacred poetry! It soothes the heart—it elevates the mind above the selfish concerns of men—it gives us a foretaste of joys more pure—of an existence far beyond the limits of this visible world:

"C'est là que finiront un jour tous nos malheurs,
Car l' habitant des cieux ne verse point de pleurs."

Man comes out from the sacred ceremony refreshed and renovated, his feelings softened by religious melancholy; and the effects of this disposition must be beneficial to himself and his fellow-creatures.

The churches in Italy are open to every body, and every day in the year, from morning to night. There is no distinction of ranks: rich and poor, noble and plebeian, kneel down together before the Supreme Being; the elegant lady and the humble menial are seen by the side of one another, uniting their voices, and joining in their supplications for that mercy of which they equally stand in need; the beggar is not refused admittance into the house of that God, before whom there is no distinction but that of the heart. At all times of the day people are seen entering the churches for the purpose of praying, and of seek-

ing consolation in devotion and quietness. I have often seen in the busiest hours, when the churches are generally deserted, some handsome well-dressed female gliding silently along the solitary aisles to a retired corner, there prostrate herself at the foot of the altar, unconscious of being noticed by any one, praying with all the fervour of religious feelings, and shedding tears of repentance. There can be no hypocrisy, no affectation, in such a practice: it is the afflicted mother praying for the welfare of her children; it is the tender wife supplicating the Divine Goodness for the health of her husband; it is, in short, the afflicted creature seeking for comfort in the bosom of her God, through the intercession of those blessed spirits whom she considers as standing next to his throne. Whether her belief be right or not, her faith is sincere, her intentions pure, and the All-Merciful will not reject the tribute of an affectionate heart.

The climate of Genoa is pleasant and healthy; this city, sheltered in a great measure by the Apennines from the northern blast, and refreshed in summer by the evening breeze prevalent in the Mediterranean, enjoys a pure and salubrious atmosphere. The obnoxious *scirocco* loses its suffocating heat before it reaches this latitude, and is merely the bearer of clouds and the fore-runner

of rain, which falls at times very heavily, especially about the equinoxes. The cold is sometimes severe in winter, but it does not last. In the neighbourhood of Genoa, along the coast, there are many places where the climate is still milder and more genial than in the capital, such as Sestri and Pegli, in the Western Riviera, and Nervi, on the eastern one. These districts being completely sheltered by the mountains rising immediately behind them, the orange and lemon-trees grow in them in full luxuriance, and give to the country the appearance of a perpetual spring. There several of the wealthy Genoese families have delightful villas, in which they spend the greater part of the year in a truly Elysian retirement. The air of Genoa, however, is reckoned too keen for persons having delicate chests, and the medical men advise the removal of such patients to the plains of Lombardy.

Provisions are very reasonable, and lodgings remarkably so. A suite of apartments for a family is let unfurnished for about twenty pounds a-year; furnished lodgings are in proportion. Most of the nobility let out a whole floor of their sumptuous palaces to merchants or to foreigners, while they themselves live in the country. A person can subscribe for the whole year to all the

theatrical amusements Genoa affords, including the masked balls, or *festone*, in the Carnival season, for the sum of one hundred Genoese livres, about three pounds ten shillings. Restaurateurs and coffee-houses are full as cheap as those of Turin, but not so clean nor comfortable; wine is the only article which is comparatively dear. The common wine is imported from the south of France, and is sold much adulterated. There is, however, Montferrat wine from Piedmont, which is genuine and good. The country wine, or *vino nostrale*, as the Genoese call it, is white and light; the best is made in the valley of Polcevera, in the district called Murta; it is not unpleasant to the taste, and is very inoffensive. Genoa is renowned for its *paste*, or maccaroni, of every size and shape, from the broad *lasagne* to the thin *fedeli*; they are exported all over the Mediterranean and are in great repute. The shops in which they are sold are remarkable for their cleanliness and tasteful arrangement. Mushrooms form another article of great consumption and of exportation. The mountains and valleys about Genoa abound with them; great quantities are cut in slices and dried, and afterwards sent abroad, to the amount of a million of Genoese livres annually. But the olive plantations with which the Riviera di Ponente is co-

vered, afford the principle branch of exportation. The fine oil of Genoa is equal to that of Lucca or of Provence.

The hotels at Genoa are inferior to none in Italy for accommodations and comfort; some of them are truly magnificent. They are built in the lower part of the city, near the harbour, of which they command the view. The City of London, the Imperial Hotel, and the Hotel de la Ville, are the most splendid. The charges are very moderate both for board and for lodgings.

The Genoese cookery is very different from the Piedmontese; it is south Italian, like every thing else. Oil is a common ingredient. The Genoese have several national dishes, such as *ravioli*, *lasagne*, and *risoarrosto*, which are good and wholesome; also the *capponata* and the *torta*, which are composed of a mixture of heterogeneous elements, and not very palatable to strangers, although they are a favourite treat to the natives; eggs, meat, vegetables, sausage, anchovies, onions, bread, garlic, *&c.*, are all hashed together, and form a kind of *olla podrida*. Mushrooms are a common ingredient of a Genoese repast; they dress them in many different ways; I never heard of accidents having happened from the use of them; the people are well acquainted with the various kinds. In spite of the proverb, *mare senza pesce*, I have in

general found this city well supplied with good fish. Its *ragoste*, or large red lobsters, are remarkably good. Meat of every kind and poultry are excellent; vegetables grow very fine in the gardens about Genoa; fruit is exquisite, although not so abundant as at Naples.

The houses of this city have the advantage, very rare in the rest of Italy, of being supplied with spring water up to the highest floor and to the very terrace! The vicinity of the mountains has facilitated the means of extending this convenience; and the inhabitants are thereby enabled to preserve a greater degree of cleanliness than is observable in other Italian towns. The top of the house is often converted into a terrace, or a kind of aërial garden, where the numerous flower-pots relieve agreeably the sight, and where the family resort in the summer evenings to enjoy the coolness of the air, and to take their coffee or their supper. Those verdant spots in the midst of the grey slate, with which the houses are covered, afford a pleasing variety to a person looking from an elevated point upon the city. The staircase being common to all the tenants of the different floors, as is the case all over Italy, the street door is generally left open; from which circumstance a person has often the annoyance of having to pass through filth and nuisances to reach the foot of the

stairs; these, however, are clean, commodious, and well lighted.

The Genoese women are among the handsomest of Italy; indeed, this city can boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features; and their carriage is remarkably graceful. Their dress is also well calculated to set off their charms—it is simple and neat; a white muslin gown, well fitted to the shape, and a white veil, called *pezzotto*, thrown tastefully over the head and shoulders, so as not to conceal but to shade their contour, give them the appearance of so many Madonnas. This is the national dress common to all classes, only varying in the fineness and costliness of the materials. These women are remarkably clean in their persons, perhaps superior in this to other Italian females. Very few of them wear straw hats or bonnets; indeed, it is to be wished, for the sake of beauty and taste, that they may not adopt foreign fashions, which cannot suit them better than their own costume. Often have I admired, in the streets of Genoa, countenances not inferior to the fine models of art

left to us by the Greek sculptors, or to the enchanting productions of Raphael and Correggio. Often have they recalled to my memory those beautiful lines of Byron:

"One of those forms which flit by us, when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retrace,
Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."

Marriage is at Genoa a matter of calculation, perhaps more so than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with notes descriptive

of their figures and their fortunes; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connexions; if they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.

The custom of having a *patito* (such is the modern word substituted for *cicisbeo*, is still prevailing among the Genoese ladies. The patience of those individuals is truly astonishing. They are the humble servants of their fair sovereigns; they accompany them to church, to walk, to their evening parties, to the theatre; they keep them company at home; in short, they follow them as their shadows, and submit to their whims; for which they have, in return, a free access to the house, and a seat at table. Strange as it may appear to foreigners, this custom is, in many cases, nothing more than a matter of ceremony, the remains of a chivalrous feeling of gallantry, or the result of mutual convenience. The lady finds her *patito* to be a very useful person, a *sine qua non*, while her husband, absorbed in his commercial speculations, has little time or patience to attend to her petty concerns. The *patito* in his turn finds her society agreeable, and his courtship is often nothing more to him than the means of killing time: he is generally the friend of the husband, sometimes his partner in business. It

happens, therefore, that if a lady has a real intrigue, she must keep it concealed from her *patito* as well as from her husband; and the object of her partiality, *il favorito;* as he is sometimes called, is kept in the back ground. In the lower classes, and among the peasantry, however, there is no *patito* nor *favorito;* the husbands are jealous of their prerogatives, and their wives are attached to them and submissive.

The Genoese women have in general a considerable share of coquetry; they are fond of being admired. In many families of the old school, the custom prevails of having a clergyman, called *il prete di casa*, who is a kind of governor to the children, and is looked upon as one of the family. A certain degree of veneration towards ecclesiastics still remains among these people, especially in the country; and I have had occasion to see that influence usefully employed for charitable and Christian purposes. The clergy have had little opportunity of interfering in political matters in this country, and have kept clear from that ambitious spirit which has been reproached to them in other parts of Europe.

The citizens of Genoa are entirely mercantile people, and, generally speaking, nothing else. This spirit of industry, although praiseworthy in itself, is often carried too far, and degenerates

into avarice and selfishness. Nothing is heard here but calculations. If two or three persons are conversing together, one may be almost sure they are talking of money matters; boys in the streets are making rules of arithmetic, and even the fair sex is by no means deficient in the practical knowledge of that science. Few opportunities of profit, however paltry, are overlooked by a Genoese. It is astonishing upon how little they live; they beat even the economical Florentines in that respect. Their currency is very small, their *lire fuori banco* is worth about eight-pence English; so that the high-sounding sum of thirty thousand *lire*, which here is looked upon as a fortune, is, after all, but one thousand pounds. Salaries, profits, marriage-portions, every thing, is on the same scale. A person in the middling ranks of society having six thousand *lire*, or two hundred pounds a year, is reckoned rich. It must be said that they live in general but poorly; and although they dress well and keep up a good appearance, yet the interior of their houses often presents the picture of scantiness and stinginess. Their food is very plain, and their meals, except on particular occasions, are remarkably frugal. The citizens are not in general a good-looking race; they are sallow and thin, and have mostly a common appearance and an awkward gait. There is a striking difference between

this city and Naples; in the latter the men are handsome and the women plain, while here it is precisely the reverse. I cannot imagine to what causes this singularity is to be ascribed.

An inclination to gambling prevails among the Genoese; it is their chief relaxation from business. Charity, and even common affection, between relatives, are not very conspicuous amongst this people; generous feelings are repressed by interest. I have seen a poor man actually begging at the door of his opulent brother, who had some food given to him by his servant; instances of this sort are not rare, as by the chances of trade individuals of the same family are often placed in opposite circumstances. From the same spirit, a multitude of law-suits also spring, which, thanks to the subtleties of the Genoese lawyers, are spun to the greatest possible length. The civil code has been altered, since the union of Genoa to the Sardinian states; the French commercial code, however, continues *pro tempore* to be in vigour. But the difference of codes is of little consequence, where the ministers of the law are not equitable. Naples has preserved the code Napoleon, and yet there is no country in Europe where it is more difficult to obtain common justice. Men must be changed as well as laws, in order to effect a salutary improvement in the judiciary system of these

countries, and this must be the work of time, connected with the gradual amelioration of education and of institutions, and, consequently, of sentiments and principles.

What I have already said of the character and morals of the Genoese, will be sufficient to convey a general idea of them. Atrocious crimes are very rare; robbers and banditti were once numerous in the mountainous part of the country, and under the French their number had increased by the addition of the run-away conscripts, so as to render the high road of la Bocchetta unsafe to the very gates of Genoa, but they are now no longer heard of. Beggars were swarming in this city, particularly during the scarcity in 1816 and 1817, but now very few are to be seen. Instances of suicide take place now and then, chiefly at the bridge of Carignano, from which the wretched victims of despair throw themselves headlong into the street de' Servi underneath.

The Genoese nobility is divided in two classes, called *Portico Vecchio* and *Portico Novo*. The most illustrious names of the republic, the Spinola, the Doria, the Negroni, the Balbi, the Fieschi, the Sauli, belong to the first. Some of the lateral branches of these great families live in a state of comparative poverty; but the Genoese nobility, is, upon the whole, possessed still of

great wealth, and many of them employ their funds in commerce. Under the ancient republic, the patricians enjoyed great power and often abused it; their haughtiness towards the inferior classes was overbearing, and the least show of resentment from the latter, was punished in a peremptory manner. Even in the church (contrary to the practice of Catholic countries) the proud lady was preceded by her attendants, carrying cushions for her to kneel upon, at the sight of which the plebeian females made room immediately, and retired to a respectful distance. In suits at law, a common citizen had very little chance against a nobleman; for although the courts might condemn the latter, still he was generally able to bid defiance to the law. I have heard a dreadful instance of this related to me at Genoa. The story is as follows; I give it without, however, vouching for its authenticity. In the valley called della Secca, formed by one of the branches of the torrent Polcevera, there lived a nobleman deeply encumbered with debts; a writ had been issued against him by the civil court, but his fierce disposition being well known, no officer was found bold enough to venture into the lion's den, to communicate the sentence to him. At last an *usciere*, a sort of bailiff, to whose child the patrician had stood godfather, presuming upon the

intimacy resulting from this connexion, went to him. The Genoese dissembled his wrath, and asked the man to rest and refresh himself, but shortly after, having given his orders to his satellites, he had the unsuspecting victim seized, and, horrid to relate, had him thrown into a heated oven, where he soon expired. The villa or mansion where this deed of horror was committed has been pointed out to me near the road, or rather, path, leading to the village of Piedemonte.

The loss of the boasted liberties of the Genoese republic has been much regretted by people on both sides of the Alps. Men are but too often deceived by words and mere names, or led astray by party spirit: in this instance, let the subject be closely examined, and it will be found, that the Italian republics were the most tyrannical of governments, even worse than an absolute monarchy, at least for the great mass of the population.

Genoa contained a great number of convents, which were suppressed by the French; several of them have been re-established by the present government. This is another great subject of discussion amongst modern politicians. Unmodified judgments upon human institutions are generally erroneous: what is good under one climate, may be bad in another latitude; and what was useful at one

time becomes obnoxious in another age. Among the votaries of the monastic rules, some have done much good, others have done much evil, and by far the greater number have drudged through life harmless and unminded, and in this they resemble every other society of human beings. We ought not for the sake of a few vicious and mischievous characters, to condemn millions of individuals who have filled in succession the ranks of the orders of St. Benedict, St. Dominick, St. Francis, or even of Loyola. It has been too much the common fashion in our days to find fault with every thing that existed before the latter end of the eighteenth century. Monks, at that epoch, were numerous, respected, and often too powerful and wealthy; are they now to be indiscriminately condemned and abused? But of what use were they to society? This is the hackneyed question which every adept of the new school triumphantly asks. Suppose the monastic orders, who, with the exception of the Franciscans, were all possessed of considerable property, had done nothing else but administer well their estates, and to make the yearly produce of them circulate through society, giving thereby employment to a number of servants, workmen, and labourers; they were, at least, as useful as other classes of landed proprietors; and it is a well known fact, in Italy at

least, that lands belonging to convents were well cultivated, that monks were kind to their tenants, and that at the end of the year the income and the expenditure were generally balanced pretty equally. But those lands, some will say, were either the gifts of superstition, or the produce of crafty usurpation. This is rather a bold assertion, and I doubt how far it would bear scrutiny; but even allowing that the greater part of monastic property had been in former ages acquired by unlawful means, was it right to dispossess the present owners? Who was to succeed them? It would be very difficult to trace out the original proprietors, and if such a measure were justifiable, it might, with equal right, be applied to all the landed property of the country, most of which would be found to have originated in rapine, murder, and all kinds of violence committed during the foreign invasions or the civil wars which desolated Italy for so many centuries. The French, however, settled the matter: they spoliated the monks of their rich properties, the administration of which became a most important branch of the financial department; they sold them often for one-third or one-fourth of their value, and both sellers and buyers contrived to make a very good business of it. Under the care of the *demanio* (such was the name of this office, which the Italians

sometimes called *demonio*, i. e. the devil), the greatest dilapidations were committed, and the principal object seemed to be, to make as much ready money as possible. A property belonging once to the Carthusian Convent of San Martino, at Naples, and which brought twenty thousand ducats a year, was sold for sixty thousand only. Many of the fine buildings belonging to convents were destroyed, merely for the sake of the iron and timber which they contained. But it would be endless to record the details of the spoliation and plunder which were committed in the name, and for the *welfare*, of the nation! If the surplus of the revenues of monastic property, after deducting a sufficient allowance for the decorous maintenance of their former possessors, had been exclusively applied to the advantage of the respective countries, to found schools and colleges, to erect hospitals and workhouses, in short, for humane and charitable purposes, then the violent usurpation might be overlooked in the general good, and the planners and executors of the new system be looked upon as people animated by enlarged views of improvement. But this was not the case; those who enriched themselves in the traffic of national property were often most immoral men—the nation derived little or no advantage by the change, and the poor monks, even

the aged and the infirm, were granted a miserable pittance barely sufficient to support existence, and irregularly paid. Yet many of these individuals, particularly those of the wealthier orders, were men belonging to the most respectable families of the land, who had given up all their worldly prospects to spend their days in studious retirement; and who, on entering the convent, had brought from their paternal houses considerable sums to be added to the funds of the order.

The above remarks apply equally to convents of nuns. Shall I speak of the inhuman manner in which these helpless females were in many places turned out of their peaceful retreats by insolent gendarmes? Young virgins were left unprotected in the middle of that world they had abjured; weak aged women, who had not during half a century been out of the gates of their convents, were now thrust out, unable to walk, and their infirmities exposed to the scoffings of an unfeeling rabble. Surely, had the monastic orders done double the mischief which is attributed to them, even by their bitterest enemies, still their fall was accompanied by such severities, as to deserve the pity of the most cold-hearted philosopher.

But monks were not merely indolent proprietors

living in sloth and idleness. Many convents had schools for the education of youth; others had libraries open daily to the public; many of their inmates were professors at the different colleges and universities; others went about preaching the duties of religion; they assisted the sick; they made numerous charities. Even in a political point of view, the monastic orders, as independent bodies, formed a kind of barrier against the overwhelming power of an arbitrary government. Are all these advantages to be overlooked, and only their faults to be strictly scrutinized and magnified? Is this justice—is this liberality? Monks have been more inoffensive and more respectable in Italy than in any other country; Italy, be it said to its honour, has had no Auto da Fé, no St. Barthelemy, no Smithfield burnings.

I am inclined to look upon the existence of convents, under certain regulations, as useful, if not necessary, in southern countries. Their number might be limited, as well as that of their respective inmates; the age at which novices might be allowed to bind themselves by vows should be fixed; their revenues be regulated so as not to exceed their wants. Under these and other similar restrictions, in a country like Italy, these asylums for melancholy minds and broken hearts, these re-

treats from the dissipation and the vanities of the world, these nurseries of piety and learning, would prove beneficial to the commonwealth at large.

I rambled the other day up to the convent of Le Turchine, at Castelletto. The situation of the house is beautiful; it commands a view of the city and of the sea. This convent of nuns was re-established by Pope Pius VII. when he was at Genoa in 1815. An inscription placed under the porch commemorates the event. Over the gate, I read in large characters, these impressive words—*Clausa homini, sed aperta Deo.* The pious consolatory sentiment expressed in them explains the feeling of satisfaction with which the Italian nuns in general re-entered within the walls of their monasteries, after having been tossed about in a world which they had renounced, and in which they found no proper place for them. The life of a recluse has also its attractions, especially for persons of a certain turn of mind; I have known young women, perfectly free in their choice, and acquainted with the pleasures of the world, take the veil with as much cheerfulness as others proceed to the hymeneal altar. Instances are quoted, and most lamentable ones they are, of young lovely unwilling victims immured within the walls of a convent; this, however, is not the right way of judging of extensive institutions. Let the

abuses be separated from the right and useful object. Many inmates of convents have found there a better lot than they could have expected in the world.

The inhabitants of Genoa are fond of the country and of rural excursions. Most families leave town in summer; the wealthy repair to their *ville* in the Riviera, and those of a humbler sphere hire apartments in some of the neat *casini* with which the hills around Genoa are covered. On particular holidays, the whole population proceeds to some of the sanctuaries in the valley of Polcevera, such as la Madonna di Belvedere, San Clemente, la Madonna della Guardia, and after having heard mass, they scatter themselves over the adjoining fields, where a kind of fair is held; some adjourn to temporary sheds, others spread on the grass the provisions which they have brought with them, and spend the afternoon in mirth and contentment. Etiquette is banished from those places; groups of handsome females in their white dresses are seen tripping merrily along. In the cool of the evening they return to town in large parties, singing, talking and laughing. He must be splenetic indeed who does not catch some spark of their harmless gaiety.

The Genoese dialect is one of the most difficult in Italy for a stranger. Its pronunciation is

very close and rapid; it sounds rather harsh, but the fair sex know how to soften it so as to render it graceful and pleasing to the ear. The Genoese curtail most of the terminations of words; they drop in general the letter *r*, and commit many other irregularities; they have preserved, however, the Italian ceremonial of addressing in the third person, using, instead of the Tuscan *ella* the substitute, *uscià*, which seems to be a corruption of *vossignoria*, in the same manner as the Sicilian *vossia*.

The *Gazzetta di Genova*, of which two numbers are published weekly, is one of the best written newspapers in Italy. In its limited columns, besides the political news, it contains often literary articles, theatrical strictures, and poetical extracts.

Genoa has a commodious lazzaretto, outside of the walls, at the mouth or *foce* of the torrent Bisagno. Near it is the dock for building men of war. The Sardinian navy consists at present of two fine large frigates, one corvette, and several smaller ships. The King of Sardinia has also docks at Villafranca, near Nice. The island of Sardinia, from which he takes his title, contains only half a million of inhabitants, although nearly as large as Sicily. It is yet in a half savage state; the inhabitants in the interior are wilder

than the Calabrese. The peasantry dress in sheep's skins and allow their beards to grow; they go out generally armed. The nobility and clergy are wealthy and retain all their ancient influence. The Sardinian dialect is a mixture of Italian and Spanish, with some Moorish words. The soil is fertile, but the climate in many parts is very unwholesome. The island produces in abundance all the necessaries of life, plenty of wine, corn, and cattle. There are rich tunny fisheries on its coasts. Cagliari, the capital, is a poor looking town; it contains twenty thousand inhabitants. Sardinia presents a vast field for improvement, but it must be worked cautiously for fear of hurting the rooted prejudices of an ignorant but spirited race of people.

The Continental States of the King of Sardinia contain about three millions three hundred thousand inhabitants, of which Piedmont has nearly two millions.

CHAPTER IV.

COAST OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

I LEFT Genoa on board a Genoese brig of about eighty tons, bound to Naples; we sailed out of the harbour with a light breeze from the north, which soon after shifted to the east, and we were driven along the western coast beyond Voltri, in spite of our tacking. At last, after beating up all day against the wind, the appearance of the sky threatening us with a gale from the south, we entered the harbour again at night, not without difficulty. The country vessels in the Mediterranean are not sufficiently strong in general to resist a heavy sea for any length of time, and their masters do not like to run too great a distance from the shore, but prefer keeping as much as possible in sight of the land. The sailors, however, especially the Genoese, are well experienced, and acquainted, by long practice, with the different coasts, as well as with the appearances of the weather in these latitudes.

In this instance the forebodings of our captain proved true; as, during the night, a storm arose

from the south-east, which, had we been at sea, would have driven us some hundred miles to the westward. The weather continued stormy the whole of the next day; but on the following it cleared up, the sea was becalmed, and we sailed once more with a favourable land breeze, steering our course along the eastern Riviera. As we glided gently through the smooth waves, I took a parting view of the fine scenery we were leaving. The stately buildings of Genoa; its gay villas; the two splendid wings of suburbs and villages extending ten or twelve miles on each side, built as it were by enchantment, on a rocky sterile country, and backed by the naked frowning Apennines with their snowy summits; an azure sky and a deep blue sea,—the whole formed such a brilliant prospect, that, although well acquainted with it, I was struck with new-felt admiration. Genoa has that effect upon me, that it preserves the charm of novelty; and the impressions of pleasure on seeing it, and of regret in quitting it, are always as powerful as they were on my first visit.

The glorious display of wealth and magnificence, in the midst of the barren rocks of Liguria, is exclusively the fruit of commerce and industry, reared up by national spirit. What a contrast with the fertile but uncultivated plains of Latium, which present an extensive scene of wilderness and

of gloomy desolation. Genoa needs not envy even the rich decorations of Parthenope; there is something purer and more bracing in the climate of the former, more romantic and sublime in its scenery; as there is more decency and activity in its men, and more loveliness and gentleness in its women. The numerous and neat cottages scattered about the mountain slope, with the spires of the parish churches rising in the middle of the different hamlets, have an appearance of domestic comfort, of order, and of pleasing tranquillity, which charms the feelings of the spectator. There are spots where a man, tired of the busy crowd, would fain retire, forgetting the world and its illusions, and devote himself to study and to the contemplation of the works of God. I was expressing my admiration at the beauty of the scenery to the Genoese sailors, a plain unsophisticated race of men, and they felt highly gratified by my praises of their country.

The sun set in all its glory, and after it had sunk beneath the western waves, the horizon continued to glow with the richest orange dye, and the mountains were tinged with a soft purple colour; a few fleecy clouds were scattered about the azure vault of the sky. We passed the jutting cape of Portofino, a gentle breeze speeding us along, and the calm waters were rippling against

the vessel. At a signal from the captain, the sailors knelt down on deck, and began the rosary or evening prayers, which they recited with unaffected devotion. They sang at the end the litany or hymn to the Virgin; their simple strains broke through the stillness that prevailed over the vast solitude of the sea, and seemed in unison with the voice of nature, which spoke the glories of the Creator. Such scenes are most impressive, and are well known to travellers who have frequented the Mediterranean.

After a frugal supper, which consisted of salt fish and vegetables, one of the crew, a kind of *improvvisatore*, began to sing with a plaintive melody the affecting ballad of *La Bordighiera*. The circumstances of this sad story took place a few years ago at a village of that name near San Remo, in the Riviera di Ponente. A young man was in love with a girl in his neighbourhood, whose parents were averse to the match. Being obliged to leave his country for a time, he obtained from his mistress a solemn promise that she would never listen to any other man's addresses. During his absence, the poor girl, urged by her relations, was reluctantly prevailed upon to receive the visits of another admirer, and their marriage was nearly concluded when the first lover returned on the wings of hope. He was soon apprized of the

inconstancy of his fair one, and having brooded upon her infidelity until his passions were worked up to frenzy, he proceeded in the dusk of the evening to her cottage, and finding her sitting with her aged mother, he rushed in, and bitterly upbraiding her for her breach of promise, stabbed her to the heart, after which he ran away to the neighbouring mountains. The unfortunate victim soon expired, and her body was taken on the second day to a solitary chapel, to remain there exposed to view until next morning, when the last service was to be performed for the rest of her soul. The wretched assassin, meantime, wandered about in agitation and despair; he heard the evening toll of the funeral bell in memory of her whom he had so tenderly beloved and so cruelly sacrificed; he could bear no longer his excruciating remorse, but ran to the chapel, and bursting open the door, he took a last sight of those well-known features now closed in death, knelt down by the side of the corpse, and, after asking her forgiveness, shot himself through the head. The two lovers were buried together next day. These are sometimes the fatal results of the violent passions which agitate the children of the south.

"Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell."

While we were listening on deck to the mourn

ful song, the breeze freshened; we passed the fine spacious gulf of Rapallo, and early in the morning we were off that of La Spezia. The aspect of the land along this part of the coast is the wildest that can be imagined. The mountains are dark and desolate; few traces of cultivation or of habitations are to be seen; it is the most barren part of the Genoese territories. The inhabitants of the Riviera di Levante, especially of that part between Chiavari and La Spezia, are much poorer than those of the western coast. Their mountains hardly produce any thing; the little wine they have is sour; there are but few olive-trees; their villages are wretched. This part of the Apennines is called *i monti liguri;* they are very high, and join the mountains of Parma.

The gulf of La Spezia is one of the finest in the Mediterranean, and is an excellent station for fleets. The French were aware of its importance; they built forts to defend the entrance of the gulf, erected batteries on its shores and on the neighbouring islands, established docks, and intended to make it one of their great naval stations. Their works have been since neglected, being of no use to the Sardinian government. The village of Lerici, on the eastern side of the gulf, is the place where the *feluche* from Genoa land travellers going to Tuscany. The road, or rather

path, along the eastern Riviera was formerly practicable for mules only; a new road, however, has been completed from Genoa to La Spezia; the part between Sestri and Sarzana was by far the most difficult, as it was to be cut through mountains almost inaccessible. At Sarzana a fine carriage road begins, and *vetturini* are stationed there, who take passengers to Pisa for two or three dollars a-head.

We passed, during the day, along the coast of Massa and Carrara, a small principality, well known for its fine marbles, and which is now governed by the Archduchess Beatrice of Austria. The next state is that of Lucca, formerly a small republic, afterwards given by Napoleon to his sister Eliza, and bestowed since by the Congress of Vienna upon Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain*. This princess was once Duchess of Parma, and afterwards Queen of Etruria, whence, having been driven out by the French in 1808, she received, at the peace, the principality of Lucca as a compensation. Her son, Prince Louis, will, on the demise of the Archduchess and Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, succeed to the dominion of the duchy of Parma and Piacenza, of which his father was the sovereign. The country about Lucca is

* Dead since the above was written.

very fine, and enclosed between the sea and the high Apennines of Modena and of Tuscany.

Next day we were becalmed off Leghorn; we saw plainly the hills of Montenero above the town. In the evening a stiff breeze arose and carried us past the shoals of Meloria, which extend very far under water, and on which many vessels have been lost. We passed closer to them than our captain seemed to be aware of, and we saw the breakers on our lee-bow. The calculations of the Mediterranean sailors are in general very inexact; their maps are defective; the *piloto* or *scrivano*, both which names answer to that of mate, is the only man on board who has studied a little navigation; but all these deficiencies are made up by their long practice of these seas. Another dangerous place in this neighbourhood is that called *Le secche di Vada*, where are sunken rocks, nearly half way between Leghorn and Piombino; it seems that a town formerly existed here, which was sunk by an earthquake under the level of the sea, and part of the buildings is still to be seen in calm weather*.

* The whole of this interesting coast is so beautifully and so truly described by Tassoni in his *Secchia Rapita*, canto 10, that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting some of his stanzas. The poet introduces Venus embarking in a small vessel at the mouth of the Arno, to proceed to Naples for the

We passed, during the night, through the channel of Piombino, between Tuscany and the island

purpose of engaging Manfred Prince of Taranto, the son of the Emperor Frederick II., to assist the Ghibellini of the north of Italy, and to rescue his natural brother Hentzius, King of Sardinia, who had been taken prisoner by the Bolognese.

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Entra nell' onda il vascelletto snello,
Spiega la vela un miglio o due da terra ;
Siede in poppa la Dea, chiusa d' un velo
Azzurro e d' oro, agli uomini ed al Cielo.

Capraja addietro e la Gorgona lassa
E prende in giro alla sinistra l' onda.
Quindi Livorno, e quindi l' Elba passa
D' ampie vene di ferro ognor feconda.
La distrutta Faleria in parte bassa
Vede, e Piombino in sù la manca sponda,
Dov' oggi il mare adombra, il monte e 'l piano
L' aquila del gran Ré dell' Oceano.

Tremolavano i rai del Sol nascente
Sovra l' onde del mar purpuree e d' oro;
E in veste di zaffiro il Ciel ridente
Specchiar parea le sue bellezze in loro ;
D' Africa i venti fieri, e d' Oriente
Sovra il letto del mar prendean ristoro;
E co' sospiri suoi soavi e lieti
Sol Zeffiro increspava il lembo à Teti.

Al trapassar della beltà divina
La fortuna d' Amor passa, e s' asconde.
L' ondeggiar della placida marina
Baciando và l' inargentate sponde.

of Elba. The town of Piombino is situated on the Continent; it was formerly a principality belonging to the Roman family of Ludovisi, was taken from them by the French, given to Baciocchi, the husband of Eliza Bonaparte, and at the peace it was annexed to Tuscany; the old Prince of Piombino receiving a pecuniary compensation. The island of Elba belongs now also to Tuscany; it was formerly divided between three sovereigns, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, and the Prince of Piombino. Another

Ardon d' amore i pesci, e la vicina
Spiaggia languisce invidiando all' onde.
E stanno gli Amoretti ignudi intenti
Alla vela, al governo, ai remi, ai venti.

Quinci e quindi i delfini à schiere à schiere
Fanno la scorta al bel legnetto adorno;
E le ninfe del mar pronte e leggiere
Corron danzando e festeggiando intorno.
Vede l' Ombrone ove sboccando ei pere,
E l' isola del Giglio a mezzo giorno;
E in dirupata e ruinosa sede
Monte Argentaro in mezzo all' onda vede.

Quindi s'allarga in sù la destra mano,
E lascia il Porto d' Ercole à mancina;
Vede Civitavecchia e di lontano
Biancheggiar tutto il lido e la marina:
Giaceva allora il Porto di Trajano
Lacero e guasto in misera ruina.
Strugge il tempo le torri, e i marmi solve
E le macchine eccelse, in poca polve.

scrap of territory, farther to the south, and surrounded by the Tuscan territories, belonged to the King of Naples, under the name of *Stato de' Presidii;* it has also been united to Tuscany. These alterations are natural and wise; those parcels of land, under a distant foreign dominion, were obstacles to the welfare of the whole country. Porto Ferrajo and Porte Longone are the two towns and harbours in the Island of Elba; the former is reckoned very strong.

Coming out of the channel, we continued our course along the coast of the *Maremme;* this is the general name given to this marshy unhealthy country. The whole western coast of Italy, from the mountains of Genoa to the extremity of Calabria, a tract of six hundred miles in length, may be considered, with the exception of the Bay of Naples, as one immense *maremma,* divided into Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan. It is in general a low flat country, extending ten, fifteen, and twenty miles in breadth, to the foot of the lower ridges of the Apennines; intersected by the numerous rivers and torrents which flow from those mountains, and covered in some places with forests, but mostly with under-wood, and in other parts opening into immense meadows, in which large herds of cattle are grazing. In these desolate regions, few habitations are seen scattered about;

the people living in them are as wild as the country they inhabit; all those who can leave the lowlands in summer, and retire with the cattle to the mountains. The buffaloes alone remain the whole year, and thrive in these pestilential flats; they enjoy to welter in the putrid marshes, where their dark heads and tortuous horns are often seen just rising above the green muddy water. The buffalo is originally a native of Asia, but long naturalized in Italy; it is a sullen ferocious animal, and it is dangerous to approach it, as it will run against the intruding stranger, throw him down, and crush him to death with its head and knees. They are used for dragging heavy-loaded carts, and for towing vessels up the rivers; of the milk of the female buffalo good cheese is made, and buffalo meat is sold at a lower price than any other. The people who guard the herds of buffaloes are in general desperate characters, outlaws, and runaways from towns, who cannot return to their homes on account of their misdeeds, and who remain concealed in these solitudes, where every summer many of them find their graves. Buffalo fights, by hunters and hounds, are a common sport in many parts of the Roman and Neapolitan states, as well as bull-fights. The buffalo is a hardy strong creature; its body is thicker and its legs shorter than those of the ox; it is of

a dirty brown colour; its hide is bristly and remarkably hard.

"The most obvious causes of the unhealthiness of the *maremme* appear to be: the accumulation of stagnant water, proceeding from the rain, or from the overflowing of the rivers in the wet season, and which is left to exhale during four months of burning heat; and the great mass of decayed vegetable and animal substances, such as wild plants, leaves of trees, insects, reptiles, *&c.*, which, mixed with the water, remain for a long time in a state of putrefaction. The latter cause must be the more powerful, as vegetation is very luxuriant in this rich and untouched soil. The emanations proceeding from the marshes are very strong and offensive to the smell; the atmosphere has a soporific effect; sleep proves fatal to a stranger, and is the sure means of his catching the fever. The vapours rise in a thick mist over the plain, and the wind blowing gently from the sea during the summer months, spreads them further inland to the foot of the hills; so that many districts which are not marshy, and even places raised considerably above the plain, are rendered very unhealthy by it.

The Tuscan *maremme* are very extensive; they occupy a great proportion of the province of Siena, and extend far inland. They are com-

paratively better inhabited and more cultivated than the Roman *maremme*; they even contain some towns, such as Grosseto, Castiglione, and Orbetello, the last two are situated near lakes, which communicate with the sea, and the exhalations from which increase the *malaria*. The intermittent fevers prevail all over the country, and all those inhabitants who have the means remove during the summer months. The Ombrone, a considerable river, runs by Grosseto, and empties itself into the Mediterranean; opposite to its mouth, a few miles off at sea, there are several rocks just above water, called *Le Formiche*, which at night, and in stormy weather, are not without danger for vessels sailing along this coast.

Towards the evening we were close under Monte Argentaro. This singular mountain, rugged and barren, projecting far into the sea, and almost divided from the Continent by the lake of Orbetello, is the most remarkable point on this coast. Round its base there are two harbours, San Stefano on the northern, and Port 'Ercole on the eastern side of it; and, according to the wind prevailing, either one or the other affords a very acceptable shelter in case of a storm. Monte Argentaro forms part of the *Stato de' Presidii*; it was chosen after the French invaded Rome in 1809, as a place of exile for those of the Roman

clergy who would not take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon; others were sent to Corsica. The sufferings of these victims of religious duty, among whom were many venerable by their age, respectable by their virtues, and distinguished by their learning; their patience and resignation worthy of the first ages of the church; the brutal treatment they were often submitted to; all these circumstances, although very interesting, are little known out of the country in which they took place. The then ruling powers prevented any notice being taken of them, and the magnitude of the succeeding events covered all inferior details with oblivion; still the persecution of the clergy of Rome at that epoch offers many traits worthy of the attention of the true philanthropist, whatever be his creed. "La vertu demeure dans tous les temples, qu' ils soient surmontés d'une croix ou d'un croissant, et même sous les chênes sacrés." The church of Rome, notwithstanding all the abuses of power, which are, and not without reason, reproached to it, had also many redeeming qualities. It was at one time almost the only court of Europe which patronised arts and letters—it civilized barbarous nations—it founded charitable institutions. This stupendous fabric, of more than a thousand years, has been now for half a century in a tottering state; it will probably fall, I mean as a temporal

edifice, but its history will remain as one of the most wonderful, and, in spite of all its stains, one of the most interesting, in the records of men. There is around it a halo of piety, of self-devotedness, of spiritual loftiness, although often abused; men will say, when they read of it in after times, that it was a grand conception, to rule the world merely by religious precepts. They were colossal, not common, minds, those old fathers, and popes, and heads of monastic orders; they well knew mankind, at least mankind as it was in their time; and they wielded over their fellow-creatures a power as great and more intellectual than that of the Scipios and the Cæsars of antiquity.

"Non serba il Vatican, l'antico volto,
Che sulle terga eterne
Ha maggior tempio e maggior nume accolto."

—— GUIDI.

Night came, and a gentle easterly breeze wafted us along between Monte Argentaro and the island of Giglio. The latter belongs to Tuscany, and is inhabited by an industrious race of people. We had all our sails up, the sea was calm, the sky serene, every thing seemed to promise us a fine night. It was about ten o'clock when I went down to the cabin to rest; I had not been asleep an hour, when I was awakened by the roaring of the sea, the howling of the wind, and the cries of the sea-

men. The fact was, that no sooner had we cleared the high land of Monte Argentaro, and entered upon what these sailors call *il Cornetano*, that is, the beginning of the Roman coast, about Corneto, than we were assailed by a violent gale blowing from the *gorges* of the Apennines. Meantime the sky became cloudy, there was a great swell from the south; the captain seemed afraid of the wind coming to blow from that quarter, as we should then have found ourselves in a very critical situation, close upon a lee-shore, without sea-room to tack. I heard him call out to the helmsman to steer off to the west, should the wind change at all; I jumped on deck; the night was extremely dark. Looking at the compass, I perceived we were steering our right course; but our frail vessel was terribly tossed and shaken about by the furious waves. Our Genoese sailors were extremely prompt in lowering the sails; two or three minutes after, it would have been too late, the wind would have carried them off; we only kept our fore-top-sail. The deck was inundated with sea water, and I returned down to the cabin, where I witnessed a scene of another nature: *du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.* One of my fellow-passengers, a Neapolitan, and an odd sort of man, unused to the sea, was in a most deplorable state, between sea-sickness and fear; he

was ejaculating prayers to the souls of purgatory, mixing, however, now and then, invocations of a more profane nature to a certain *Carolina*, who appeared to be his earthly patroness. To complete the scene, the trunks, bags, baskets of provisions, bottles, *&c.*, with which our little cabin was strewed, began to roll and jostle about. This increased the consternation of the Neapolitan: *O mamma mia, mò si che simmò perduti, tutta la baracca và per aria!* was the tragi-comical exclamation of Carolina's lover, and at which I could not refrain from laughing, in spite of the violent fits of sickness with which I was also assailed. The wind kept to the north, and we ran before it the rest of the night.

The welcome morn found us off the mouths of the Tiber*. The storm had somewhat abated, and

* We will continue Tassoni's beautiful description:

Già la foce del Tebro era non lunge,
Quando si risvegliò Libeccio altero
Che 'n Libia regna, e dove al lido giunge
Travalca sopra il mar superbo e fiero.
Vede l' argentea vela." * *
* * * * *

Here a serious quarrel takes place between *Libeccio*, or south-westerly wind, and *Zephirus*, about which of them is to forward the bark of Venus. *Zephirus*, too weak to resist his antagonist, calls to his assistance his elder brother *Aquilone* or *Boreas*; *Libeccio* is reinforced on his side by *Scirocco*, another southern wind, and a furious tempest ensues,

I could enjoy a view of that classic land. The sun rose from behind the lovely hills of Frascati, and by its light we could distinguish the ball which crowns the dome of St. Peter's church. There lies imperial Rome, that ancient mother of heroes, twice the capital of the world, in all times the land of genius, and the theatre of human vicissitudes! The wilderness which surrounds her suits her awful destinies; she sits in the middle of desolation and ruins, her trophies prostrate in the dust; yet she looks majestic, solemn, and sad. Rome is a fit residence for the children of imagination, for artists and poets: even after she was plundered of the best works of the arts, the painter and the statuary repaired from distant countries to admire the mighty ruins, by which they felt their genius inspired more powerfully than by the splendid collection exhibited by vanity in the halls of the Louvre. The invaders could not remove the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the obelisks, the triumphal arches, and the numberless

which agitates the whole surface of the sea. Venus is startled by the roaring of the storm just when:—

"Già s' ascondeva d' Ostia il lido basso,
E 'l porto d' Anzio di lontan sorgea;"

the goddess gives a sharp rebuke to *Libeccio* for his presumption; the African, kneeling, begs her forgiveness; calm is restored, and the vessel continues its voyage.

remains of antiquity with which the ground is strewed; they could not take away St. Peter, nor the other temples, nor the magnificent palaces of modern Rome; and, above all, they could not remove the seven hills themselves, the Tiber, and all the recollections attached to them, and which afford an inexhaustible mine of sublime ideas and of poetical images.

The modern Romans, although they sink under the weight of the glory of their ancestors, which renders their present condition more humiliating, yet retain some sparks of that ancient spirit which only requires a favourable opportunity to blaze forth again. There is still a certain bold fierceness in the character of the Roman peasantry, which is not altogether contemptible. In the narrow lanes of Transtevere, also, many obscure individuals exist, who, under an uncouth exterior, conceal a generous heart, and who dare to be proud of their country. The middling ranks of society at Rome are far more polished in their manners, and better educated, than the corresponding class at Naples: their language is proverbially elegant. The clergy are in general well informed, and really respectable; a great number of learned men are to be found among them. The nobility still retain an air of feudal grandeur, and much of the former dignity of their cast. The

Roman princes live like little sovereigns; they have a numerous retinue, at the head of which are some of the inferior nobility, called *gentiluomini*; their aged servants are all provided for, and lodged in a part of the extensive mansions of their masters, which is particularly allotted to that purpose, and called *il palazzo della famiglia*.

Little or nothing remains now for a traveller to say about Rome. Its monuments, ancient and modern, have been so often described, and by so many superior hands; they are so generally known through writing, engraving, and painting, that it would be superfluous to say any thing about them. Of the moral features of modern Rome, I have had occasion to speak in the course of this work. Rome is the part of Italy with which I was first and longest acquainted, and which I shall remember last; and, strange as it may appear, for these very reasons, I shall say the least about it. Eustace, Forsyth, Byron*, and

* The last-mentioned, and now universally lamented, writer, from whose beautiful strains I have made free to quote several passages in the course of this work, because I felt that his descriptions were so truly adapted to the objects I have been sketching, the late Lord Byron, I say, has in his IVth Canto of "Childe Harold," assumed the character of the bard of Italy, devoting the most considerable part of that beautiful poem to the "Niobe of nations," as he pathetically calls the eternal city. I have felt, and I shall continue to feel

many others, have already done justice to the subject.

The political and civil government of Rome is, as I have remarked already, peculiar to itself. The papal provinces to the north of the Apennines are the most healthy, fertile, and industrious; those bordering on the Mediterranean are unwholesome and desolate. The Roman princes are possessed of immense estates, which, for the most part, are left untilled and serve as pasture lands.

The Roman peasantry are fierce and impatient of strict control, being accustomed to live under a weak government, which seldom interferes with private and obscure individuals.

The population of the city itself is, in a great measure, amalgamated with, and living upon, the present system; they are retainers of the papal court, of the ecclesiastical dignitaries, monastic communities, and of the nobility. A sudden change would therefore loosen all the links of society, and produce indescribable confusion and misery among the inferior classes.

It is very doubtful whether any new form of

a mournful delight in perusing that noble poet's earlier effusions, so well suited to the character and genius of Italy, and shall regret that the mind and the hand which embodied such glowing thoughts should have been laid at rest just when there was within their reach a field worthy of them.

government would suit the Romans for some generations to come; the obstacle of localities, climate, and habits, are so numerous and so powerful against the introduction of novelty. A complete change of government would strip Rome of all its artificial splendour and remaining wealth, and be followed by the most squalid and appalling misery. This is what happened when the French took possession of the country in 1809, and reduced Rome to the rank of a provincial town. The population decreased by thousands every year; numbers of respectable families were reduced to beggary; the streets at night were haunted with unfortunate persons who had seen better days, and now were begging for bread; the number of people turned out of employment, besides those expelled from the convents, added to the melancholy condition of this unfortunate city. Had this state of things continued much longer, Rome would have become a desert.

When the venerable Chiaramonti (Pius VII.) returned from his captivity, he did all he could to better the condition of his impoverished subjects, and was supported in this by his able minister Gonsalvi. But innumerable obstacles presented themselves. However, some good they did; both that virtuous pontiff and his enlightened minister have now been removed from their anxious duties to a place of lasting repose. Their memory

however will be long and affectionately remembered by those who knew their worth.

I cannot speak of Rome with calm and ordinary feelings. I have witnessed in it so much real merit, I have known so many excellent persons in every class; so many enlightened truly Christian clergymen, both secular and regular, who would be an ornament to any country; so much modest worth, charity, good principles, and unaffected piety; that I believe the sum of good could hardly be surpassed in any other population of the same amount. But then, it will be said, there was on the other side a load of prejudices and vices! These were the necessary consequences of the social system; but the virtues were the fruits of religion, assisted by the disposition of the heart. Of all catholic cities, Rome was known as the most tolerant and the least bigoted. The schools, colleges, and seminaries of Rome, were remarkable for the liberality of their institutions, much greater than it would be imagined by people beyond the Alps. All this I can say of Rome; much more might be added. Of its political vices, enough has been spoken by others; and I am fully aware of their existence; but the question is, how is the present state of things to be mended, without destroying the whole edifice to its foundations, and therefore destroying Rome also with it? This

would be but a melancholy sort of improvement. Rome, as I have said, is most peculiarly situated in this respect; other Italian cities may gain, either under their present governments, or by a change; but Rome can only lose according to the natural course of things; this is its only prospect.

Although there is certainly much corruption in Rome, still an appearance of decency is preserved, preferable to the open licentiousness of Naples and of Venice. The Roman women are famed for their beauty; their busts are generally handsome, and their carriage is noble and graceful.

In the afternoon we passed Ostia, and the sea continuing stormy, and the appearance of the weather uncertain, we entered Porto d'Anzio, where I landed, and wandered about that miserable place. The *forzati* or galley slaves, and their guardians, form the great majority of the population. Besides these, a few miserable beings, looking like so many walking skeletons, *con squallidi, smunti, estenuati volti*, live under temporary huts. The large buildings in the place have been converted into barracks; no provisions are to be found, not even bread; our sailors went over to Nettuno, a poor old looking town on the opposite side of the bay, whence they brought some sour wine and chesnuts. The season of the *malaria* was hardly

over, and its effects were visible on the feverish countenances of the natives.

This is the Latium! this is the country formerly divided into several states inimical to Rome, and which, after their subjugation, constituted for a long time the principal strength of that proud republic! These shores were inhabited by the warlike Volsci, to whom Coriolanus repaired, to carry revenge against his ungrateful country! Antium was one of their principal towns; farther north were, Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli, Lavinium, built by Eneas, Laurentum the ancient residence of King Latinus, and Ostia, the harbour of Rome. Of all these cities, the names alone remain; such must be at last the fate of all the works of men.

"Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba;
Muojono le Città, muojono i Regni,
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba." TASSO.

After remaining a day at Porto d' Anzio*, we

* "Le donne di Nettun vede sul lito
In gonna rossa e col turbante in testa.
Rade il porto d' Astura ove tradito
Fù Corradin nella sua fuga mesta.
Or l' esempio crudele ha Dio punito,
Che la terra distrutta e inculta resta;
Quindi Monte Circello orrido appare
Col capo in cielo e con le piante in mare.

sailed with a fair wind, and speedily passed Monte Circello, a remarkable mountain, advancing boldly into the sea, and joined to the continent by the low land of the Pontine marshes; soon after we found ourselves off the Neapolitan coast. We saw the rugged mountains of Itri and Sperlonga, which were the favourite haunt of the famous insurgent chief Fra Diavolo and of his band, during the two French invasions of this kingdom in 1799 and in 1806. That extraordinary character was a

S' avanza, e rimaner quinci in disparte
Vede Ponza diserta e Palmarola,
Che furon già della Città di Marte
Prigioni illustri in parte occulta e sola.
Varie torri sul lido erano sparte;
La vaga prora le trascorre e vola,
E passa Terracina; e di lontano
Vede Gaeta alla sinistra mano.

Lascia Gaeta, e sù per l' onda corre
Tanto ch' arriva à Procida, e la rade:
Indi giugne à Pozzuolo, e via trascorre,
Pozzuolo che di solfo ha le contrade.
Quindi s' andava in Nisida à raccorre,
E à Napoli scopria l' alta beltade:
Onde dal porto suo parea inchinare
La Regina del mar, la Dea del mare." TASSONI.

The continuation of this beautiful Episode, containing Venus's interview with Manfredi, is highly coloured; but I have only quoted the description of the voyage, of which any traveller who has sailed along this coast will easily perceive the accuracy.

mixture of the bandit and of the patriot, having waged for a long time a war of extermination against the French, during which, by degrees, he lost almost all his followers. While finding his solitary way through the wild mountains of Calabria to proceed to Sicily, he was betrayed to his enemies by one of his acquaintances to whom he had applied for hospitality; and after being tried by a military court, was executed at Naples.

We passed close by the fortress of Gaeta, celebrated in the history of the late wars, on account of the sieges it has sustained; first, against the French, when the gallant Prince of Hesse Philipstadt commanded the garrison; and, lastly, by Murat's troops, commanded by Begani, against the Austrians. We had a violent squall off the Garigliano, and early next morning we entered the beautiful bay of Naples by the straits of Procida. A stiff easterly breeze that arose with the sun obliged us to tack the whole day in sight of the city and of the harbour, which we could not enter till late at night. During that day I had full leisure to enjoy the magnificent panorama which lay around us. At every tack, some new part of the landscape, which was before concealed by the projecting hills, appeared to view. Pozzuoli and Baiæ first, Camaldoli and the castle of St. Elmo next; the king's palace at Capo di Monte, the beautiful

marina of Chiaja, the castle dell' Uovo, and the whole city of Naples, disclosed themselves in succession.

What a magnificent display of all the pomp of nature and art! Man should be happy here; but no, the scorching rays of the southern sun engender vices as well as reptiles. The rocks of Capri, the shores of Bajæ, the plains of ancient Capua, the regions of Sibaris, and the walks of modern Naples, attest the melancholy effects of a too luxuriant nature, and of a too genial sky. Perhaps man cannot bear a perpetual summer with impunity, he becomes enervated; the rough blast of winter is requisite to rouse his mental energies, as well as to brace the nerves of his body. The farther one proceeds towards the south, the more one perceives the want of this reviving principle. Naples stands, in a moral scale, lower than Tuscany and Rome; farther on is Calabria; next comes Sicily, where corruption has reached perhaps a still higher point, although its geographical situation has preserved in its inhabitants some sparks of energy; and the next step takes you—to where? to those shores the very name of which appals the heart, to Barbary, to Algiers, and Tunis, the land of tyrants and of slaves, where man is reduced to the level of the brute creation.

Political institutions, education, and other moral

causes have undoubtedly a powerful influence on the character of nations,—

> "When noble aims have suffer'd long control,
> They sink at last or feebly man the soul,
> While low delights succeeding fast behind,
> In happier meanness occupy the mind."

Still I am inclined to attribute a share of it to the climate. The people of Campania have been much the same since the earliest times of history, although under different governments, institutions, and religions. The Greeks, the Etruscans, the Romans, the Carthaginians, all degenerated here. This seems to be the land of idleness, and of forgetfulness. Naples is beyond the river Lethe. The improvements of the human mind seldom reach this region; these shores resound but faintly with the report of the noble deeds of the sons of distant lands. Man is here in that state of torpid languor in which idleness is beautifully described by the French poet.

> "Soupire, étend les bras, ferme l'œil, et s'endort."

Generation succeeds generation, and they pass on heedlessly to the grave. Music, the pleasures of the table, loitering about the coffee-houses of St. Ferdinando, a Sunday *passeggiata* to Chiaja and to the villa, a new actress, a new opera, a procession and a parade, these form a succession of

business, which engrosses the attention of most of the natives. Foreigners who live here for a considerable length of time feel the contagion, so that I am tempted to believe that there is *a something in the air*, as the Italians say. These remarks, as I have said once before, apply chiefly to the capital.

CHAPTER V.

SICILIAN MONARCHY.

The Sicilian or Neapolitan monarchy consists of the kingdom of Naples and the island of Sicily. It was formerly called the kingdom of the two Sicilies, *citra* and *ultra Pharum*, the straits of Messina forming the division between. The present king has united the government of Sicily to that of Naples, and he has assumed, therefore, the title of Ferdinand I., King of the united kingdom of the two Sicilies. He was before styled Ferdinand IV. of Naples.

This kingdom has been, more perhaps than any other, the subject of continual wars between the different nations of Europe. The Norman adventurers early in the twelfth century founded the Sicilian monarchy, by conquering, one after the other, the petty Lombard states of Benevento, Capua, and Salerno, the republics of Naples and Amalfi, and driving the Greeks out of Apulia, and the Saracens from the island of Sicily. The German emperors of the House of Suabia succeeded the Normans; the French princes of the House of Anjou

conquered the country over the Suabians; the Arragonese followed the Angevins; and they in their turn were succeeded by the royal dynasty of Spain, who ruled Naples by Viceroys. The Spanish government in Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy, from the latter part of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth, was what all Spanish delegate governments have been, whether in the Netherlands, in Italy, in Portugal or in America, the most oppressive of all. In the war of succession, Naples was conquered by the Austrians, and at last reconquered again by the Infante Charles Bourbon, afterwards Charles III. of Spain, father of the present King Ferdinand, and the founder of the reigning Neapolitan dynasty.

In our times the kingdom of Naples has continued to be the theatre of political vicissitudes. It was conquered by the French republicans in January, 1799; who established there an ill-fated republic, which closed its existence in July of the same year, and the fall of which was sealed by the blood of a number of unfortunate, and many of them well-meaning, though perhaps deluded men, some of whom belonged to the first families of the kingdom. The history of that epoch is a mixture of atrocity, folly, and romantic enterprise.

Ferdinand having returned to Naples, retained

his kingdom, under the partial guardianship of the French, who occupied for some time part of the kingdom. When the war of 1805 broke out between France on one side and Austria and Russia united on the other, the court of Naples thought of making a useful diversion, and Russian and English troops landed at Naples. But the rapid successes of Napoleon in Germany rendered abortive the plans of the Neapolitan cabinet, which now found itself exposed to all the wrath of the conqueror. Accordingly, early in 1806, General Massena marched upon Naples, and conquered the kingdom, Ferdinand having already embarked for Sicily. The province of Calabria, however, which had not been conquered in the first invasion, made now an obstinate resistance, and a fierce war was carried on for two years in those wild and mountainous regions, between the French and the Calabrese, which was attended by circumstances of uncommon cruelty and desolation.

Meantime Napoleon had appointed his brother Joseph to be King of Naples. Joseph, like all Napoleon's brothers, seemed little calculated for the cares of a kingdom, and especially of a newly conquered kingdom. He was fond of pleasure; and his ministers, especially Saliceti, were continually alarming him with reports of conspiracies, and remonstrating with him upon the necessity of

measures of rigour to frighten his indocile subjects into subjection. Accordingly frequent executions took place, both in the capital and in the provinces. Still the kingdom was far from quiet. Bands of insurgents, half guerrillas, half robbers, were overrunning the country, and were supported by the court of Sicily, who had possession of Capri, Ponza, and other islands on the coast.

At last, in 1808, Napoleon having, as he thought, obtained possession of Spain, partly by stratagem and partly by force, destined Joseph for his representative at Madrid under the pompous title of King of Spain and of the Indies. The decree by which he appointed him to his new dignity will remain a lasting memorial of the height to which that extraordinary man had risen, and, at the same time, of the precariousness of all human power. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Helvetic League, *&c. &c.*, appoints his brother Joseph Napoleon, King of the two Sicilies, to be King of Spain and of the Indies! By a following decree, his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, is appointed King of the two Sicilies!

Joachim Murat, a man of whom the eventful career and the tragical end form a distinguished feature in the history of the last war, has left

behind him a name which served till late in this country as a rallying point for many. He had the qualities of a soldier of fortune; he was brave, frank, and naturally disposed to generosity; uneducated, but possessed of good sense and penetration; he was vain of his person, fond of show, magnificence, and pleasure, yet he preserved the manliness of a warrior. Such a man could not fail to recommend himself to the Neapolitans, a people easily dazzled by external appearance and brilliant endowments. Appointed to the throne of Naples just after the short but oppressive reign of Joseph Buonaparte, and of his detested minister Saliceti, Murat appeared as a deliverer. He flattered the prejudices of the people, listened to their grievances even in the middle of the streets; he showed mercy to many of the discontented who had openly committed themselves; he pursued a moderate and conciliatory system in the refractory provinces; he had a fine army, a brilliant retinue, and an expensive household; in short, had he been independent of his brother-in-law, Napoleon, he might have been the regenerator of this country. As it was, he certainly corrected many abuses, he encouraged civilization and industry, and effected considerable ameliorations in different branches of internal administration; but his measures were partial, he was fettered and cramped, and his

general system of government being subservient to that of Napoleon; was arbitrary and violent. A French military resident was stationed at Naples, as a representative of the French Emperor, to watch all the steps of Murat; and to thwart any measure that might be obnoxious to the sovereign umpire. French officers and greedy employés swarmed in Naples; Murat was obliged to submit, although unwillingly; he had several serious disputes with his imperial relative, and his consort Caroline went even to Paris to deprecate the wrath of her brother.

On his return to Naples after the battle of Leipzig, Murat thought of availing himself of the golden opportunity to be at last a real and not a nominal king. He opened his ports; made friendly proposals to the belligerent powers, and seemed to be sincere in his determination to abandon the *continental system*, which, he publicly said to the assembled merchants, was not suited to the position and to the interests of the Neapolitan kingdom. But he soon after began to show his incapacity as a statesman:

"Tel brille au second rang qui s'eclipse au premier."

His policy was crooked and false, both towards his brother-in-law who had been his benefactor, and to the allies who were to be his protectors. In his campaign on the southern bank of the Po, in

1814, he appeared undecided; and after the treaty of Paris, instead of being satisfied with the kingdom of Naples, he continued to occupy, by force, the province of Ancona, over which he had no claim whatever, and he began to aspire to the sovereignty of all Italy. He roused, thereby, the suspicions of Austria, and the other allied powers, whose good-will it would have been his interest to conciliate; and when, in the year following, he made his rash and unjustifiable incursion in the north of Italy, he found himself sadly deceived in all his ambitious calculations. His proclamation, dated Rimini, March 31, 1815, was turgid, and full of the revolutionary phraseology, but destitute of solid argument. The answer of General Bellegarde was a fit refutation of its captious principles*.

After a short and disastrous campaign, in which

* Several passages of that proclamation are forcible in their arguments and eloquently written:

"Egli (Murat) tanto straniero all' Italia quanto nuovo nella categoria de' Regnanti, affeta con gl' Italiani un linguaggio che converrebbe appena ad un Alessandro Farnese ad un Andrea Doria, ad un Magno Trivulzio; ei da se stesso si proclama Capo della nazione Italiana, la quale conta nel suo seno dinastie regnanti da più secoli, e che ha visto nascere nelle sue più belle contrade la famiglia augusta che regge tante nazioni sotto il suo scettro paterno. Egli Rè dell' estrema Italia, vorrebbe, con idee speciose di limiti naturali presentare agli Italiani il fantasma d' un Regno di cui non si potrebbe neppure fissare la Capitale, giustamente perche la natura ha determinato con limiti precisi governi particolari

he perceived, too late, that he had miscalculated his strength and resources *, he was obliged to fly from his capital, and to bid adieu to the splendour of a throne, to the luxuries of Parthenope †, and to the endearments of his family, to become a wretched wanderer by sea and by land: he concealed himself first on the shores of his native France, and afterwards in the wild mountains of Corsica; yet a ray of hope beamed upon him, and had he listened to the dictates of wisdom, he might have again rejoined his wife and children, and found domestic comfort and happiness, to be still some compensation for the loss of royalty, to the cares

alle diverse parti d' Italia, ed ha mostrato che non sono nè l' estensione del territorio, nè il numero della popolazione, ne la forza dell' armi, ma bensì le buone leggi, la conservazione degli antichi costumi, ed una amministrazione economica, che fanno la felicità de' popoli; ed è percio che in Lombardia ed in Toscana si rammentano ancora con sentimenti d' ammirazione e di riconoscenza i nomi immortali di Maria Teresa, di Giuseppe e di Leopoldo. * * * * * *
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* It is but fair to remark, that the Neapolitan troops fought well in several engagements, especially at Cesena, and at Nocera, under Generals Campana and Carascosa; the whole plan, however, was rash and ill-concerted.

† A judicious writer, Chateauvieux, has given, in his letters from Italy, an interesting account of the last days of Murat's reign, which is an eulogium on the presence of mind of Caroline, Joachim's consort, who showed, on that occasion, a spirit worthy of the exalted station from which she was going to descend.

of which he had shown himself unequal. His inconceivable attempt on the coast of Calabria put an end to all his worldly prospects—he died like a soldier, such as he had ever lived. His fate, which excited much commiseration, would deserve still more, if the deeds of the 4th of May, 1808, at Madrid, where he commanded as lieutenant-general of the Emperor, could be blotted out of the page of history.

Ferdinand was restored, for the second time, to the throne of Naples. The government continued arbitrary, but mild. The freedom of conversation, upon political subjects, which was remarkable, even in places of public resort of the capital, would have surprised a foreigner who had formed his ideas of absolute monarchies from the specimen of Spain, or even of France under Buonaparte. In this respect, therefore, the government of this country could not be taxed with oppression, and the king certainly kept the word he gave on his last return from Sicily, that he would forgive and forget all past occurrences. Indeed, most of the situations in the civil and military departments, except the very first ones, were filled by persons who had been employed under Murat; so much so, that the royalists, as they called themselves, who had always remained attached to King Ferdinand, in all his vicissitudes, and many of whom had followed him to Sicily, and suffered in their

circumstances on that account, complained now that their services were overlooked, and that the Muratists, which was the name given to their antagonists, were preferred to them. This system, it was supposed, was intended to conciliate the majority; how far it had succeeded, time and opportunities alone could show. Certain it is, that the king was not so popular as formerly with his old adherents, and particularly with the lower classes, who were, in this country, notoriously attached to the old forms of the monarchy, which, though absolute, left them much individual freedom, more, perhaps, than what is known to exist in representative governments.

The greatest subject of complaint against government was, that which is at present repeated in every country of Europe, *viz.*, oppressive taxation. This evil, however, has certainly been first introduced in Italy by the French conquerors, and the present rulers are reproached for not having diminished it after the restoration. But if one considers the general rise in the prices, and the multitude of people which the governments are obliged to support (another legacy of the French), the question naturally arises, whether it would be political or even possible to lessen the burdens of the nation? However opinions may be divided upon the subject of the required amount of the

revenues, there is a more general and more plausible objection to the *distribution* of the taxes. The *fondiaria*, or land-tax, is particularly burdensome, being more than twenty per cent. upon the estimated yearly income. Great complaints are also made of unfair valuation of the lands in the provinces, and of the severity with which the tax is collected. There are persons who have more than one-third of their income absorbed by this oppressive tax*. The *iscrizione* and *registro*, or tax upon contracts, receipts, wills, *&c.*, is also much complained of, amounting, in some instances, to five and even ten per cent. of the capital. There are, besides, stamp and license duties. The duties of the *dogana* or custom-house form also a great source of revenue; this department unites both the offices of excise and custom-house. All kinds of provisions pay a duty on entering the town; and custom-house officers are stationed at the barriers for that purpose, who examine closely all carriages that pass, and who have a right to cause persons to step out for search. The post-office duties, which are very high, the lottery, the *regia*

* The Minister Medici was just about diminishing this tax when the change of 1820 took place; since that, the wants of government have been increased, the Austrian troops must be paid, and the taxes could not, therefore, be repealed.

or monopoly of salt, tobacco, and gunpowder, and the produce of the *demanio,* or national property, are the other sources by which the treasury is filled. The present revenue of the kingdom of Naples is more than triple what it was before the French invasion; I was, therefore, surprised in reading one day in an English newspaper a bold assertion, that the governments of the Continent had not materially increased their taxes since the revolution.

The Chevalier de Medici was at the head of the financial department, and he was looked upon, even by his enemies, to be a man of considerable abilities. He enjoyed the full confidence of his sovereign, and was, in fact, the ruling minister at Naples. He had succeeded in restoring a certain degree of confidence: the finances were said to be in a flourishing state, and government bills and securities circulated freely and without loss.

The judicial system of this country, both civil and criminal, affords matter for numerous complaints; and although a certain allowance must be made for exaggeration and party spirit, yet it can hardly be doubted by any man at all acquainted with the private concerns of the natives, that a lamentable degree of corruption prevails in some of the courts, and that pure hands and upright hearts are not general qualifications of the members of

the Neapolitan bench, and the Neapolitan bar. This is the old and chief bane of this country, which has not yet been removed by any political change; it is a continual source of discontent, of domestic unhappiness, and of immorality, and it is ardently to be wished, that the attention of government, during the present season of peace, may be directed to this most essential branch of internal administration. The evil is deeply rooted, and it requires a hand, discriminating and firm at the same time, to effect a gradual and permanent reform. Unfortunately, the administration, after the restoration, seemed to be vacillating; the laws and regulations were all *pro tempore*. The French codes were still in force, although new ones were daily expected to supersede them. Decrees followed decrees, upon particular points of political economy, abrogating the decisions of former ones. The administration was composed of men of different parties, which prevented that union so desirable in the councils of a monarchy.

Such was the state of Naples, when the revolution of the 2nd of July, 1820, took place. A squadron of cavalry, with a lieutenant at its head, belonging to a regiment quartered at Nola, near Naples, were the first to declare themselves openly for a constitutional government. They left their station, and took the road to Avellino, the head

quarters of the third military division, which included the provinces of Capitanata and Principato Ultra. They were soon joined by other soldiers, by the militia, and by many of the inhabitants of Nola, Salerno, and other towns in the neighbourhood. Some troops were sent against them from the capital; but as it was doubtful whether these were not also inclined towards the same cause as their comrades, it was prudently thought proper to avoid hostilities. On the evening of the 5th, General William Pepe, the officer commanding the third military division, who happened to be at Naples, when this movement took place, set off for Avellino, accompanied by a regiment of dragoons, stationed on the out-skirts of the capital, and espoused openly the constitutional cause.

This decisive step persuaded the cabinet of Naples that resistance was vain. Accordingly, on the 6th, a proclamation was issued in the king's name, promising to comply with the wish of his subjects, and to proclaim, within eight days, the basis of a representative constitution.

What was the origin of this extraordinary event? There seems no doubt that a great number of individuals of the different provinces, and many of them landed proprietors, wished for a change in the system of government, and a modifi-

cation of the taxes, especially of the oppressive *fondiaria*, or land-tax. The secret society of the Carbonari had existed for several years in the kingdom, even in the time of Murat, and had been at one time persecuted by his ministers, and on that account favoured, as it appears, by those of the then rival court of Palermo. After the return of Ferdinand to Naples, the Carbonari having shown a tendency to a constitutional form of government, were looked upon with a jealous eye by the restored government. Already, in 1817, symptoms of discontent had appeared in the province of Puglia, and especially at Lecce, a considerable city near the Adriatic. Severe measures were taken to repress these demonstrations. Meantime, the society spread in the other provinces, and its adepts were to be found in almost all the municipalities, amongst the authorities, and, above all, in the provincial militia of the kingdom. The town of Salerno was a central point of this secret association.

The proclamation of the Spanish constitution at Cadiz, in the beginning of 1820, attracted the attention of the Neapolitan liberals, especially as their country was connected with Spain by old habits and recollections, and by a close relationship between their respective sovereigns. They, therefore, unfortunately perhaps for the cause of

liberty, having no national model of a free constitution, determined upon adopting that one just proclaimed in Spain.

Unluckily, the constitution of Spain, like that of France in 1792, seems more adapted for some island in the Indian ocean than for an European kingdom. For a monarchy, it is by far too democratic; it leaves the executive too weak and powerless; it destroys the gradations of rank, to which Europe has been accustomed for so many centuries, and with which all her institutions and recollections are connected: considered as a democracy, it retains the incumbrances, superfluous in a republic, of an hereditary king, a court, an expensive civil list, and kingly prerogatives, which are so many difficulties in the way of the sovereign power which is supposed to reside in the nation. Such a government must necessarily clash with the old governments of Europe; as the executive, with which they must treat in their political intercourse cannot give sufficient guarantee for its acts, and has not sufficient latitude in its external measures. It seemed, therefore, that the question resolved itself to this: either all Europe must adopt the principles of the Spanish constitution, or be in a state, however disguised, of hostility with the country that has adopted it. Constitutional governments, such as those of England, France,

the Netherlands, Sweden, Bavaria, and other states, in which there is a proper balance of power, preserve perfectly well their relations with absolute monarchies. Republics, like Switzerland or America, can also very well preserve their friendly intercourse with both. But the constitution of Spain was not sufficiently decided or candid either way—it was not a republic, and it was not a monarchy, although it retained the elements of both in a state of fermentation. This was at least the light in which the constitution of Spain was considered by the monarchical party throughout Europe.

Without waiting for the eight days which the king of Naples had taken to deliberate, the Neapolitan patriots pointed out the new government of Spain as the fittest for their country, and on the 7th, the king was persuaded to accept the constitution of the Cortes of 1812, which he did by a decree; appointing, at the same time, his son, Don Francesco, Duke of Calabria, to be Vicar-General of the kingdom.

A Neapolitan parliament was assembled, and Sicily was required to send a proportion of members to it. But the Sicilians, pleased with having a constitutional form of government, wished to retain their separate administration, and to have their own parliament, as Sicily had always been considered

a separate kingdom. The Neapolitan parliament, however, remained inflexible. Meantime, anarchy prevailed in Sicily, although some spirited and high-minded Sicilians endeavoured to give a steady and national character to the irregular and ill-directed movements of their countrymen. A Neapolitan expedition was sent against Palermo in September, and after some fighting, and much injury done to that beautiful city, the Palermitans capitulated, but the articles of the capitulation were not ratified by the constitutional government of Naples. The commander of the Neapolitan troops in Sicily, General Florestano Pepe, brother of the one already mentioned, a man of wisdom, integrity, and honourable feelings, expressed, in strong language, in a dignified letter to the king, his disappointment, and refused a decoration which had been offered to him, saying, that since "the promises which he had given out to the Sicilians, in conformity to the orders he had received, had not been observed, he felt himself obliged to refuse the reward which his majesty would give him, as this refusal was the only means of preserving the esteem of the Sicilians, whose generosity and noble confidence in him he could never forget." The Sicilian Prince, Villa Franca, who had acted as a conciliator in that affair, also wrote an

energetic protest against what he considered as an infraction of the capitulation.

The revolution of Sicily and the expedition of Palermo were episodes in the political drama of the Neapolitan revolution, and therefore have not attracted sufficient attention in Europe. They had, however, an evil effect upon the constitutional government of Naples, which weakened itself by detaching the Sicilians from its interests; the Sicilian business tended also to strengthen the suspicion which has existed in all times amongst thinking men, that those who are the most eager in wishing liberty for themselves, are not always the most mindful of the rights of others, and that they, on the contrary, often show an inclination to make every one submit not only to their measures but even to their ideas. While absolute governments are satisfied with enforcing obedience, democratic governments wish to force people even to applaud decisions against their better judgment. *L'ambition de dominer sur les esprits*, says a French writer, *est la plus forte passion de l'esprit humain;* but if enforced by power, and by a power calling itself liberal, it becomes an oppressive mockery, and an insult to men's understandings.

The external events which decided the fate of the constitution of Naples are well known. The departure of the king for Laybach in December,

1820; the decision of the allied sovereigns, in January, 1821; the march of the Austrian troops through the Papal States, in February; the proclamation of King Ferdinand, of the 25th of the latter month, ordering his subjects to consider the Austrian troops as his friends and allies; all these brought the affair to a speedy crisis.

On the 16th of February, General William Pepe was appointed to the command of the second corps, stationed in the Abruzzi. General Carascosa was appointed to the first corps, stationed at San Germano. The Austrians brought their forces to act against the former. It seems that General Pepe, on arriving at his destination, found every thing was wanting for the support of an army. "I had only," he says, in his *relazione degli avvenimenti politici e militari*, which he addressed to his king, from London, in September, 1821, "I had only eight battalions of regulars "and two hundred horses, obliged to keep a "line of 150 miles, and ignorant from which "side the enemy would fall upon me. I was in "want of provisions, and of the means of trans- "port. There were no magazines, no money; I "was joined by some battalions of militia, assem- "bled in haste, armed with fowling pieces, with- "out bayonets, without great coats, and this in the "month of February, in the mountains of Abruzzo,

" covered with snow * * * * * * "
General William Pepe, whatever his miscalculations may have been as a politician, bears an highly honourable character as a soldier, for his spirit, integrity, and veracity. Seeing the Austrians manœuvring along his extensive line, and with much superior forces, and in fear of being turned by them, he determined on attacking them the first, to reconnoitre them, and to try his troops; he did this on the morning of the 7th of March, near Rieti, a town on the Roman frontiers, with three thousand troops of the line and seven thousand militia. The engagement lasted several hours, during which the Neapolitan troops behaved well, stood the fire, and the Austrian cavalry was even repulsed in several charges. The Austrians, however, being reinforced, and threatening to turn the right of the Neapolitans, General Pepe thought proper to return to his original position, which was extremely strong, and at a short distance from the field of action. In this retreat, however, the militia began to disband, and disperse themselves in the mountains, and part of the line followed the example. Next day there was no longer an army. General Pepe had hardly a few hundred men left to guard the pass of Antrodoco, which was forced by the Austrians on the 9th, not, however, without meeting

some resistance. General Pepe saw himself, therefore, obliged to leave the city of Aquila on the 10th, and retire with the scanty remains of his corps through Castel Di Sangro and Isernia. On the 17th, he came to Naples, where he proposed a new plan of defence, nearer the capital, but which was not put into execution.

Meantime the Austrians pursued their march upon Naples without any further opposition; the rest of the Neapolitan troops disbanded themselves, except the guards who were supposed to be favourable to the king. The provincial militia were returning to their homes. The king's proclamations, threatening to consider those who should resist as rebels, frightened the people. The capital was left open; the regent humanely gave permissions and passports to all the officers and deputies who wished to emigrate.

On the 24th of March, the Austrian army entered Naples without the least opposition. Twenty-two deputies who had assembled in the hall of parliament, after having waited for the others, being a number insufficient to deliberate, declared that they were obliged to separate on account of this deficiency, and of the presence of the enemy.

An hour after this determination, an armed

force entered the hall, which was closed and sealed by an order from the police.

The authority of the king was restored, as it was before the 2d of July, 1820.

The kingdom of Naples is undoubtedly one of the finest regions of Europe. Its population, exclusive of Sicily, amounts to nearly five millions; the capital alone contains above four hundred thousand inhabitants, and ranks thereby next to London and Paris, as the third city in Europe. The surface of the kingdom includes about twenty-three thousand square miles. The productions of the soil are as varied as the appearance of the country, and as the character of the different races that inhabit it. The vast plains of Puglia produce abundance of corn and a great quantity of wool; the peninsula of Lecce and that of Calabria abound with oil and fruit; the mountainous regions of Abruzzo afford pasture for numerous herds of cattle; and the provinces of Naples and Salerno unite all these different produces. A greater variety of excellent wines is made in this country than in any other of the same extent. The immediate neighbourhood of Naples alone produces ten or twelve sorts of fine wines, such as Lagrima, Capri, Ischia, Procida, Gragnano, Piedemonte, Vino greco, &c. Besides these, most of the pro-

vinces of the kingdom abound also with excellent wine. Calabria produces a large quantity of raw silk, which forms an important article of trade. The kingdom of Naples, therefore, notwithstanding the low state of agriculture and industry, is able, not only to supply the wants of its population, but also to export a considerable surplus, which is exchanged for articles of foreign manufactures.

If from the country we proceed to examine its inhabitants, we find among them a remarkable difference of appearance and manners. The mountaineer of Abruzzo, in his course woollen *capote* or wrapped up in sheep's skin, tending his flocks on the cloudy Apennines, used to a wild nature, to the noise of the torrent and the raging storm, and inured to the privations of a severe winter, retains much of the pastoral simplicity; like all mountaineers, he is attached to his country, to his government, and to his religion. The Abruzzese insurgents made an obstinate resistance on the French invasion. The people of Abruzzo pride themselves in being the descendants of the ancient Samnites, and are still reckoned the best soldiers in the kingdom. Abruzzo is a very interesting country for a stranger to visit, although little known, being remote from the main roads; its scenery is grand and picturesque; there is little

danger to be apprehended from banditti in those regions; the inhabitants are good natured and hospitable. The province of Abruzzo contains some considerable towns, such as Aquila, Chieti, Teramo, Sulmona, (the birth-place of Ovid), Popoli, and the fortress of Pescara. Several rivers rise in its mountains, and empty themselves into the Adriatic; the principal ones are the Tronto, Sangro, Pescara, &c. Next to Abruzzo is Puglia, the richest of the grand divisions of the kingdom; its principal town is Foggia, which ranks immediately after Naples. It is a new city, built in the middle of the immense plain called Il Tavoliere, which renders it very hot and rather unhealthy in summer; many of the provincial nobility and wealthy landholders reside in it, and live in a style of affluence and even luxury. Proceeding farther towards the Adriatic, one enters that part of Puglia called Pietrosa or "stony;" the chief produce of which is oil. A succession of considerable towns, at a short distance from one another, line the shore of the Adriatic sea on this side, viz., Manfredonia, a commercial place with a good harbour; Barletta, also a large town; Trani; Bisceglia; Bari, celebrated for the shrine of St. Nicholas; Monopoli; Brindisi, a famous harbour in ancient times; Lecce, one of the most considerable towns of the kingdom, and whose inha-

bitants are remarkably ingenious and spirited; Otranto, once a town of some note, only fifty miles from the opposite coast of Greece, and little more from the island of Corfu; then turning round the Cape of Leuca, you meet Gallipoli, the principal commercial town in this part of Italy; and farther on, Taranto, a bishop's see. From this enumeration it will be seen that Puglia is a country well inhabited and in a flourishing state.

The Pugliesi, or people of Puglia, are the wealthiest, and the most civilized, of the Neapolitan provincials. They are shrewd, quick, and intelligent. A great number of their youth come to the capital to pursue their studies; many of them apply themselves to the learned professions, in which they generally succeed; and they often attain the highest stations, in preference to the indolent and luxurious natives of the capital.* In the maritime districts of Puglia there is a mixture of foreign races, Greeks, Albanians, and Sarrazins; in several villages they still retain the original dress, and speak the language of their forefathers: the Greeks are chiefly to be found in the province of Lecce, and the Albanians farther north, towards the frontiers of Abruzzo. Puglia was for several years after the restoration in a disturbed state; numerous bands of insurgents infested that province; they were rather above common

robbers; something of a political spirit appeared to be mixed with their love of plunder. The most famous among these bands was that of Gaetano di Martino and his brothers, better known under the name of i Vardarelli; they were at one time so formidable, that the Neapolitan government thought proper to enter into terms of accommodation with them, by which their followers were organized into a regular troop, received pay from the state, and were even intrusted with the care of defending the country against the other bands. For some months after the Vardarelli were faithful to their engagements, but their chief, Gaetano, having trespassed beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, proceeded to a village called Ururi, inhabited by Albanians, where he demanded, in a summary manner, a supply of provisions; a scuffle ensued, in which Gaetano and several of his followers lost their lives, and the rest of his band were soon after, under some pretence, enticed to Foggia, where, being surrounded by the regular troops, they were all destroyed or taken.

The third grand division of the kingdom of Naples is known by the general name of Calabria; but it is subdivided, like the others, in various provinces, having each its *intendente*, or civil governor. The principal towns of Calabria are, Potenza, Cosenza, Catanzaro, Monte-leone, and

Reggio. Calabria is by far the wildest part of this kingdom; some of its remote districts, particularly those bordering on the Adratic sea, although within two hundred miles of Naples, are as little known to the inhabitants of the capital as the regions of Albania or Morea; the province of Basilicata is considered as a sort of Tombuctoo, even at Naples. This is owing chiefly to the want of roads and the means of conveyance, and to the low state of commerce and industry. An Englishman can hardly form an idea of the difficulties and dangers attending a journey through the interior parts of this country; the few couriers and *procacci* which run between the capital and some of the principal towns of the kingdom, are most wretched vehicles, and appear so, even to persons used to French *diligences*, and to the *vetturini* of northern Italy.

The Calabrese, a people to the name of whom unfavourable impressions are commonly attached, are yet possessed of many excellent qualities; they are brave, constant, full of fire and energy; they make the best friends, but also the bitterest enemies. Kind treatment will bind for ever the heart of a Calabrese, and their attachment can be depended upon under the most trying circumstances. They may be said to understand better the natural than the social laws; a Calabrese

servant will perhaps cheat his master out of a few *carlini*, but, in the hour of danger, he will defend his life at the cost of his own. The peasantry are as yet in a half-savage state, and the calamities which have visited their country during the last thirty years, such as earthquakes, foreign invasions, and civil wars, have not tended to improve their condition. The French armies, particularly under the reign of Joseph Bonaparte, behaved with the greatest cruelty towards the unfortunate Calabrese; they burnt half of their villages, cut down their plantations, and seemed to follow that ruthless principle, "That it is better to rule over deserts, than over a disaffected population." A good deal of information is spread among the middling classes, and Calabria has produced several men of genius and learning.

Terra di Lavoro is the general name of the fourth grand division of the kingdom, which lies between the Apennines and the Mediterranean sea, and extends from the frontiers of the Roman states to the borders of Calabria. Naples, Salerno, Avellino, and Capua, are the principal towns in it. Benevento, although enclosed within the Neapolitan territories, belongs to the Pope.

The island of Sicily, which had always formed a separate kingdom, having its own parliament, civil government, and laws, although often under

the same sovereign as Naples, has of late undergone a great political change. The king, since his return to his capital, has united the two kingdoms under the same government, and assumed the title of Ferdinand I., King of the united kingdom of the two Sicilies. This peremptory measure may ultimately be productive of some good to both countries; for the present it has severely wounded the feelings of the Sicilians, and especially those of the barons or upper nobility, who derive their titles, and remains of feudal rights, from the Norman conquest of Roger, and many of whom are wealthy and have great influence over the peasantry. The Sicilians are a race very distinct from those who inhabit the kingdom of Naples, and among whom they resemble more their neighbours, the Calabrese, than any other; they have an old and deep-rooted antipathy against the Neapolitans; they are warm and high-minded, shrewd and quick-sighted, but irritable and tenacious. The upper classes are splendid even to prodigality, hospitable to strangers, and polished in their manners. A very great corruption and looseness of morals prevail in the principal towns, but much simplicity of manners is still to be found among the inhabitants of the interior. The Sicilian women are generally handsome and very fascinating; they are fond of music and of pleasure, but

they are also spirited and intelligent, and susceptible of high feelings. The peasantry are mostly poor; the nobility and clergy being possessed of the greatest part of the lands.

The present Sicilians are chiefly descended from the Greeks and the Sarrazins, mixed with the Normans and Spaniards. Some villages are called Sarrazins; others, about Iaci, Greeks; the inhabitants of one city in the centre, Sperlinga, are supsupposed to be mostly of French extraction, as it was the only town that would not take a part in the massacre of the French. A difference of races is still observable among the Sicilians; the complexions of some are quite fair, while others are as dark as the neighbouring Africans. In some districts on the eastern coast, about Catania, the inhabitants speak a dialect of the Greek. The island of Sicily includes a surface of about eight thousand square miles, and its population is calculated at one million and a half, of which the city of Palermo contains nearly two hundred thousand; Messina, Catania, and Trapani, are the other principal towns in the island. The fertility of Sicily has been in all times celebrated; but the little encouragement given to industry—the total want of roads between the different parts of the island—and the spirit of disunion which unfortunately exists between the inhabitants of various towns, prevent the Sicilians from reaping the full benefit

of those advantages which nature has lavished upon their country. Much good might be done in Sicily by a provident and enlightened system of government, but the good will of the natives must be first secured; their recollections and their prejudices must not be trifled with. The annals of Sicily afford sufficient proofs of their determined spirit. To this day, the account of the Sicilian vespers is early related by parents to their children.

The English, during their late military occupation of Sicily, had succeeded in conciliating the friendship of most of the natives; who, even at present, speak of them with expressions of attachment and esteem, which form a striking contrast with the illiberal spirit and envious feelings that are so frequently shown in other countries of Europe towards England.

The brief account I have just given of the kingdom of Naples and of Sicily, will, I hope, convey a general idea of its present state, and of the improvements these countries are susceptible of. Much more might be said on the subject, but the limits of this work, and its professed purpose, do not allow me to extend further at present. The population of the kingdom of the two Sicilies is above six millions, of which the island of Sicily contains one and a half.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the sight

of the gulf of Naples, with its surrounding scenery, on a fine winter day, if that may be called winter which is more like a premature spring. A pure sky of brilliant azure, a vast expanse of blue water, reflecting like a mirror the objects around, mountains with the rich purple hue peculiar to this country, a gay and magnificent city, shining buildings, luxuriant gardens, lovely villas, nature constantly dressed in her holiday apparel, such is this country. But withdraw the splendid decoration—quit for a while the enchanted shores of the gulf, and repair to some of the dirty, noisy, and crowded streets of Naples, and your feelings will be sadly disappointed. In leaving this place I shall not regret it: were I to choose an abode for the remainder of my days, I would prefer some peaceful spot on the verdant banks of the Arno, or in some valley at the foot of the Alps, there to enjoy an Italian sky and Italian nature, unpolluted by corruption, and undisturbed by the incessant din of folly.

CHAPTER VI.

ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, AND COAST OF PROVENCE.

I LEFT Naples on board a French brigantine bound to Marseilles. As we sailed through the bay, the sun gradually arose from behind Vesuvius, and illuminated the magnificent landscape I was beholding for the last time. Parthenope and its gay buildings emerged from obscurity in all the pomp of Italian scenery. The gilded dome and the pointed spire, the lofty palace and the wide-spreading terrace, each appeared in succession: the lovely hills of Vomero and Posilipo, adorned with their numerous white-walled *casini* intermixed with poplars, willows, and fruit-trees; higher up, the castle of St. Elmo, exhibiting its gray walls and battlements, which formed a contrast with the modern appearance of the adjoining Carthusian convent of San Martino; Camaldoli rearing from behind its solitary head, crowned with a few pine-trees; and the hill of Capo di Monte displaying the massive structure under which it groans. A the foot of this range of hills, Naples lay spreading itself widely along the embosomed sea, and stretch-

ing one arm to the neighbouring town of Portici. The giant shape of Vesuvius rose in opposition to the charming prospect, and the mountainous coast of Castellamare and Sorento, still plunged in obscurity, added to the effect. To the south, the rugged rocks of Capri, and farther west the pyramidical mountain of Ischia, closed the brilliant view. A gentle breeze played

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea;"

the sky was pure, only here and there some fleecy clouds relieved with their white stripes the bright azure. Such was the aspect of that fine country, when I bade it farewell, perhaps for ever! Meantime a stiff breeze sprung up and soon wafted us beyond Cape Miseno; we entered the straits between Ischia and Procida; and Naples, its palaces, its beauties, had fled from our sight; Vesuvius alone still reared its dusky shape from afar, frowning upon us;—the first, the last beacon of that far-famed land. We soon passed the islands of Ventotene and Ponza, which are used as *presidj* or places of exile, chiefly for state prisoners. The latter has a very good harbour, into which I was once driven, some years ago, during the late war. At that time several hundred of Jacobins, as they were called, were confined in the castle; they had been sent there from Palermo by the late queen. It is a most dreary spot, a barren

rock; I saw only a few goats on it; the garrison and the prisoners were supplied with provisions by vessels from Sicily, as the neighbouring coast of Naples was then in the hands of the French; so that when the winds blew contrary for some time, the unfortunate exiles were put on short allowance. It appeared to me a most miserable abode, and the wretched looks of the prisoners I saw agreed with that appearance; still *theirs* was happiness in comparison with the fate of some who were thrown into damp dungeons cut into the rock under the level of the sea; for such exist both at Ventotene, and at Maretimo, another *presidio* on the coast of Sicily. Ponza was also a place of rendezvous for the partisans and emissaries of the old dynasty; there plots were formed and expeditions assembled against the French rulers of Naples; the vicinity of the continent rendering that spot peculiarly convenient for the purpose, as boats could cross in a few hours during the night to and from the opposite shore. At one time communications were kept therefrom with the insurgents of the mountains of Sperlonga and Itri, at the head of whom was the famous Fra Diavolo, and with the garrison of Gaeta, when that place was still in the hands of King Ferdinand's forces under the command of Prince Hesse Philipstadt. At last Murat, when once in quiet possession of the king-

dom of Naples, resolved to wrest from his enemies that troublesome outpost, Ponza, and succeeded in the attempt; but it was soon after retaken by a British force, and the French commandant and garrison sent prisoners to Malta. The well-known Prince of Canosa was for some time at Ponza at the head of a royalist band. The possession of this island will always be of importance to any power at war with the Neapolitan states, on account of its situation, natural strength, and safe harbour.

The wind increased during the day and following night to a strong gale, blowing from the south-west, or *lebeccio*, which is the dread of all Mediterranean sailors on that coast, as it blows them directly on shore, and is always accompanied by a great swell. The coast of Italy from the Genoese territories to the furthermost point of Calabria, an extent of about six hundred miles, has very few safe harbours; between Gaeta and Civita Vecchia there is none at all, and the sea is very shallow for several miles off the land, which circumstances render the Spiaggia Romana, as it is called, a very dangerous neighbourhood, particularly for the frail country vessels, which are not able to live long against the wind and sea. Many shipwrecks occur yearly. The whole navigation between Genoa and Naples is perilous on account

of the number of islands and rocks which are spread between the larger islands of Corsica and Sardinia and the Italian continent, so as to form a complete archipelago. I would, therefore, advise all persons sailing up or down this channel to be careful of what vessels they trust themselves in, and to prefer stout ships, such as English, or, in want of them, good French brigs, of which there are several trading in this quarter; and amongst the Italians to choose the Genoese or Venetians, as they are undoubtedly the best Mediterranean sailors, but to avoid carefully all small craft, such as Tuscan, Roman, Neapolitan, or Sicilian vessels, under whatsoever denomination they be classed, such as *pinco*, *martingana*, *sciabecco*, *bombarda*, *feluca*, *tartana*, *trabaccolo*, &c., for they are all exposed to destruction, besides which they are extremely deficient in accommodations for passengers. The gale lasted with the same violence for another day and night, accompanied with frequent rain and thunder, the sea running very high and frequently washing over the deck; notwithstanding which, the master, a hardy Provençal, never left it during all the time. He very properly stood off at sea, and took in almost all the sails; fortunately his vessel was stout and newly built, so as to be able to resist the fury of the waves. On the morning of the third

day the wind had abated, but the swell continued; it was really awful to look at the mountain billows rolling on and tossing our diminutive bark. We were then in sight of Monte Argentaro: we saw farther off the island of Monte Cristo, a dreary uninhabited mountain in the middle of the sea, half way between Corsica and Italy; before us we had the fine island of Giglio, belonging to Tuscany, and the solitary rock of Gianuti, once the resort and the watering-place of the Barbary corsairs, who were the terror of these seas. We passed off the western extremity of Elba, where the village of Marciana is situated. In the afternoon we were off the island of Capraja, and steered our course between it and Corsica, the lofty mountains of which appeared in view. The little island of Capraja belongs now to the King of Sardinia, a kind of outpost to his continental states. He keeps in it a garrison composed of a detachment furnished by one of the regiments at Genoa, and relieved every six months. It must be a real exile for the poor officers, the place being nothing but a barren rock; the inhabitants are all either fishermen or sailors; the women cultivate what little soil there is. Next day we were becalmed; we could see at a distance the high land above Leghorn and the mountains of La Spezia, the eastern extremity of the Ligurian Apennines. To

the westward we saw the craggy coast of Capo Corso, the sides of its mountains covered with dark woods and a few lonely habitations on the sea-shore. A fine moonlight night succeeded as beautiful a day;—one of those nights only to be met with in southern latitudes. The wind was hushed and the sea quite calm: a solemn stillness prevailed, scarcely interrupted by the faint report of the distant surge beating against the dark cliffs of Corsica. Now and then a porpoise would dash in playful sport through the waters and ruffle for a moment their even surface. The full moon threw its silvery light on the distant scenery, while its beams were reflected in a brilliant stripe over the liquid plain. The sailors lay stretched on deck unemployed; the steersman still clung to the helm to avail himself of the expected midnight breeze. Lovely climate, where the elements are seldom at war with man, where winter is scarce deserving the name, where nine or ten months in the year are blessed with such nights and days! On the following morning we weathered Capo Corso with a light easterly breeze; but the wind shifting all at once to the north-west, the very point we were steering for, we kept tacking all day in sight of the western coast of Corsica, off the gulf of San Fiorenzo and the mountains of Calvi, names well known in modern British history

though the early exploits of the immortal Nelson. That bleak Corsica, those craggy summits, have witnessed the valour of the English arms: there is, indeed, scarce a spot laved by the waters of the Mediterranean, which has not been consecrated by the blood, and made illustrious by the bravery, of the sons of Britain.

Corsica wears a gloomy, forbidding aspect; wild as the mind, and stern as the heart of its inhabitants; but like them it is highly susceptible of improvement, and worthy of a better fate. The Corsicans are independent and free like the air of their native mountains; bold, aspiring, and brave: a man of genius might make them what the Spartans once were. Under a succession of weak foreign rulers, their ambition necessarily turned to craft, their courage to ferocity, their independence to idleness. This island, one hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth, does not contain three hundred thousand inhabitants, a population hardly double that of the small island of Malta. And yet even such a scanty population, thinly dispersed on a large extent of ground, cannot remain at peace; but deadly feuds and bloody quarrels continually originate between village and village, between families, and between man and man: hatred revels, and revenge gluts itself, in that ill-fated land. Instead of uniting

their efforts for the common good, for the general interests of their country, the Corsicans seem rather intent upon injuring and destroying one another. Murders take place frequently. One crime breeds another. The relatives think themselves bound to revenge the death of their murdered kinsman by a similar act of violence; it is to them a sacred duty dictated by affection and honour, which, if they neglect, they fancy they see the ghost of the deceased frowning upon them, like that of Hamlet's father. The widow treasures up the bloody shirt of her lost consort, to show it to her young offspring, when arrived at the age of appreciating the dictates of *filial duty* which those fatal stains are intended to convey. A hasty word, a spiteful or contemptuous look, are often sufficient to ensure destruction; and a well-aimed shot pierces the breast of the imprudent victim before he has time to be aware of his danger. The people in the country go about armed with daggers, and a musket on the shoulder, equally ready for attack or defence. Such has been for ages past the state of Corsica. Those of its inhabitants, whose character or education makes them turn in disgust from such a savage system, emigrate to the continent and seldom return to their native land. They carry their talents to the best or most convenient market, and they generally succeed by perseverance. There

are, at the present time, many conspicuous characters, both civil and military, in the service of the principal powers of Europe, who are natives of this land, and who do high credit to their country, showing thereby what the whole nation might be capable of. The Corsicans although proud of their countryman Napoleon were never very affectionate to him; and, during the period of his power, he had, perhaps, less partisans among his countrymen in proportion to their numbers, than among any other people subordinate to his sway. They complain of his having totally neglected his native country, and that he did not cause even a good road to be constructed to communicate through the different parts of the island. The soil in Corsica is good, but poorly cultivated; and owing to the difficulty of communications, the scarcity of hands, and the absence of commerce, landed property is worth very little, and the landholder gets scarcely any thing beyond the supply of the primitive necessaries of life. The Corsicans speak a dialect of the Italian, with a broad unpleasant accent. The island is, in all respects, an Italian country, although now belonging to France.

The wind fell again on the evening; and, after such another beautiful night as the one preceding,

we steered next morning, with light winds from the westward, towards the Genoese coast, hoping to fall in there with the land breeze with which to pursue our regular course. As we advanced to the north, the Apennines of the Riviera di Ponente rose to view, backed by the snowy Alps of Piedmont. A clear atmosphere added to the effect of that impressive scene. Those icy summits, that eternal barrier which nature seems to have set up to screen her favourite garden, Italy, from the rude northern blast, and from the still ruder hand of the foreign invader,—that barrier which so often has proved ineffectual against mad ambition and lawless cupidity, has been of late thoroughly rent, not by a foreigner, but by an Italian. It was there, on those snow-capped Alps of Mondovi, in the famed defiles of Montenotte and under the ramparts of Ceva, that Napoleon, at the head of his revolutionary bands, first tried his military skill; there he first put his lips to the maddening cup of ambition, which he afterwards quaffed to the very dregs; there fortune's deceitful smiles first encouraged him in the brilliant and bloody career which led him to the first throne of Europe, and thence to exile on a rock in the middle of the Atlantic! and it was on his maternal country, Italy, lovely, harmless and prostrate, that he cruelly tried the first experiment! Ill-fated land,

whose sons are either incapable of defending thee, or if endowed with nobler spirit, turn the very gift to thy destruction! The idea of that strange man, the wonder and the riddle of our age, led me to an approximation which was singularly favoured by the situation in which I then was: I saw on one side Corsica, the land of his birth; on the other Italy, the scene of his military exploits; and farther off, France, his adoptive country, which he raised to the summit of glory to plunge her again into humiliation and woe. It was, perhaps, in Corsica that the happiest part of his life was spent, never to return; there he passed in peace and innocence his boyish years, unaware of his singular destinies*. But I am wandering from my journal.

* There is an ode which was addressed to Bonaparte after his abdication, remarkable for the beauty of its language and for the moderation of the sentiments it contains, being equally distant from blind admiration and from ungenerous envy. I will subjoin the three first, and two of the last, stanzas:

"Astre resplendissant, fils altier de l'Aurore,
Comment du haut des cieux es-tu précipité?
Qu'as-tu fait des rayons dont n'agueres encore
L'éclat environnait ton front désenchanté?

Ton char brûlant volait, guidé par la victoire,
Et nos yeux éblouis se baissaient devant toi;
L'univers en silence, accablé de ta gloire,
Comme sous les destins, se courbait sous ta loi.

Tu tombes! l'univers se relève et respire:
L'homme ose mesurer le geant abattu

Next morning we were close to the land between Capo di Noli and Capo delle Mele, and had a fine view of the two Rivieras of Genoa, the land of which rises in an amphitheatre from the sea to the sloping sides of the Apennines and then gradually to the majestic Alps. The eye is led from the beach, lined with numerous towns and villages, intersected with harbours, the abodes of trade and industry; then through orange and lemon groves, and dark olive woods which deck the sides of the lower hills, to the craggy naked secondary mountains, where hill rises upon hill, rock overtops rock, until you reach at last the glaciers, those silent regions, the boundaries of the living world. In the centre of that beautiful

D'opprobres impunis flétrissant ton empire,
L'audace sans péril croit être la vertu.

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Hélas! pour l'abuser, pour corrompre sa gloire;
Le sort lui prodiguant ses dons fallacieux,
Conjurait à la fois le trône et la victoire,
Et l'hommage du monde et la faveur des cieux!

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Respectez ce Colosse abattu par la foudre,
Tout couvert des lauriers qu'il vous fit moissonner;
Songez qu'en le frappant le ciel vient de l'absoudre,
Quand les dieux ont puni, l'homme doit pardonner."

crescent, in an opening formed between the eastern and the western chains of the Apennines lies proud Genoa, once the mistress of the Mediterranean, and the successful rival of the Adriatic Queen. I could see with my glass the hill against which it is built and the entrance of the two valleys of Polcevera and Bisagno; but, to my regret, I could not see the city itself. Here I bade my last farewell to the lovely shores of Italy, which appeared more charming than ever, now that I was on its very confines. Adieu, thou land of recollections, thou land of beauty and of fancy; fair Italy, adieu! although fallen, like thy sister Greece, still thou art lovely, as the cold marble sculptured on the tomb of departed beauty!

A soft breeze sprang up in the evening from the land, and wafted us gently along the coast through a sea scarcely curled. The sails were only partly filled, the waters rippled against the sides of the ship; we could hear the sounds of human voices and the barking of dogs, from the land, interrupting the stillness of the air. In this manner we passed Finale, Albenga, and Capo delle Mele. Next morning we were off San Remo, a populous place, the nursery of a great number of sailors. It is wonderful what industry, aided by commerce, has been able to do in this naturally barren country. The population is very

great, the sea is their resource. In many apparently insignificant places on this coast, like Albenga, Linguéglia, San Remo, Porto Maurizio, &c., there are mercantile houses which send ships to the Black Sea, to Egypt, and to Lisbon, and which have established factories in various ports of the Mediterranean. The Genoese have now lost their independence, but they have got some compensation in the freedom of their flag, which now flies over the seas, respected by the Barbary powers; thanks to English protection and interference. We passed Monaco, a small principality, the sovereign of which is subordinate to the King of Sardinia. He was deprived of his dominions by Napoleon, who did not disdain such an humble prey in the midst of his gigantic aggressions! Now the Prince of Monaco is restored to his dominions. We saw the Col de Tende, over which runs the road from Nice into Piedmont, an important passage, as it leads from the coast over the Ligurian Apennines at once into the plains of Piedmont and the heart of Italy. It was strongly fortified, and well defended by the Piedmontese troops, at the beginning of the revolutionary war; the French did not attempt to force it, but preferred the more eastern pass above Savona, by Millesimo and Montenotte. We passed in the night before Nice and Villafranca. The Comté de

Nice, of which the King of Sardinia is the sovereign, is enclosed between the mountains and the sea, and divided from France by the river Var. It is a delightful region, sheltered from the northern blast, and open to the beneficial influence of the south. The lemon, orange, and other fruit-trees, grow there luxuriously. Nice was renowned as a place of resort for consumptive and other invalids, as most beneficial to their health; it is not, however, so much frequented now by the English as it was formerly: the neighbourhoods of Genoa, Pisa, and Naples offering to them the same advantages, united to greater resources for society and amusement. The inhabitants of Nice, like those of Savoy, although they have been submitted to an Italian sovereign for centuries, are still more French than Italian. Their language is a *patois*, somewhat resembling the Provençal, a mixture of bad French and bad Italian; the manners and the character of the inhabitants are French.

We made little progress through the night, owing to the scarcity of the wind; and next morning we found ourselves, at last, off the coast of France, and we saw behind us the last land of Italy quickly retiring from our sight, enveloped in a dark mist. We were then off the gulf of Frejus, and the towns of St. Tropez and Cannes,

three memorable places in modern history. Frejus is the place were Bonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, when he came to overthrow the Directory, and to assume the supreme power. St. Tropez is the port where, after his abdication at Fontainebleau, in 1814, he embarked on board an English frigate to proceed to Elba; and at Cannes he landed again the year following, to carry war and desolation anew to France and Europe. What scenes and changes this single man has brought forth into the world!

The coast of Provence, particularly beyond the gulph of Frejus, is far from being agreeable to the view; it is a barren rugged shore, consisting of chalky rocks, all the way to Marseilles. I saw nothing of the boasted fertility of Provence, and found it very inferior to the delightful Riviera di Ponente, which we had just left. We passed between the islands of Hyeres, and the town of that name, on the main land. These islands were strongly fortified with redoubts and other works, by Bonaparte, during the last war, to prevent the English from landing there, as that was the station of the British fleet blockading Toulon. There is a good anchoring place between the islands and the main land. The works on the island of Hyeres are now abandoned, and dismantled of their cannon. We passed Toulon in

the night. As we went by these celebrated roads, I reflected on the gallantry and perseverance of the English sailors, in remaining for years, buffeted by the winds and waves, on an enemy's coast, and on the privations and toils they must have undergone. I do not think any other sailors in the world could have borne half so much. Constancy in enterprise seems to me the peculiar merit of the English.

Next day we were off Cape Sicio, but made little or no progress beyond it, owing to the light and variable winds. The appearance of the land continued as barren as before. We were becalmed in the night, and had our ship towed by the long-boat. Early next morning we found ourselves in the gulf of Marseilles; when all on a sudden the wind rose from the land, and it was with difficulty that our men succeeded in getting the vessel into the harbour, where we anchored at last at eight o'clock. Our captain was so angry at the repeated disappointments we had experienced in our voyage, from the wind, that he swore a big Provençal oath, that one of my companions (an honest and quiet, but reserved man,) had brought us ill luck. By the by, this is a superstition very common amongst Mediterranean sailors. As soon as we entered the harbour, we were visited by the quarantine boat, which came alongside, having an

health officer and a physician on board; they looked at us attentively; the ship's papers were sent on shore to be smoked; after which a guard was sent on board, and we were ordered to remain under quarantine for seven days.

Marseilles is a very fine city; the streets are broad and well paved; most of them run in a straight line, intersecting each other at right angles; the houses are uniformly and neatly built, but they have not the shining whiteness of Italian buildings; the regularity of the plan of Marseilles reminded me of Turin, the only specimen of the kind in Italy. It is a place of great trade, and is singularly favoured by its position; it is the principal harbour of France in the Mediterranean, (Toulon being exclusively appropriated to the royal navy,) situated in a central point of the coast, within a few days sail of Spain, Italy, and Africa. Marseilles is the key of the commerce of France with those countries, as well as with the Levant. Of late it has also carried on a considerable trade with the French West India islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe; it is also a market for American, English, and northern vessels, which import colonial produce, and other articles that are allowed to be introduced into France. Marseilles has also some considerable manufactures of soap, in which is consumed a great quantity of inferior

oil, imported for that purpose from Puglia, Morea, and the Greek islands. English manufactures are either excluded, or subject to such heavy duties by the French tariff, as to amount to an entire prohibition; and the custom-house officers are very particular in searching the baggage of travellers on landing on the quay. The quarantine laws are very strict; they have been so ever since the dreadful plague, which nearly annihilated the population about a century ago, and of which they preserve an historical painting in the health-office. Ships coming from a place with foul bills of health are not allowed to enter the harbour; but they are sent to perform their quarantine on the opposite island of Château d'If, which is situated in the middle of the Gulf of Marseilles. There are lazarettos, with accommodations for the passengers, and also warehouses for the expurgation of goods. The produce of the quarantine duties is farmed to a company; notwithstanding which, great impartiality, regularity, and exactness seem to prevail, as all the measures are taken under the inspection of a board of health, and the superintendence of government. Of all the health officers in the Mediterranean, those of Marseilles and Leghorn are reckoned the strictest and most effectual in their regulations to prevent the communication of contagious diseases. Although I highly

approve of these beneficial restrictions, and wish they were adopted in every country, I cannot but animadvert on some of those measures which, under the appearance of care for the public health, seem only calculated to levy a tax on the navigators, and obstruct the communications and commercial intercourse between the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Why, for instance, subject to seven, ten, and sometimes twelve days' quarantine, vessels from different ports of Italy, where it is known that not the smallest suspicion of plague exists? Such is the practice, however, in the harbours of France, with regard to vessels coming from Italy, and also in all the Italian ports, with regard to vessels coming either from France, or even from any part of Italy out of the territories of their immediate governments. A vessel from Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Porto d'Anzio, on its arrival at Naples, is put under seven days' quarantine, and *vice versâ*; likewise a vessel from the Tuscan or Genoese coasts undergoes the same restrictions in entering the harbour of Marseilles, although the post goes in a day or two from one to the other of those places. Travellers, therefore, may come by land, without interruption, in as short a time as vessels usually take; so that of two persons who set off at the same time for the same

place, one by land and the other by sea, the one is freely ranging ashore, while the other is confined for seven days on board of his vessel. Besides, supposing that any degree of danger really existed, these measures would be ineffectual, as the period of quarantine is too short to allow the disease, in its general course, to develope itself; and the precautions taken to prevent communication between one vessel and another are often so very remiss, as to mock the purpose of the restriction. Vessels under short quarantine, or *observation*, as it is called, lie in the harbour close to one another, so that their cordages, sails, and sides, often touch; cats, dogs, fowls, run and fly from one to the other freely; and at night it is very easy for the crews to communicate if they choose, while the guards on board are sound asleep under deck; so that the vessel which goes out of quarantine to-day may have had intercourse with the one which arrived yesterday. I can see nothing real in all this but the fees paid by the owners of the vessel and cargo to the health-office, the salary given to the guard on board, the high charges for smoking letters sent on shore, and for receiving any thing while under quarantine. But these are the least inconveniences attending this practice: the real mischief consists in the delay which it occasions to the ship and cargo, and which is often longer than the

time spent in the voyage; so that a vessel trading in the Mediterranean loses at least one-third of the year in quarantines. It is strange that the different governments of Italy and France do not come to a proper understanding on the subject, and to the reform of a system, which disheartens the traders, and often ruins the owners of small vessels, who are generally possessed of very scanty capitals. One would almost think retaliation to be a leading motive in the adoption of these measures, for they regulate the quarantine of vessels by that which is observed in the country they come from. The government of Naples carries the matter so far, as to oblige vessels to and from various provinces of its own kingdom to perform quarantine; although, I am informed, it is enforced with no great care except in the capital.

The harbour of Marseilles is very spacious, and one of the safest in the Mediterranean; its entrance is so narrow, that the most violent storms cannot ruffle the calm of its waters, being also protected from southern winds by a high hill; but its advantages are not unattended with inconveniences, as the water is not renovated by the sea running into it; and, as there are no tides in the Mediterranean, the harbour gets filled with the filth from the vessels and from the town, and becomes like a stagnant pool; the offensive

smell proceeding from it cannot but be productive of unhealthiness to the town, particularly in summer, although they clean it from time to time. There is a dry dock for the construction of vessels, chiefly brigs, schooners, and smaller craft. The Provençals are good Mediterranean sailors, but not equal to their French brethren on the Atlantic. While we were in quarantine I saw some large vessels coming in, belonging to Nantes, Havre de Grace, l'Orient, and other ports of the north of France; they were remarkably fine ships, rigged nearly the same as the English, and unlike the vessels built in the south.

The old town of Marseilles lies on the point north of the harbour, and is irregularly built, like other ancient cities; but the modern town, which spreads to the east and south, is one of the finest I have seen. The principal street is the Cours, running from the Porte d'Aix, or northern gate, to the southern gate, or Porte de Rome, as it is called; a high-sounding name, which it is rather striking to find at such a distance from that famed city, but which still reminds us of its former power and influence. Marseilles is an open town; the castle of St. Nicholas, which stands on a hill commanding the harbour, was destroyed during the revolution, and has not been repaired since. It is almost a heap of ruins. It seems strange that

Bonaparte should have left such a populous and important place as Marseilles without a fortress to overawe and defend it. The lighthouse, with a small fort adjoining it, lies on the opposite or northern side of the harbour. After the first fanaticism of the revolution, in which the populace of Marseilles acted such a conspicuous part, had subsided, (if, indeed, *they* may be called Marseillois, who were a mixture of wretches from all parts of the south of France, and of the neighbouring provinces of Italy,) the people of Marseilles being wholly addicted to maritime trade, from which they derive their subsistence and wealth, could not be friendly to Bonaparte's administration, and he was well aware of it; he showed no affection for them, and threatened even to fill up their harbour. At the first restoration of the Bourbons, the Marseillois were eager to show their *royalism*; and if the national guards of that city had been allowed to march against Bonaparte at his return from Elba in March 1815, they would probably have effectually stopped his progress before he could reach Lyons, whereby France and Europe would have been spared the disasters of another war; but they were detained so long, for some reason or other, that when at last they were allowed to proceed, it was too late. After

the battle of Waterloo, an expedition from Genoa, composed of English and Piedmontese troops, landed at Marseilles without any resistance, and took possession of the place in the name of Louis XVIII.; they were received by the inhabitants with demonstrations of joy, and a few months after, when tranquillity was restored to France, the town was given up to the king's officers. The Marseillois, and, generally speaking, the inhabitants of Provence, showed themselves attached to the Bourbons at the restoration. At that epoch some acts of popular revenge took place against several obnoxious persons, who had been in employment under Bonaparte; but they were few compared to those which happened in Languedoc and other provinces of France. The Mamelukes, a body of Egyptians who had followed the French on their return from that country, and who were stationed at Marseilles, were particularly marked out as the victims of the popular fury, which they had drawn upon themselves by their overbearing and insolent behaviour in the time of their power. Many of them were killed; and the fate of one of their women, a black, was peculiarly distressing: with the obstinate and stupid fanaticism of an African, she continued to cry *Vive l'Empereur*, while all around her were in revolt against that name, and she would never submit to be silent.

Surrounded and ill-treated by the enraged populace, she threw herself into the sea, probably with the intention of swimming across the harbour, but while in the water she was aimed at and shot by one of the mob, and her body drawn ashore amidst imprecations. The respectable citizens, however, assembled in the ranks of the national guard, and soon succeeded in restoring order; and those of the fallen party who were prudent enough to conceal themselves during the first explosion, are now peaceably living in Marseilles. The merchants of this town have been for some time in hopes of having it declared *port franc*, in the same way as Leghorn is, but for some reason or other their expectations have not yet been realized. On landing at Marseilles our passports were taken to the police, and sent to the minister at Paris. Meantime they gave us a temporary French pass, to proceed to the capital. This formality is observed with every stranger who enters France for the first time. I must observe, that, although it took us a whole day to have the business settled, having to call at three or four different places, still the whole transaction was accompanied with a great share of that old French urbanity of manners which I have not always found amongst Frenchmen of the modern school.

Before I quitted Marseilles, I went with two of

my fellow-travellers to visit an ancient church, called Notre Dame de la Garde, from an image of the Virgin Mary, which is reckoned miraculous; it is situated on a high hill, to the south-east of the town, commanding the country around; it has the appearance of an ancient castle, surrounded by walls and battlements. While we were lying in the harbour, I had seen crowds of people ascending to it in the morning, and my curiosity was awakened by it. We went up a steep path, which, at a certain height, is converted into a flight of steps hewn in the rock, and we arrived at last at a small platform before the portal of the building, where we enjoyed a very fine and extensive *coup d'œil*. We had a bird's-eye view of the town and harbour of Marseilles; we could trace the principal streets and buildings; we saw the gulf, and the open sea beyond the island of Château d'If; and all the flat naked country around Marseilles lay spread before us, surrounded at a distance by barren hills. The whitish colour of the rock gives to the whole a resemblance to the island of Malta. We saw many *bastides*, or small country-houses, with gardens and orchards enclosed by stone walls, the Sunday retreat of wealthy citizens; but they are not sufficient to enliven the cheerless prospect of the country, which, in my opinion, even the splendid appearance of the town cannot

overbalance. I, who had just come from the luxuriant regions of Campagna Felice, thought I could never reconcile myself to live in such a dreary spot, which appeared to me like a sunburnt African waste; still I can easily conceive how the good citizens of Marseilles, accustomed to it, and wholly intent upon commercial pursuits, can live happy and comfortable during six days of the week in their commodious town-houses, and then, on a Sunday, enjoy as a great luxury the shade of a few orange and lemon trees, and the quiet retreat of their walled bastides. We entered Notre Dame de la Garde by passing over a small drawbridge, and at the end of a low corridor we found a small and dark chapel, shut by an iron balustrade. We could scarcely see, by the faint glimmering of a lamp, the *ex voto* offerings of the devotees, covering the walls, as marks of thankfulness for favours received from the blessed Virgin. I have seen so many of these displays in Italy, and other Catholic countries, and heard so many stories about them, that I cannot help saying here a few words on the subject. I have heard men, who thought themselves wise, rave against the superstition, or laugh at the ignorance of the poor deluded people of Catholic countries, while I felt more inclined to compassionate and respect the weakness of afflicted humanity, which, for-

saken by the world, turns for assistance to those patrons whom faith has placed in heaven, near the throne of the All-merciful. The practice of making offerings to the Divinity is of great antiquity, and seems natural to the human mind. Some nations thought their gods did really consume the holocausts; others, less ignorant, allotted them to the use of the servants of the temple; in more enlightened ages the *ex votos* have been used neither for the one nor for the other of these purposes, but they have been intended as a sacrifice of a small portion of the wealth of the person benefited, showing a spirit of mortification and humility, and a readiness to resign those worldly goods, which are but a gift of the Almighty giver of all things. The faith that some people had in the efficacy of their prayers and offerings probably often assisted in favouring a crisis in a sickly constitution; while even to those whose cases were beyond cure, it afforded some consolatory gleams of hope, which cheered at least the last moments of their earthly sufferings. And are these benefits to be torn by a rude hand from the sick, the lame, the blind, and from all the other children of misfortune and sorrow? Can Providence be displeased at their heartfelt supplications and humble offerings? There is something so sacred in misfortune and religion united, that

we ought to be careful how we tread upon that holy ground, lest we render the sufferings of the devoted victim more acute, by bereaving it of those hopes and consolations which, even if illusory, are not the less beneficial in alleviating sorrow, and in softening the pillow of sickness and agony. Until we have done something more for the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate of every description, let us not deprive them at once of those comforts, whether real or imaginary, which they derive from heaven. I think, however, that with all due regard to the spirit of religious fervour, it might be turned to a more beneficial purpose. Those sums which are spent in *ex votos* and offerings to the churches, the donors might be persuaded to apply to some charitable institution; which, better to agree with their devotion, might be graced with the name of, and placed under the tutelar protection of, the Virgin Mary, or some favourite saint. A double benefit would thereby be derived; a real one to the objects of the charity; and an imaginary one, though, perhaps, not less effectual, to the donors. This beneficial turn of the tide of devotion might be effected by the influence of government, or even by the ministers of the church, if animated by a true Christian spirit; and I merely suggest it here, to show how easy it would be, instead of

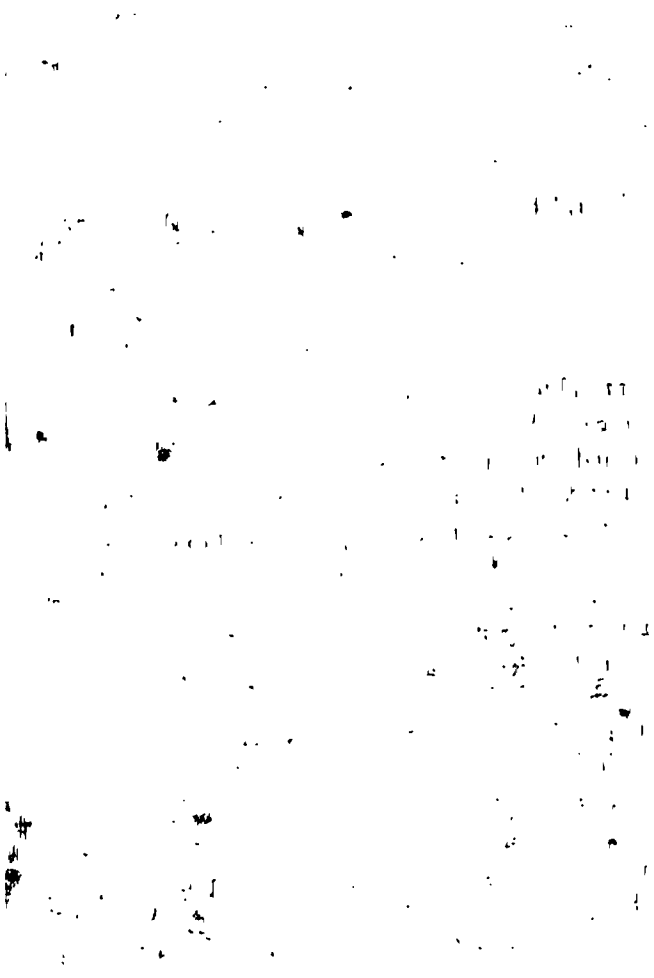
proudly declaiming and unfeelingly sneering at the weakness and credulity of our fellow-creatures, to make them subservient to the general good. Many people can tear away and destroy, but few are able or inclined to mend or rebuild. The *ex votos* are either paintings, models, or sculptures. The first represent the miracles effected by the intercession of the saint; the others are, either hearts or other figures of silver or gold, sometimes of wax, allusive to some circumstance of the miracle; and they are generally accompanied by a present of wax candles and money for the service of the church. The *ex votos* are a sacred property, and none but a violent hand ever dares to dispose of them. The sanctuary of our Lady of Loretto, in the Roman states, was extremely rich, from an immense quantity of those precious offerings; but at the time of the French invasion, the government of Rome foreseeing that they would fall into the hands of the republicans, thought better to be beforehand, and to employ the greater part of them to the service of the state, so that the French generals found themselves bitterly disappointed. I must observe, also, that many of the *ex votos* we see in the Catholic churches would be much more decently kept in the vestry, or in any other place appointed for the purpose, instead of being hung

up against the wall of a church. The sailors have a great share in those of Notre Dame de la Garde, as they vow them while in danger at sea *.

* I cannot better terminate this chapter than by quoting the following impressive lines, so appropriate to the scene I have just described, which some people would call a display of *fancied holiness*:—

"Of fancied holiness! Oh say not so,
Nor judge unkindly of another's creed;
The intent and motive God alone can know,
And these condemn, or sanctify the deed:
Ave-maria, crucifix, and bead,
Are nothing in themselves; but if they were
Imagin'd helpful in the votary's need,
Although a faith more spiritual may spare
Such outward aids to seek, from blame it may forbear."

BARTON'S *Leiston Abbey*.



TREATISE ON MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ITALIAN literature is the oldest in modern Europe*. Five centuries have now elapsed since it was created and brought almost suddenly from a state of infancy to full maturity, by the great Tuscan writers of the 14th century. Since that time it has gone through several phases, yet it can be safely asserted, that it has not ceased to be illustrated in every succeeding age by the productions of men of genius in almost every branch of letters, and this, notwithstanding the unparalleled misfortunes of the country; the scourge of wars, both civil and foreign; the repeated invasions of strangers; the freezing influence of ignorance in power; the division of states and dialects; the scantiness, if not the total want, of profit attached to literary labours; the once prevalent use of the Latin tongue, and the encroachment of the French

* The Spanish Language, which rivals the Italian in antiquity, has no work to be compared to Dante of the same date.

language in later times. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and all the oppression, humiliation, and misery, resulting from them, Italy has been, during the last five centuries, abundant in writers, both in prose and verse, of grave and light styles—historians and dramatists, economists and satirists, tragic and epic poets.

When we contemplate the unextinguishable flame of genius and learning which has thus perpetuated itself in this country, by means of its beautiful language, and in spite of all obstacles, can we suppose for a moment, that such a language and such a literature should become extinct through momentary discouragement; and this, too, at the present period, when a new impulse has just been given to them through the partial support, encouragement, and occasional freedom, afforded at some intervals of the political vicissitudes which have agitated the Italian Peninsula, and when the commerce of the mind among nations has increased tenfold? And yet such an unaccountable fear has possessed several writers, foreign as well as native, who have allowed themselves to be infected with the prevailing mania of gloomy prophecies. These persons appear to see nothing beyond the actual time; they seem disheartened by temporary embarrassments, instead of comparing the present with the past, from which comparison they might

draw many useful subjects of consolation, and even of congratulation. We will not, however, give ourselves up to those cheerless suggestions; we will, like the ancient Roman, never despair of the fortunes of our country; but turn to the more satisfactory task of examining briefly the progress of Italian literature during the latter half of the last century, and following its steps to our present days.

The seventeenth century, which the Italians call the age of the *seicentisti*, is justly considered as having brought on a sort of corruption in Italian literature. Marini and his school are generally accused of having mostly contributed to this, by their affected and over-ornamented style, deficient in nature and solidity. But the bad taste, not only in the style, but also in the ideas, prevailing at that time, is of older date than that of Marini. Guarini himself, in his *Pastor fido*, had shown that effeminacy of thought, united, however, to the graces of composition, which became prevalent towards the close of the 16th century,—of that great age which had been illustrated by the writings of Ariosto, Tasso, Macchiavelli, Berni, and so many others.

The seventeenth century, however, in the midst of its corrupt and flimsy taste, produced some writers of which Italy is proud, and with reason.

Chiabrera, one of the best Italian lyrics; Filicaja and Maggi, both patriotic writers, who seemed, especially the first, to be animated with some of the fire that Petrarch displays, when he speaks of the calamities of his beautiful country; Tassoni, the author of the Secchia Rapita, or Rape of the Bucket; the historians Davila, Sarpi, Cardinal Bentivoglio; these and several others, such as Guidi, Redi, Menzini, illustrated the seventeenth century.

The eighteenth century witnessed a general revival in almost every branch of Italian literature. Zeno, Metastasio, and Maffei, in the drama; Vico and Gravina in rational philosophy; Frugoni in lyric poetry; Giannone and Muratori, in the philosophy of history; all these may be called the regenerators of Italian letters in the first half of the eighteenth century.

These great men, however, were but the forerunners of a host of noble minds, which appeared in Italy towards the middle of the last century. It was about that time that Italian literature began to assume a totally new character. The spirit of analysis, of sound logic, of real philosophy, in short, penetrated into the temple of Italian letters, which had been taken possession of by worshippers of false taste; by sonnetteers, arcadians, and pedants; and to whom minds original, independent,

and candid, had been considered almost as profane. An increase of prose writers, and a depreciation of the sonnet and canzone style, showed that the Italians began to think their language fit for something higher than mere amorous lays and opera songs.

In comedy, Goldoni; in tragedy, Alfieri; in romantic poetry, Cesarotti; Passeroni, and Parini, in the lyric, didactic, and satirical; Baretti and Gozzi, in criticism and philology; Genovesi, in rational philosophy; Bettinelli, Denina, and Tiraboschi, in history; Carli and Verri in political economy; Filangieri in legislation; Beccaria in jurisprudence; Martini and Turchi in religious studies. All these, and many others, gave a new aspect to the Italian literature of the last century. They all contributed to rouse Italian minds to their proper level, and, what is still more to their credit, all the writers I have mentioned, indeed almost all the Italian writers of the eighteenth century, whose names will pass to posterity, were *moral*. They did not bend their knees to the then fashionable infidelity; they did not dishonour their pens, by endeavouring to corrupt the heart and destroy the best feelings of their countrymen, by means of those new doctrines which Rousseau, himself a competent judge, calls *désolantes*. If some of them entertained doubts upon religious

subjects, they at least kept them to themselves; when they blamed religious abuses, it was always the outwork, the acknowledged structure of men, and not the essential parts of the religion of their country, that they attacked; and if they wished to clear the temple of extraneous lumber, they always respected the sanctuary. And yet Alfieri, Genovesi, Parini, Bettinelli, and Verri, were not servile minds; let it not be said that it was fear which prevented them, for who more fearless than Alfieri? These very men were not always timid when speaking about politics; several of them were living at the epoch of the revolution, when they could have written infidel or immoral works not only without molestation, but even with applause; and yet they kept themselves pure from the corruption of their times.

Among those Italian writers who meddled with politics, at the epoch of the revolution, and who favoured strongly the new ideas, one must acknowledge, with few exceptions, their superior calmness and moderation, when compared to their ultramontane neighbours. And this in the midst of the most Babylonic confusion of ideas that ever took place among men; when frenzy seemed to riot over the land, and novelties, such as would have startled the Gracchi of old, were applauded by men who had assumed the names, without

inheriting the minds, of the gigantic republicans of antiquity.

The author, avowedly republican, of the *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli nel* 1799, a book full of sense, mixed with some declamation, justly observes, speaking of the well-informed class of his countrymen, that "The Italian school of moral and political sciences followed principles totally different from those of the French revolutionists. Men who had their minds filled with the ideas of Macchiavelli, Gravina, Vico, and Genovesi, could not trust in the promises, nor applaud the operations of the French, since the latter had abandoned the principles of constitutional monarchy. In the same manner, the ancient philosophical school of France, that of Montesquieu, for instance, would never have applauded the revolution. That school resembled the Italian, and both resembled much the Greek and the Latin." These few words afford a clue to the understanding of the Italian character and sentiments.

We will now proceed to examine some of the principal Italian writers of the last and present centuries, according to the respective branches of literature in which each of them has excelled. We will begin by the drama, on account of its close connexion with the national character, the importance of its influence upon a nation, and

the particular change it underwent in Italy during the last century.

Previous to the eighteenth century, the drama, although very early cultivated in Italy, had not kept pace with the other branches of Italian literature. There were two sorts of dramas, *le commedie antiche*, or regular dramas, which were strictly fashioned upon the ancient Greek and Latin dramatists; and the *commedie dell' arte*, or burlesque plays, of which the principal supports were masked personages, each of them intended to represent the peculiar characteristics of the inhabitants of some Italian province. These personages were called *maschere;* the principal ones were Arlecchino, a foolish clown, from Bergamo; Policinella, a Neapolitan servant, of whom I have spoken already; Pantalone, a good-natured Venetian merchant; Dottore, a quack, from Bologna; Gelsomino, a Roman beau; Brighella, a rogue from Ferrara, and several others. These masks were in fact so many caricatures of the Italian provincial character. Each of them had a dress analogous to his part, and spoke the broad dialect of his province. Others, like Tartaglia, a stammerer, Truffaldino, a cheat, had no peculiar country. Besides these masks, there were the amoroso, or lover, and his mistress, who supported the plot; and several inferior female characters in

the persons of *servette* or waiting maids, with the generic names of Colombina, Smeraldina, &c. With these characters, each of whom had his particular part, the managers contrived to vary their performances, by merely sketching the outline of a new play, and each of the personages introduced contributed, mostly extempore, his part, indulging in jokes and double entendres. Several critics, among the rest Baretti, think that the *commedie dell' arte* are the remains of the old Roman histrionics or farces.

With all their faults, irregularities, and vulgarities, these comedies were more natural, more original, and better adapted to the genius and vivacity of the Italians, and above all, more amusing than the old regular dramas; they, therefore, were great favourites with the public until the appearance of Goldoni.

Carlo Goldoni was born at Venice in the early part of the eighteenth century; he was first brought up for the law, which profession, however, he abandoned for the (to him) superior attractions of the dramatic art. He attached himself to a company of comedians, and his plays began to appear towards the middle of the last century. He betook himself to reform the stage, by checking the laxitude and intemperance of the *commedie dell' arte*, without, however, depriving them of their

great popular attraction, the masks, but confining these to written parts in each play, and making the plots more regular, dignified, and moral.

This produced a complete alteration in the Italian stage. Goldoni had to encounter the aversion of the actors for the additional trouble of learning their parts by heart, and of confining their imagination within rules; he had also against him the partiality of many of the spectators for licentious wit and low buffoonery, as well as the envy of the rival companies, who continued to uphold the *commedie dell' arte*. He describes his difficulties in a very amusing manner in his *Teatro Comico*, in which he represents the rehearsal of one of his own plays, and answers the objections of the partisans of the other style. He there states also that he wrote sixteen new plays, of which he gives the names, in one year. This extraordinary facility of composition rendered Goldoni, at times, careless about his style. He had studied well the peculiarities and manners of his own countrymen, especially of the lower classes of Venetians, but he showed himself extremely ignorant of those of foreign nations.

His plays are, in their plan, half regular, half romantic; half serious, half burlesque in their sentiments; abounding with improbabilities, and often deficient in common information. Although in-

tentionally moral, his morality is often flimsy and too worldly. Yet with all these, and other faults, Goldoni has certainly the merit of having given a comic theatre to Italy, upon which those who have come after have improved, and will still improve, for which there is yet abundance of room.

Goldoni has written more than a hundred plays, some in Italian, in which, however, he frequently introduces characters speaking their dialect; and some in the Venetian dialect; the latter are the most amusing by their humour; in his own city, on its canals, lagune, and gondolas, Goldoni was perfectly at home.

Goldoni, like all those who strike out a new path in the literature of their country, has been too severely criticised by some, and too lavishly praised by others. Among the former were his rival, Carlo Gozzi, and the critic Baretti. Among his exaggerated encomiasts is to be reckoned Voltaire, whose letters to Goldoni contain many fulsome compliments, which only serve to show that that great French dramatist was not much better acquainted with the spirit of Italian literature than he has shown himself to be on other occasions with that of the English.

Goldoni often excels in ridiculing affectation, absurdity, unfounded pretensions, and fashionable

vice. But there is also a strong tinge of vulgarity in his characters, which shows him to have been less acquainted with the higher than with the lower ranks of life. He has, however, traced out several truly honest and noble characters, who preserve their integrity in the midst of very strong temptations, and these he evidently drew from his own heart, which was decidedly good and ingenuous. Such are, among the rest, his *Vero Amico*, *l'Avvocato Veneziano*, and others.

Contemporary with Goldoni was Carlo Gozzi, also a Venetian, and younger brother to Gaspare, the philologist. This man, whose life was a continual succession of strange vicissitudes, of domestic broils, and literary squabbles, had from nature an eccentric turn of mind, which he fully indulged. Endowed with a fertile but intemperate imagination, excessively satirical, and a keen observer of other men's foibles, his chief delights seemed to be to turn them into ridicule. By his own memoirs, to which he gave the singular title of *Memorie inutili della Vita di Carlo Gozzi, scritte da lui medesimo, e pubblicate per umiltà*, he confesses that human nature never appeared to him under a more ludicrous light than when it aspires to a loftiness of sentiments. "This vulgar manner of judging men," observes Ugoni, in his *Letteratura*

Italiana *, art. Carlo Gozzi, "must be attributed to the low company in which he spent all his life."

In fact, Gozzi, who disliked Goldoni's innovations in the dramatic art, associated himself with a company of comedians, known by the name of *truppà Sacchi*, who performed the old plays or *commedie dell' arte*, and who were nearly ruined by the new attractions of Goldoni's plays. Gozzi became their poet, their patron, and their principal support. He made them a present of his plays, and he took pains to instruct the performers. He lived, in short, among them, and this during five and twenty years, until the dissolution of the company.

Gozzi's plays are a mixture of allegory, parody, and of the marvellous; and in this some analogy has been found between them and those of Aristophanes. He engrafted sorcery and fairyism upon the old Italian farce.

The first play which he exhibited to the public is styled *l'Amore delle trè Melarance*, "the love of the three China oranges." The idea of this play originated, as Baretti relates, in a dispute Gozzi had with Goldoni in a bookseller's shop at

* To this excellent work, which I have already mentioned, I am indebted for the best part of the information concerning Gozzi.

Venice, about the merit of the plays of the latter. Goldoni told Gozzi that it was much easier to find fault with a play than to write one. Gozzi replied that he thought so differently on the subject, that he would make all Venice crowd to see the *Tale of the three Oranges* performed. This was an old nursery-tale, well known at Venice. And so he actually did. In this composition Gozzi ridiculed the plays of Goldoni and those of his contemporary Chiari, a dull sentimental dramatist as well as prose writer, whose numerous works have long since been laid on the shelf, which, however, is not the case with those of Goldoni.

Gozzi succeeded in restoring the *compagnia Sacchi* to popularity; he wrote for them many fairy plays; among the rest, Il Rè Cervo, La Zobeide, Turandotte, and others of fantastic names, and some imitated from the Spanish of Calderon, Morito, and others.

The *commedie dell' arte*, and those of Gozzi, have been since exploded from the Italian stage, and Goldoni's school has obtained the preponderance.

Avelloni, Gualzetti, Federici, and Greppi, are also dramatists of the last century, but they are chiefly imitators of the French and German theatres. Some of their plays, however, are in estimation, especially the tre Terese of Greppi.

The taste for foreign imitation, which became so prevalent in Italy towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, extended to the stage, and checked the improvement of the Italian drama. The morbid affectation of sentimentality, prevalent in many plays performed on the Italian stage, became truly nauseous.

De Rossi and Giraud, both natives of Rome, and Alberto Nota, of Genoa, have contributed, however, to revive, in Italy, the taste for national elegant comedy. The first has sketched his characters from real life and genteel society, wittily describing its errors and vices. Sismondi observes, that "His satire, unfortunately, has too much severity in it to pass for mere humour; and his characters are either too mean or too vicious to deserve our sympathy;" but he says, also, "that his productions discover greater power of imagination, wit, and truth, than those of any other comic writer of Italy."

One of De Rossi's comedies is *Il Cortigiano Onesto*, "The honest Courtier." Guglielmo is the secretary of the governor of a provincial town, who is in love with an intriguing woman, Donna Aurelia, and who, on her account, commits several acts of arbitrary power. The secretary, an upright man, opposes, as much as it is in his power,

the influence of Aurelia. The latter, who sees that the honesty of the secretary is an impediment to her ambitious and interested views, persuades the governor to obtain for him a situation at court, in order to remove him from the sphere of her influence. Guglielmo independently refuses the proffered promotion, saying, he will retire on a small independence he has. Meantime the marshal commanding the province arrives with full powers from his sovereign, and he finds the governor, in company with his mistress, surrounded by a crowd of hungry intriguers. He soon discovers the whole plot, which was to abuse the easy good-nature of the governor, and he also finds out, that the only honest man among the whole is the late secretary. The governor, severely reprimanded by the marshal, perceives, at last, that his mistress is a real jilt, and that in the moment of his disgrace she abandons him, when she finds she has nothing more to hope from him. The governor is abandoned by all, the secretary alone is faithful to him to the last. The marshal, sifting to the bottom the characters of all the persons interested in the affair, punishes several, admonishes the governor, while he sends Donna Aurelia into a monastery, and thus the scene closes by one of those acts of power with

which people in Italy have been long familiar, and which they, however, applaud, when employed by a just impartial hand.

Giraud, also a native of Rome, and one of the latest of the Italian comic writers, has followed with success the line of real comedy. His *Ajo nell' Imbarazzo*, and his *Priore di Cerreto*, are among his best and most interesting plays.

We now come to another writer of our times, who enjoys a well-merited reputation on the Italian stage, Alberto Nota, an advocate of Genoa. His plays are well written, truly moral, but rather tame and not abundant in the *vis comica*. Some of them, however, such as *Il Progettista*, (l'homme à projets,) *Il Filosofo celibe*, and *La Donna Ambiziosa* rise above the rest by the interest of the situations, the display of contrasts, and the dignity of language. *I primi Passi al mal Costume*, affords a lively picture of the fashionable manners in Italy, exemplified in a young bride, married only a few months, who already gives way to the follies of dissipation, coquetry, extravagance, and *serventismo*. Her heart is yet sound, however; and her husband, a man of a calm disposition, rather bordering upon passiveness, seems to place entire confidence in her. Her father, an old officer, hasty, blunt, and credu-

lous, hearing some slanderous reports about his daughter's conduct, proceeds to her house, upbraids, *en passant*, the husband, whom he taxes with weakness; then begins to rave against his daughter, who, by the help of one of those artful servant-maids who are often the bane of domestic happiness, wards off his charges, and persuades him at last, not only that her faults have been magnified, as it is really the case, but that she is perfectly irreproachable, and guiltless even of imprudence. The veteran, satisfied with this, becomes her warm defender. The lady's intrigue, however, with a young lieutenant, which was at first a mere matter of common-place gallantry, assumes a more serious and dangerous aspect; presents and billet-doux are received, and all this under that most fatal, deceitful veil of platonic love, which has been, and still continues to be, the ruin of so many inexperienced young women. The character of the lieutenant is that of an artful despicable rake; a character, unfortunately, not mon. The husband, by means of an unmarried sister, an envious hypocritical woman, whom the bride has taken no pains to conciliate, obtains evident proofs of his wife's imprudence, if not yet actual guilt. Knowing the character of the lieutenant, he devises a means of opening his wife's

eyes by showing her all the basenesss of her pretended lover, thinking that this will be the surest way; with a spirited mind like hers, to cure her of her folly.

Camilla (the bride) had planned to go to a masked ball in the evening, and there meet her gallant. She had prepared a splendid dress for the occasion. Her husband forbids her at first to go, and this in presence of the lieutenant, under pretence that she is not sufficiently well; then, after some reflection, seeing her extremely mortified at the idea of being kept a prisoner at home, he tells her, when they are left by themselves, that she may go, if she consents not to put on her new dress (by which she would be known) and to accompany him under a common mask. They proceed to the rooms, and there Camilla, to her great vexation, sees the lieutenant, whom she thought mourning at his lodgings over her disappointment and his, gaily sauntering with another lady whom he also courted. She hears, with her own ears, that he laughs at her folly, and disclaims any real affection for her, while he boasts with several of his acquaintances that she is over head and ears in love with him, and shows even her likeness, which he had by surprise taken from her that very morning, and which, he says, completes a half-dozen portraits he has from different ladies. The veil is rent from

the eyes of the unfortunate Camilla; next day she confesses her weakness before her father, her husband, and the lieutenant himself, whom she upbraids for his baseness. Her husband, seeing her sincere penitence, forgives her; the lieutenant sets off for the army, the intriguing chambermaid is dismissed, and the married couple begin a new career of domestic tranquillity.

With the single exception of Maffei, the author of the Merope, Italy had no tragedians deserving the name, before Alfieri.

> Ma ben si vendicò l' Italo nome
> Ch' uno ne forse qual non vider mai
> Le due tanto diverse altere Rome.

So says Countess Saluzzo, of Turin, herself a worshipper of Melpomene. Alfieri's tragedies have been criticised by men of letters of every country in Europe. He has given, however, the Italians a tragic theatre, and has opened thereby a new career to their genius. With no great fertility of imagination, his soul was rich in great and lofty sentiments: he was intimately acquainted with the stormy passions, and his powers of keen observation were employed to dive into and describe the secrets of men's hearts. The extreme simplicity of his plays, circumscribed as they are by the most strict deference to the unities of time,

place, and action; the absence of love, episodes, and subordinate plot; the paucity of characters; all these disadvantages are redeemed by the beauty of his diction—by the intense interest his chief personages and their dark passions inspire—by the terrific suspense in which he keeps us to the very brink of the catastrophe—by the eloquent, and often sublime, descriptions he gives of man's inward struggles, and of the secret workings of his wayward heart. There is a magic, the magic of power, the flash of truth, often horrible truth, over Alfieri's tragedies. The action of the plot, undiverted by any other, carries us along with an irresistible vehemence. In the delineations of the heart, he resembles a great English poet, whose untimely death is now universally lamented. Both have excelled in depicting the dark side of human nature, the fallen angel in the shape of man, wicked but still great, tormented and tormenting others. Both can be pathetic at times, and most exquisitely so.

In Alfieri's Saul, in that sublime composition, how affecting the lamentations of the fallen king, when his proud fierce mind, after having terrified us by the violence of its passions, melts at the remembrance of the days of his youth, and bows

before the wrath of the Almighty, which now weighs upon him!

How beautiful the beginning of the second act, where Saul, sitting before his tent, admires the calm beauty of the rising morn, which he fain would wish might bring him a day of relief from his habitual misery, a day of success in the impending combat:

> Bell' alba è questa. In sanguinoso ammanto
> Oggi non sorge il sole; un dì felice
> Promettер parmi.—Oh miei trascorsi tempi!
> Deh! dove sete or voi?

And when Abner endeavours to cheer him with the hope of victory over the Philistines, the old man checks him with a sort of prophetic diffidence:

> Abner! oh quanto in rimirar le umane
> Cose, diverso ha giovinezza il guardo
> Dalla canuta età!

How true we feel his remark to be; how we sympathize with him! The idea of his children, the only soft affection still remaining in his ulcerated heart, interferes between him and the suggestions of his despair!

> Ah s' io
> Padre non fossi, come il son, purtroppo;
> Di cari figli, . . . or la vittoria e il regno
> E la vita vorrei? Precipitoso
> Già mi sarei frà gl' inimici ferri

Scagliato io, da gran tempo: avrei già tronca
Così la vita orribile ch' io vivo:
Quanti anni or son che sul mio labbro il riso
Non fù visto spuntare? I figli miei,
Ch' amo pur tanto, le più volte all' ira
Muovonmi il cor, se m'accarezzan . . . Fero
Impaziente, torbido, adirato,
Sempre; à me stesso incresco ognora e altrui;
Bramo in pace far guerra, in guerra pace:
* * * * * * * *
* * * Che più? chi 'l crederia? spavento
M'è la tromba di guerra, alto spavento
E la tromba à Saul. Vedi s'è fatta
Vedova omai di suo splendor la casa
Di Saùl; vedi se omai Dio stà meco.

Who does not pity the unfortunate Monarch, the old man, the father, in hearing him thus describe his horrid situation! His terror is increased by appalling visions, in which he sees the Prophet Samuel, and hears his voice; "that same, that sovereign, voice, which called me for several successive nights, when I, a humble obscure youth, was so far from the throne, and from every thought of it; that voice now, for several nights past, has become tremendous, and threatens me, thundering in my affrighted ears:

In suon di tempestosa onda mugghiante,

Then the vision, in which Saul fancies himself cast in the depths of a dark horrible valley, and sees Samuel seated on a mountain surrounded with

splendour, and with one hand anointing David, who is kneeling at his feet, while with the other

Che lunga lunga ben cento gran cubiti
Fino al mio capo estendesi, ei mi strappa
La corona dal crine. * * *

In the third act, what a beautiful specimen of lyric poetry we have in the Songs of David,

Figli d' Ammon dov' è la ria baldanza ?

how well adapted, by their various sentiments, styles, and measures, to the various, and continually changing moods of the king!

In the dialogue between Saul and the High Priest, Achimelech, we have a beautiful display of that unmoved fortitude, founded upon the satisfaction of conscience, which faith alone can give, and against which all the rage of men storms in vain, as the wave against the rock. There is a haughty regal dignity in Saul, but it quails before that of the humble minister of God.

Saul: Ma, chi se' tu? Conoscerti ben parmi.
Del fantastico altero gregge sei
De' veggenti di Rama?
Ach. Io vesto l'Efod.
Io de' Leviti primo, ad Aron santo
Nel ministero à che il Signor lo elesse,
Dopo lungo ordin d' altri venerandi
Sacerdoti, succedo. All' arca presso
In Nobbe, io stò: l' arca del patto sacra
Stava anch' ella altre volte al campo in mezzo:

Tròppo or fiaſsè vi appare, anco di furto,
Il Ministro di Dio: straniera merce
E il Sacerdote, ove Saulle impera:
Pur non l'è, nò, dove Israel combatte:

And further down, in the same scene, when Saul, after minutely relating the killing of Agag by Samuel, draws from it what he considers a plausible argument for venting his rage against the priests in general:

* * * * * Son queste
Queste son, vili, le battaglie vostre.
Ma, contra al proprio rè chi la superba
Fronte innalzar si attenta, in voi sostegno
Trova, e scudo ed asilo. Ogni altra cura,
Che dell' altare al cuor vi stà. Chi sete,
Che sete voi? Stirpe malnata e cruda,
Che dei perigli nostri all' ombra ride;
Che in lino imbelle avvoltolati, ardite
Soverchiar noi sotto l' acciar sudanti:
Noi che frà il sangue, il terrore, e la morte
Per le spose, pei figli, e per voi stessi,
Meniam penosi orridi giorni ognora.

The whole of this dialogue presents a most animated description of those disputes which have so often occurred between the altar and the throne, between the secular and the ecclesiastical powers. The saintly resignation with which Achimelech walks out of the king's presence, whence he is led to death, and his last words, have a sound of simple and truly inspired grandeur:

D' Iddio
Parlate all' empio ho l' ultime parole,
E sordo ei fù; compiuto egli è il mio incarco:
Ben ho spesa la vita.

The affection of Saul for his children accompanies him in the midst of all his wrath and fury, and of the crimes which his ungovernable passions lead him into. It is the quality for which we still feel an interest for the wretched old man to the moment of his death. Although he at times assumes a tone of asperity, and even of seeming aversion, towards his children, he is extremely jealous lest any one else should slight or offend them. The officious Abner, who had dared to forget for a moment the respect due to the race of his sovereign, he thus reminds of their relative stations:

Sdegno stà su la faccia de' miei figli?
Chi, chi gli oltraggia? Abner tu forse? Questi
Son sangue mio; nol sai? . . . Taci: rimembra.
A. II. Sc. 2.

When, in his frightful alienation of mind, he foresees his approaching death, although careless about his fate, he condescends to pray and to humble himself before the fancied ghost of Samuel to intercede for his children, who, he says affectingly, "are innocent of his guilt."

And at the moment of death, when he is apprized that his sons have fallen in battle, his last

care, his last commands to Abner are for the safety of his daughter Micol.

Oh figlia? . . . Or, taci:
Non far ch' io pianga. Vinto Rè non piange.
Abner, salvala, và: ma se pur mai
Ella cadesse infra nemiche mani,
Deh! non dir, no, che di Saulle è figlia;
Tosto di' lor ch' ella è di David sposa;
Rispetteranla.

How affecting this last caution, and how painful to his pride as a king to utter it; but yet paternal love conquers all.

I have expatiated thus upon the pathetic parts of one of Alfieri's tragedies, in answer to those who complain of his excessive sternness and deficiency in the softer feelings. Were I to dwell upon his descriptive powers, the elevation of his thoughts, the comprehensiveness of his diction, or to animadvert upon the faults of his compositions considered as dramatic performances, I should by far exceed the limits I have proposed to myself in this Essay.

A want of harmony in his style, and a harshness in his versification, have been reproached to Alfieri. His reason for adopting his sometimes singular construction of phrases and arrangement of words, was to give Italian tragedy a distinctive character, different from epic or lyric poetry, and to preserve its dignity. This he thought the more

essential in a language such as the Italian, full of vowels and of natural softness of sounds. Dante, of whom Alfieri professed himself a disciple, had given him in several parts of his poem a model of that nervous, laconic, and sometimes harsh diction which Alfieri adopted, thinking it adapted to express violent passions.

Alfieri was not only a dramatist, he was also a prose writer. The style of his prose partakes of the qualities we have just been examining as characteristic of his tragedies. It is full of his political ideas, which were peculiarly his own. An aristocrat by birth and by temper, but impressed with strong notions of the rights and of the dignity of mankind, he was an enemy of absolute monarchy; and as in his time all monarchies, except England, were absolute, he imbibed an indiscriminate aversion for monarchs and monarchical forms. When the French revolution broke out, however, Alfieri, who was then at Paris, soon perceived the exaggeration of the parties, and the evil tendency of the doctrines which were pompously broached out as tending to regenerate the world. He gives a sketch of the events which passed before his eyes, and from which he argued the fall of that *still-born* republic. Alfieri left Paris in August, 1792, and returned to seek for *security and liberty in Italy*, as he confesses with astonish-

ment, leaving behind, his books, manuscripts, and other property, which were all seized, as he informs us. After his return to his native country, he fixed his residence at Florence; and there, disgusted with men and things, he became misanthropical and solitary; he abstained from reading papers and new publications, discontinued all correspondence or intercourse, except with two or three intimate friends, among whom were the Duchess of Albany, and his countryman, l' Abate Caluso di Valperga. His gloomy mood led him to acts of unnecessary austerity and even uncourteousness. He died at Florence in October, 1803, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the church of Santa Croce.

The following sonnet, describing the person and character of Alfieri, is reported to have been written by himself:—

Sublime specchio di veraci detti
Mostrami in corpo e in anima qual' sono:
Rari in fronte ho i capelli e rossi pretti;
Alta statura e capo à terra prono.
Sottil' persona sù due stinchi schietti,
Bianca pelle, occhio azzurro, aspetto buono,
Giusto naso, bel labbro, e denti eletti;
Pallido in volto come Rè sul trono.
Or crudo acerbo, ora pieghevol' mite,
Irato spesso, non maligno mai,
La mente, il cor', sempre in perpetua lite.
Son' talor lieto e talor mesto assai,
Or stimandomi Achille ora Tersite:
Uomo son grande o vil? muori e 'l saprai.

His disappointment and disgust at the fatal turn taken by the French revolution, is strongly expressed in a sonnet written at Paris in July, 1790:—

Preso ha il timon chi fù pur dianzi al remo;
E toga e mitra e spada e scettro e penna,
Tutto in un fascio appiccasi all' antenna;
Scherno alla ciurma onde ogni capo è scemo.
La trista barca, ridotta in estremo,
Vele rinnuova all' arbor che tentenna,
E imberrettato Libertade accenna;
Ma in preda lascia ai venti e prora e remo.
Ora i fianchi rintoppa, or con la tromba
A forza aggotta; indi secura tiensi,
Tal che di gioja il grido al Ciel rimbomba.
Poco intanto è il biscotto, i mari immensi,
Tutto è sentina in quella viva tomba;
E così ai lidi di Fortuna viensi.

His indignation rose to a still higher pitch in consequence of the events of the two following years, and vented itself in this violent strain:—

Di libertà maestri i Galli? Insegni
Pria servaggio il Britanno; insegni pria
Umiltade l' Ispano; o codardia
L' Elvezio; o il Trace a porre in fiore i regni.
Sian dell' irto Lappon gli accenti pregni
Di Apollinea soave melodia;
Taide anzi norma alle donzelle dia
Di verginali atti pudichi e degni.
Di libertà maestri i Galli? e a cui,
A noi fervide ardite Itale menti
D' ogni alta cosa insegnatori altrui?
Schiavi or siam, sì; ma schiavi almen frementi;
Non quali, o Galli, e il foste e il siete vui;
Schiavi, al poter qual ch' ei pur sia, plaudenti.

Count Alfieri had been a professed republican in his principles, and had consequently shunned the court of his natural sovereign, the late King of Sardinia, while in the meridian of his power; but when the same king, Charles Emmanuel, being driven out of his kingdom by the French, sought a temporary refuge in Tuscany, Alfieri, who had also retired to Florence, went unexpectedly to pay his respects to the fugitive monarch: the king received him with a smile of benignity, and addressing him in a tone of mild reproach—"*Ebbene, Signor Conte,*" said he, "*eccomi qui uno di quei Re come li vorreste veder tutti.*"

Alfieri, after the revolution of France and the invasion of Italy, felt that bitter pang of disappointment, which proceeds from a sense of having long worshipped an unworthy idol, because he had mistaken the sort of liberty which ought to have been the object of his adoration. He reminds us of Brutus's exclamation before his suicide: "O virtue, thou art but a name." One formed himself as false an idea of virtue as the other did of liberty. Hence their grief and their disappointment.

Monti's tragedies of Aristodemo and Cajo Gracco are well known; they are on the classic plan, and have great beauties, especially the first. His

Galeotto Manfredi is not perhaps equal to either, although it contains some beautiful passages. But Monti, after writing the above three plays, left altogether the service of Melpomene. Of all his works, the Basvilliana, one of his earliest, and unfinished as it is, is the one which will preserve the longest his poetical reputation. He, like Alfieri, is a great partisan of Dante, and his Basvilliana is as close and as happy an imitation of the Divina Commedia as the difference of the subject and the originality of Monti's plan could allow.

Several Italian writers have distinguished themselves of late years as followers of the tragic muse, and have excited hopes that this noblest walk of the drama, which the great poet of Asti first opened to Italian genius, will still be followed by his countrymen with successful steps.

Silvio Pellico, a Piedmontese, has written two tragedies, both on Italian subjects of the middle ages, Francesca da Rimini and Eufemio da Messina. The story of the former is well known as described by Dante in those beautiful lines of the Inferno, Canto v.

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto come Amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiati gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura e scolorocci il viso;
Ma solo un punto fù quel che ci vinse.

Pellico, however, has endeavoured, by altering some circumstances of the original story as told by Dante, to throw a greater interest on the character of the two lovers, by making them appear the innocent victims of untoward fate, and of Lanciotto's jealousy, to which, however, their mutual sentiments gave rise. The unexpected return of Paolo, Lanciotto's brother, from the eastern wars, discovers to Francesca the long secret passion which he had conceived for her since he had seen her at Ravenna, while on a mission to her father's court, and before she was betrothed to Lanciotto. The unfortunate Francesca, from that fatal day, had also felt a corresponding flame which she strove to conquer, but in vain. Paolo soon after left her for the east, without having discovered his passion. The will of her father Guido made her marry Lanciotto, Lord of Rimini, and Paolo's brother. She was resigned and dutiful; and fancied almost that she had forgotten him whom it was now sinful for her to love, when Paolo appeared again at Rimini, and found, what he had not heard of before, his first and only love, whose memory he had always kept in his heart, now become his brother's wife. He resolves upon leaving Rimini for ever, but an unfortunate interview he has with her reveals to both, for the first time, their mutual passion, which cannot long remain con-

cealed from Lanciotto. The interview between the two brothers after the fatal discovery is most powerfully described. The contrast between the fraternal affection and the conjugal jealousy of Lanciotto; the haughty sentiment of conscious innocence of Paolo, who finds himself all at once, and without knowing it, his brother's rival; the frankness with which he confesses his love, but at the same time asserts his innocence and Francesca's purity; the rage of Lanciotto, who threatens his brother not only with his death but also with the death of Francesca,—all these form a most impressive, heart-rending scene. Lanciotto tells his brother that if he were to sacrifice them both to his jealousy, Fame would say they had deserved their fate. Paolo's reply is in a simple, and therefore most affecting strain.

——————— La fama
Dirà: Qual colpa avea, se giovinetto
Paolo à Ravenna fù mandato, ed arse
Pel più leggiadrò de' terrestri spirti?—
E tu, quai dritti hai sù di lei? Veduto
Mai non t' avea; sol per *ragion di stato*
La bramasti in isposa. Umani affetti
Non diè natura anche de' prenci ai figli?
Perchè il suo cor non indagasti pria
Di farla tua?

When Lanciotto upbraids his wife with having betrayed his honour, the unfortunate Francesca with modest firmness replies, that her only fault

has been the not having been able to smother in her breast the recollection of one whom she had known while she was still independent. She had laboured to obliterate his image, she says, and her secret should have died with her, had it not been for the unexpected return of Paolo.

Old Guido, Francesca's father, prevails upon Lanciotto to let his daughter return with him to Ravenna, there to spend the rest of her days in retirement. Francesca is on the point of leaving Lanciotto's palace, and is invoking peace and blessings upon the two brothers, when Paolo, who was confined by his brother's order in another part of the castle, having seduced his guards, rushes in furiously, and without having any distinct object in view, but merely because he fancies that Francesca is not safe while in Rimini, unless under his protection. She endeavours to calm him, but meantime Lanciotto enters, to whom she had just sent her father to ask a parting interview; the two brothers fight; Francesca, attempting to part them, is struck by Lanciotto, and Paolo, seeing her wounded, throws down his sword, and receives his brother's weapon through the body.

The diction of the Francesca da Rimini is flowing, elegant, and easy; it has not the roughness of Alfieri's verse. The Francesca was performed with great applause in the principal Italian cities.

The other tragedy of Pellico, Eufemio da Messina, is on a loftier and more manly subject. The story is taken from the old chronicles of the conquest of Sicily, made by the Saracens early in the ninth century.

Eufemio, a valiant Sicilian warrior, but of a plebeian origin, had rendered the greatest services to his country, by defending it against the Moors, and by assisting his countrymen to break the yoke of the Greek emperor. He had also been the means of making one Theodore, a powerful chief, the acknowledged ruler of the whole island. Eufemio thought, after this, that he might aspire to the hand of Theodore's daughter, Ludovica. But her proud father, offended at his presumption, and destining her to be the wife of the Prince of Salerno, arrested him, and threw him into a dungeon. Eufemio escaped, and, disgusted with the ingratitude of his countrymen, none of whom had lifted a hand or spoken a word in his favour, swore against them eternal hatred. He crossed over to Africa, and invited the Saracens to invade Sicily:

——————————— M' involo
Dal carcer mio: prodigio è: sovra lieve
Pino alle tempeste onde m' affido:
D' Africa ai liti orridi giungo . . . e umani
Cor, nella patria de' leon ritrovo,
Tetto ospital, fe', riverenza. Io squarcio
L' Europea veste, a' Saracini chieggo

Le loro bende, il lor Profeta onoro,
E verace nel grato animo sento
Credenza al Dio de' generosi. Usciva
Sovrumana efficace in que' deserti
La mia parola; uomo del Cielo apparvi.
Strugger l'are di Roma, e sovra tutta
Europa del Coran sparger la luce,
Tal fu il prometter mio * * * *

A formidable Saracen armament lands in Sicily and besieges Messina. Theodore fights, but is taken prisoner in a sally, and brought before Eufemio. A long scene of mutual upbraiding takes place; at last Eufemio learns from Theodore, that Ludovica has retired into a convent, and pronounced her vows the day before. Eufemio sends his faithful Saracen friend, Almanzor, into the town to demand the maid, under pain of levelling Messina to the ground; but the old venerable bishop opposes it, and persuades his countrymen to stand firm. Eufemio is uncertain what to do; the confession of his perplexity, which brings on the recollection of his former years, is beautifully natural, and the feelings he expresses are such as must often have tortured the heart of many a renegado.

——————— Io quelle mura
Che odiàr vorrei, segretamente adoro;
Que' templi augusti, ove al fattor del Mondo
Miei primi voti alzai, guardo . . . e mi sento

Di tenerezza palpitar ; rimembro
Il suono ancor di quelle sacre squille
Quando liberator suo m' appellava
Tutta Sicilia ——————

A white flag is hoisted by the Christians on the walls of Messina; a maid, veiled, comes alone out of the gate towards the Saracen camp; it is Ludovica herself. Eufemio receives her in his arms, but Theodore curses her. In a private interview, however, that Ludovica has with her father, she reveals to him her secret views. She is the victim of enthusiasm; she thinks herself another Judith, destined to save her native town. The manner in which the abbess and the bishop wound up her exalted fancy, is skilfully described. But at the sight of her former lover, her courage fails. Eufemio offers to marry her immediately, and while she is half persuaded to give her hand to him, the Christians sally out of the town, a battle ensues, the Saracens have the advantage, and Messina is in flames. In the fifth act, Ludovica appears wandering over the field of battle; she meets her dying father, who makes her promise again to destroy Eufemio, in order, he says, to save Italy, perhaps all Europe, from the yoke of the Koran. Soon after, meeting Eufemio, who is also roaming over the field of battle, in despair

for having missed her, she stabs him, and he dies forgiving her, and acknowledging his errors.

This play, though full of action, is perhaps less natural, less regular, as well as less truly dramatic, than Francesca da Rimini. But the subject is of a more general interest; the passions are powerfully described; and the language is worthy of the loftiness of the subject, where religious fanaticism and worldly ambition lead the principal characters. The subordinate character of Almanzor is the most interesting. Unambitious, but devoted to his religion, a true friend to Eufemio, but still more faithful to the Koran; he is one of those characters we may fancy to have existed among the early Saracens, a mixture of fanaticism and strong sense, of national ambition and personal disinterestedness, of fierceness and humanity.

The author of the above two tragedies, endowed with extreme susceptibility, has had the misfortune of being compromised in the late political disturbances in the north of Italy. He was intimate in the house of a Milanese nobleman, whose name is among those tried by the Austrian government for conspiracy; and Pellico's opinions being considered as leaning to the same side, he was arrested and put in prison at Venice, where he has remained for some years. This is another melancholy con-

sequence of the present disturbed state of the public mind in Italy, of which so many valuable men are now the victims.

Silvio Pellico wrote also in a literary journal which appeared at Milan after the restoration, called *Il Conciliatore*, which was remarkably well conducted, but was after a time discontinued.

Alessandro Manzoni, known for several philological and critical writings, is one of the authors of our days who have added to the lustre of the Italian Melpomene. In his *Conte di Carmagnola*, published in 1820, he has neglected the unities of time and of place, and so endeavoured to shake off the too strict yoke of the classics. He gives his reasons for so doing in a well-written preface at the head of his play. "Among the various expedients," he says, "by which men have contrived to embroil themselves and their actions, one of the most ingenious is, that *of having upon almost every article of their conduct two opposite maxims*, both of which are considered as infallible: applying this universal rule to the petty concerns of poetry, they tell those who court the Muses: You must be original, but must not strike off into any path in which the great poets have not preceded you." He then shows the futility of the reasons adduced by the classic rigorists founded

upon an obscure passage of Aristotle, and a servile veneration towards the Greek dramatists.

The history of the Count of Carmagnola dates at the beginning of the fifteenth century. He was a Piedmontese peasant who enlisted early in life in a troop of *condottieri*, and who, having risen in military rank, rendered the most useful services to Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, for whom he conquered Milan and all Lombardy. Filippo, weak and suspicious, showed himself ungrateful to the valiant chief to whom he owed his crown. Carmagnola was obliged to escape, and he went to offer his service to the Venetian senate, the enemy of Filippo Maria. The sitting of the senate in which the offers of service of Carmagnola are discussed, displays the artful dark policy of those haughty patricians. Carmagnola's services, however, are accepted, and he is sent with an army against the duke's troops, which he defeats. At the end of the second act, where the dispositions of the battle are made, the poet has tried the experiment, as he calls it himself, of introducing a beautiful chorus, which serves to describe under the veil of lyric effusion what is taking place in the field of battle.

S' ode à destra uno squillo di tromba;
A sinistra risponde uno squillo:

D' ambo i lati calpesto rimbomba
Da cavalli' e da fanti il terren.
Quinci spunta per l' aria un vessillo;
Quindi un altro s' avanza spiegato:
Ecco appare un drappello schierato;
Ecco un altro che incontro gli vien.

Già di mezzo sparito è il terreno;
Già le spade rispingon le spade;
L' un dell' altro le immerge nel seno;
Gronda il sangue; raddoppia il ferir.
Chi son essi? alle belle contrade
Qual ne venne straniero à far guerra?
Qual è quei che ha giurato la terra
Dove nacque, far salva, o morir?

D' una terra son tutti: un linguaggio
Parlan tutti: fratelli li dice
Lo straniero: il comune lignaggio
A ognun d' essi dal volto traspar.
Questa terra fù à tutti nudrice,
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa,
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,
E ricinta coll' alpe e col mar.

But what, continues the poet, what is the cause of this fratricidal fight?

Non la sanno: à dar morte, à morire
Qui senz' ira ognun d' essi è venuto;
E venduto ad un duce venduto,
Con lui pugna e non chiede il perchè?

Then he describes the indifference of the inhabitants, and even the senseless delight which they take in listening to the reports of the fight,

and in extolling the triumph of the victorious party.

Odo intanto festevoli gridi;
S' orna il tempio e risuona del canto;
Già s' innalzar dai cuori omicidi
Grazie ed inni che abbomina il Ciel:
Giù dal cerchio dall' Alpi frattanto
Lo straniero gli sguardi rivolve;
Vede i forti che mordon la polve,
E li conta con gioja crudel.—

Hasten, collect your ranks, you conquerors, foreign cohorts are pouring down the sides of the Alps to take advantage of your exhaustion.

Vincitor! siete deboli e pochi?
Ma per questo à sfidarvi ei discende;
E voglioso à quei campi v' attende
Ove il vostro fratello perì.—

The last three stanzas are in the most impressive tone of moral remonstrance. The language and the sentiments are equally beautiful. The poet first addresses Italy:—

Tu che angusta à tuoi figli parevi;
Tu che in pace nutrirli non sai,
Fatal terra! gli estrani ricevi:
Tal Giudicio comincia per te.
Un nemico che offeso non hai,
A tue mense insultando s' asside;
Degli stolti le spoglie divide;
Toglie il brando di mano à' tuoi Rè.

Stolto anch' esso! Beata fù mai
Gente alcuna per sangue ad oltraggio?

Solo al vinto non toccano i guai;
Torna in pianto dell' empio il gioir.
Ben talor nel superbo viaggio
Non l' abatte l' eterna vendetta;
Ma lo segna; ma veglia ed aspetta;
Ma lo coglie all' estremo sospir.

Tutti fatti à sembianza d' un Solo;
Figli' tutti d' un solo Riscatto,
In qual ora, in qual parte del suolo
Trascorriamo quest' aura vital:
Siam fratelli, siam stretti ad un patto:
Maladetto colui che lo infrange,
Che s' innalza sul fiacco che piange
Che contrista uno spirto immortal!

Carmagnola, notwithstanding his gallantry and his frank open character, falls under the suspicions of the Council of Ten; he is accused of treachery, is craftily insnared into Venice, undergoes a mock trial, and is beheaded. The character of that gallant soldier, but haughty and imprudent man, is well preserved to the last. The parting scene with his wife is truly affecting. In short, Il Conte di Carmagnola is one of the best tragedies Italy has produced since Alfieri's.

In epic heroic poetry, since the appearance of Orlando and Gerusalemme, Italy seems to be resting upon her laurels. Cesarotti is perhaps, as Forsyth justly observes, of all the Italian poets of the last century the one who has shown powers equal to an original epic; he, however, with the idea of shaking the classic yoke and of opening a new

school, instead of choosing his own subject, employed his genius to give the Italians a free translation of Ossian's poems. His object was to show that Homer was not the only, nor the most perfect, model of epic composition. In so doing, however, Cesarotti fell into the opposite extreme from that which he wished to expose, the too great veneration for the ancient models; he sinned by too great license, and also he did not render sufficient justice to the Greek bard. Ugoni remarks that an innovator who rises in the midst of a city*, stationary in the study of letters, is like the prodigal son of a miser. In both cases, the example of one vice, and the aversion to it, lead to the opposite extreme.

Cesarotti's translation of Ossian's Poems is the best amongst his productions. He has given a new energy to the Italian language, and has enriched it with new words, particularly with compound adjectives, after the manner of the English and Germans, for which he has been blamed by some critics, but approved by others. He conceived that languages ought not to remain stationary, but should follow the progress of ideas, and that new words should be invented to supply new wants. Cesarotti's Ossian was much admired, and became familiar with the Italians; some of its

* Cesarotti was born and educated at Padua, a city celebrated for classic learning.

passages are truly sublime. The address to the Sun in Carthon is thus rendered:

" O tu che luminoso erri, e rotondo,
Come lo scudo de' miei padri, o Sole,
Donde sono i tuoi raggi? e da che fonte
Trai l' eterna tua luce? esci tu fuora
In tua bellezza maestosa, e gli astri
Fuggon dal Cielo; al tuo apparir la Luna
Nell' onda Occidental ratto s'asconde
Pallida e fredda: tu pel Ciel deserto
Solo ti muovi; E chi potrìa seguirti
Nel coro tuo? Crollan le quercie annose
Dalle montagne; le montagne istesse
Sceman cogli anni, l' oceàn s' abbassa,
E sorgè alternamente; in Ciel si perde
La bianca Luna; ma tù sei
Sempre lo stesso e ti rallegri altero . . .
Nello splendor d' interminabil corso.
Tu quando il Mondo atra tempesta imbruna,
Quando il tuono rimbomba, e vola il lampo,
Tu nella tua beltà guardi sereno
Fuor 'delle nubi, e alla tempesta ridi.
Ma indarno Ossian tu guardi! ei più non mira
I tuoi vividi raggi, o che sorgendo
Con la tua chioma galleggiante inondi
Le nubi Orientali, o mezzo ascoso
Tremoi id' Occidente in sù le porte.
Ma tù forse, chi sà? sei pur' com' io
Sol per un tempo, ed avran fine, e Sole,
Anche i tuoi dì? tu dormirai già spento
Nelle tue nubi, senza udir la voce
Del mattin che ti chiama. O dunque esulta
Nella tua forza giovanile: oscura
Ed ingrata è l' età, simile à fioco
Raggio di Luna, allor che splende incerto
Tra sparse nubi, che la nebbia siede
Sù la collina: aura del Nord gelata

Soffia per la pianura, e trema a mezzo
Del suo viaggio il pellegrin smarrito."

The following is Ossian's affecting address to the Moon:—

"Figlia del Ciel, sei bella, è di tua faccia
Dolce il silenzio; amabile ti mostri,
E in Oriente i tuoi cerulei passi
Seguon le stelle; al tuo cospetto, o Luna,
Si rallegran le nubi, e 'l seno oscuro
Riveston liete di riflessa luce.
Chi ti pareggia o della notte figlia
Lassù nel Cielo? in faccia tua le stelle
Hanno di se vergogna, e ad altra parte
Volgono i verdi scintillanti sguardi.
Ma dimmi, o bella luce; ove t' ascondi,
Lasciando il corso tuo, quando svaniscè
La tua candida faccia? hai tu, com'io
I tuoi palagj, o ad abitar ten vai
Nell' ombra del dolor? cadder dal Cielo
Le tue sorelle? o più non son coloro
Che nella notte s' allegravan teco?
Si sì, luce leggiadra, essi son spenti,
E tu spesso per piangerli t' ascondi,
Ma verà notte ancor, che tu, tu stessa,
Cadrai per sempre, e lascierai nel Cielo
Il tuo azzurro sentier; superbi allora
Sorgeran gli astri, e in rimirarti avranno
Gioja così, come avean pria vergogna.
Ora del tuo splendor tutta la pompa
T' ammanta, o Luna; o tù nel Ciel risguarda
Dalle tue porte, e tù la nube, o vento,
Spezza, onde possa la notturna figlia
Mirar d' intorno, e le scoscese rupi
Splendanle incontro, e l' Oceàn rivolga
Nella sua luce i nereggianti flutti."

The Songs of Selma furnish also some beautiful extracts.

" Stella maggior 'della càdente notte,
Deh come bella in Occidente splendi!
E come vaga la chiomata fronte
Mostri fuor delle nubi, e maestosa
Poggi sopra il tuo colle; e che mai guàti
Nella pianura? i tempestosi venti
Di già son cheti, e 'l rapido torrente
S'ode soltanto strepitar da lungi,
Che con l'onde sonanti ascende e copre
Lontane rupi; già i notturni insetti
Sospesi stanno in sù le debili ale,
E di grato susurro empiono i campi.
E che mai guati, o graziosa stella?
Ma tu parti, e sòrridi: ad incontrarti
Corron l' onde festose, e bagnan liete
La tua chioma lucente.
Raggio sereno addio; tu augusta luce,
Sull' anima d' Ossian omai risplendi!
Ecco già sorge, ecco s' avviva; io veggo
Gli amici estinti. Il lor congresso è in Lora;
Come un tempo già fù: Fingal seu viene
Ad acquosa colonna somigliante
Di densa nebbia, che sul lago avanza."

"The next is the translation of that fine allegory of a flower addressing the morning breeze in the poem of Berrathon.

" Venticello gentil' di Primavera
A che mi desti, lusinghier dicendo:
Di celeste ruggiada or io t' aspergo?
E omai vicin' del mio languore il tempo,
E la negra tempesta è già vicina,
Che abbatterà furente ogni mia fronda.

Doman verranne il pastorel, colui
Verrà doman' che nel mio bel mi vide,
Gli occhi in cercarmi aggirerà sul campo,
Nè potrà rinvenirmi. ———————

The plaintive lays of the maid of Inishuna who had followed, unknown and disguised in a warrior's dress, her beloved Cathmor, the Chief of Erin, are expressed in the following song:—

Breve gioja, ove se' ita
Caro sogno, ove sei tu?
Inisuna è gia sparita
Il mio suol non veggo più.

Della caccia in la mia terra
Più non odo il lieto suon,
Falda orribile di guerra
Mi circonda: ove mai son?

Guardo fuor, ne veggo un raggio
Che m' additi il mio sentier,
Ahi che speme altra non aggio
Ahi che basso è 'l mio guerrier!

Presso è il Rè dell' ampio scudo,
De' possenti atterrator,
Oimè! scende il ferro crudo
Ah tu cadi, o dolce amor.

Di Gomorre ombra diletta
Ove porti il mobil piè?
Caro padre arresta aspetta,
Non andar lungi da me.

Stranie terre, altri paesi
Vai sovente a visitar,
La tua voce, o padre, intesi,
Menti io lassa ero sul mar.

Figlia mia tu corri a morte,
La tua voce parea dir;
Tutto in van che amor più forte
Nel mio cor si fea sentir.

Spesso i figli à trar di pene
La paterna ombra sen viene,
Quando afflitti e fuor di speme
Solo in duol vita gli tien.

Il mio caro ah se m' è tolto,
Vieni o padre per pietà,
Strutto in pianto, in duol sepolto
Più del mio qual cor sarà?

Ossian's beautiful comparison of the youth of man to the hunter's dream, runs thus:—

Sonno di cacciator sembra sul monte
Trascorsa giovinezza: Ei s' addormenta
Fra' rai del sol, ma si risveglia in mezzo
D' aspra tempesta: i rosseggianti lampi
Volano intorno, e le ramose cime
Scotono i boschi: ei si rivolge, e cerca
Il dì del sol' che già s' ascose, e i dolci
Sogni del suo riposo. Ossian? e quando
Tornerà giovinezza? il suon' dell' armi
Quando conforterà gli orecchi mei?

The taste for imitating foreign poets, especially English and German, has been adopted by many. The romantic school is very numerous in Italy. Lord Byron's poems have been translated and read with avidity. The most successful of these translations is, perhaps, that of the Giaour

by Pellegrino Rossi. It made, at the time, a considerable sensation amongst the Italian literati.

I shall here quote some of its finest passages. The beginning:—

L' aer taceva, e il mar co' venti in pace!
Lambiva umile il piè del sacro avello
U del grande d' Atene il cener giace.
Dalla rupe in che appar splendente e bello
Par ch' ei primo saluti il buon nocchiero
Che rivolge la nave al dolce ostello.
Cosi dorme sublime il gran guerriero
Nel suol che invan salvò. Mondo infelice!
Quando fia che ritorni a farti altiero
D' un altro pari eroe? * * *
* * * * * *
Region della beltà! Mite e sereno
L' è sempre il Cielo, e all' eternal sorriso
S' innamora la terra, e infiora il seno.
Per entro al core andar ti senti un riso
Poi ch' all' altura di Colone giunto
Scopre il guardo quel dolce paradiso.

The following is the translation of those lines:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire.
* * * * *

L' Alma, che i suoi pensier cupa ripiega
Sui mali ond' è per le sue colpe afflitta,
E' scorpion cui d' intorno il fuoco lega.
La cerchia delle fiamme ognor più fitta
Lo stringe si che mille punte acute
Fin la midolla gli han cerca e trafitta.
D' ira egli impazza e sol nelle ferute
Del pungiglion che pei nemici ei serba,
Trov' or per se, nel suo martir, salute.

* * * * * *

Si divien contr' a sè cieco, inumano
L' uom ch' han stretto i rimorsi e lacerato,
O si per doglia orrenda è fatto insano.
Carco grave alla terra, in ciel dannato,
Del ben gli chiude Oscurità le porte,
La rea Disperazion gli siede a lato,
Ha le fiamme d' intorno e in sen la morte.

The passage,

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,

is thus rendered:—

Si l' amore è, per Dio, lume superno;
Viva scintilla dell' immortal fuoco
Dei Serafini; è fiamma onde l' Eterno
Leva i nostri pensier di basso loco:
Anzi tanto fulgor sui nostri passi
Spande, che il Ciel ver noi par che s' abbassi.
Egli è favilla del divini affetti
Largita all' uomo, perchè il suo pensiere
Spicchi dall' esca vil de rei diletti.
E raggio del Fattor di' tutte sfere;
E corona di luce eterna ed alma,
Che del mortale abbella e cerchia l' alma.

One of the most interesting romantic poems which Italy has produced of late years is the Ildegonda, by Tommaso Grossi. It is a poetical romance in *ottava rima*, and the tale is, according to the prevalent, and not altogether injudicious, taste of the romantic school, taken from the history of Italy in the middle ages, at the time of the Lombard league against the emperor Frederic II.

The tale is briefly as follows. Rizzardo, a valiant young Milanese knight, loved, and was beloved by, Ildegonda, a maid of a conspicuous family of that city. Ildegonda's father had promised her hand, without her knowledge, to a Roman count, with whom he had become intimate during a mission he had carried on at Rome. When he, however, on his return, communicated his intentions to his daughter, she peremptorily refused, and he proposed to her the then customary alternative of taking the veil. Ildegonda retires to the convent; meanwhile Rizzardo is chosen by his countrymen to lead the armed men which they were going to send to the crusade wars, according to the terms of the treàty made with Frederic and the pope. Before his departure, Rizzardo makes an attempt to persuade Ildegonda to accompany him to the Holy Land, disguised as a knight. One night that Ildegonda sat by the grated window of her cell, she saw a sable knight stalking at the foot of the walls of the monastery. But here I shall quote the beautiful passage as it is in the original.

Era sereno il Ciel, splendea la luna,
Ridente a mezzo della sua carriera,
Sicche da lungi in armatura bruna
Vedea un guerrier, calata la visiera.
Nessun fragor s' udia, voce nessuna;
Sol quella universal quiete intera

D' improvviso venia rotta talvolta
Dal grido dell' allarme d' una stolta.

S' inalza un canto: " Errante, pellegrina
E pur segnata della croce il petto
La regal casa abbandanò Fiorina
Per seguitar l'amato giovinetto:
Combattendo al suo fianco in Palestina
Fu il terror de' credenti in Maometto:
Da valorosi insiem caddero in guerra.
Dormono insieme in quella sacra terra.

Era d' autunno un bel mattin sereno,
L' ultimo ch' ella si destava all' armi!—
Fiorina ah! non voler, diceale Sveno,
Non voler nella pugna seguitarmi:
Immensa strage s' apparecchia; oh! almeno
Il diletto tuo capo si risparmi.—
Non l'ascoltava: insiem caddero in guerra,
Dormono insieme in quella sacra terra.

I cadaveri santi fur trovati
Nel campo ove la strage era maggiore
Tenacemente insieme ambo abbracciati
In atto dolce di pietà e d' amore:
Riposano gli spiriti beati
Nella pace ineffabil del Signore;
I corpi come già caddero in guerra,
Dormono insieme in quella sacra terra."

Tacque, ma non fu il suon del tutto spento,
Che in quell' alto silenzio trascorrea;
Però che dalle mura del convento
Le triste note l' eco ripetea,
E mormorare un flebile lamento
Per la vasta campagna s' intendea,
Che a poco a poco manca e si confonde
Col sussurrar dell' acque e delle fronde.

Fu il suo Rizzardo a riconoscer presta
La bella solitaria innamorata;

E la memoria lusinghiera e mesta
Della coppia, che il canto ha ricordata,
Invitandola al pianto in cor le desta
Il desìo della prossima crociata,
A che Rizzardo contra il suo volere
Dalla città fu assunto cavaliere.

The attempt, however, of Ildegonda to escape from her prison is frustrated, Rizzardo is arrested (afterwards burnt as an heretic), and the unfortunate maid thrown into a dungeon. She is then urged by the abbess to take the irrevocable oaths. On the day of All-souls, in which her lover was to be led to the stake, she left her cell for the oratory:—

E il dì de' morti: taciturna e nera
Regna la notte ancor nel firmamento,
Addormentata è la natura intera;
Sol con lo squillo lamentoso e lento
Invita dei defunti alla preghiera
La campana maggiore del convento:
Al primo suon le monache già deste
Il cilicio si cingono e la veste;

E un picciol lume nella man raccolto,
Uscite dalla povera celletta,
Ad una, a due, a tre col vel sul volto
Passano i foschi corridori in fretta,
Mormorando preghiere, e tutte han vòlto
Il cammino alla casa benedetta,
Ove del monaster le antiche suore
Riposan nella pace del Signore,

* * * * * *

Era la vasta sotterranea stanza
Da una lampada in mezzo rischiarata:

Tutta d' ossa e di teschii in ordinanza
La parete lunghissima è celata:
Solo nel fondo poco spazio avanza
Ov' è la mensa mistica innalzata:
Biancheggia il suol di sepolcrali sassi,
E rispondon le tombe sotto ai passi.

In corte file spesse ed ordinate
A destra si vedevano ed a manca
Le monache per terra inginocchiate,
Curvato il volto sulla nuda panca:
Ma con le braccia al petto incrocicchiate,
Macero il volto dall' etade e bianca,
Sola nel mezzo in alto seggio nero
L' austera madre sta del monastero.

Ildegonda coll' altre si prostese
Pe' suoi cari defunti Iddio pregando,
Ma il pensier di Rizzardo la sorprese
Novellamente, ogn' altro dissipando:
Nè degli organi il suon, nè i canti intese
Delle sorelle, nè s' accorse quando,
Ogni fragor cessato, in basse note
Celebrò i gran misterj il sacerdote.

Poi che l' augusto rito fu perfetto,
Tacite uscir di chiesa le sorelle,
E con le braccia incrocicchiate al petto
La vecchia madre uscì dopo di quelle,
Che già di mezzo al ciel lucido e netto
Vedevansi sparir l' ultime stelle,
E l' albor diffondeasi lento lento
Su per la bruna torre del convento.

Ma la fanciulla, che non s' era accorta
Come sola l' avessero lasciata,
Ne' suoi pensier profondamente assorta
Stavasi tuttavolta al suol prostrata,
Quando, sentendo stridere una porta,
Dal pavimento alza la faccia e guata

Al loco d' onde quel rumor le viene,
E scorge la mestissima Idelbene.

In the evening she reads among other old monkish legends the following terrific one ;—

" Altro esempio dell' ira del Signore,
Se al confessor si taccia alcun peccato.—
Renzo Brancaleon da san Vittore,
Sendo dal mal di morte travagliato
Mandava fuori per un confessore ;
Veniva al letto e scoltava il malato
Il reverendo padre Anton da Nesso,
Il laico stava nella stanza appresso.

Di sante preci il frate soccorrea
Quel penitente alla tremenda andata ;
Il cor gli confortava nell' idea
Della prossima sua vita beata.
Poi levata la destra lo sciogliea,
Benedicendo, delle sue peccata ;
Ch' ei non sapeva come quel perduto
Un glie n' avesse in confession taciuto.

Ma il fratel laico, che dal loco ov' era
Scorgea il morente e il letto e ogn' altra cosa,
Vedea dall' alto fuor della lettiera
Lenta sbucare una mano pelosa ;
Scarnata, lunga lunga, nera nera,
Che calava calava minacciosa
E respingea la consacrata stola,
E abbraucava il malato per la gola.

E già strozzato esala il maledetto,
Nell' ira del Signor l' ultimo fiato,
E due demonj balzano sul letto.
Graffiangli il fronte dal crisma segnato,
E gli strappano l' anima dal petto,
L' anima imputridita nel peccato,

E fuggon tra le fiamme.—Il laico intanto.
Vedeva il tutto, perchè gli era un santo."—

Qui 'l vento cigolar fece la porta:
Schiudersi lenta lenta essa la vede,
E, come forsennata la trasporta
Il terror, getta il libro e sbalza in piede;
Ma la lucerna a quella malaccorta
Nel subito atto rovesciar succede:
Le tenebre le accrescon lo spavento,
E stramazza boccon sul pavimento.

She then fancies she sees the ghost of Rizzardo, who, in fulfilment of a promise he had formerly made, that if he died before her he would return from the world of spirits to apprize her of his fate.

The fright and anguish of poor Ildegonda deranges her mental faculties, she throws herself from a terrace, and is mortally wounded; she, however, recovers her mind, begs the forgiveness of all, and prepares herself resignedly for another life. Her last moments remind us of Tasso's beautiful decription of Clorinda's death.

In atto di pietà la moribonda
Levò le luci al ciel senza far motto,
Quindi alla gioja che nel sen le abbonda
Cedendo, diè in un piangere dirotto:
Incurvata del letto in sulla sponda
Seco lei piange la sua fida, e sotto
I rabbassati veli la badessa
Tacitamente lagrimava anch' essa.

Il commosso ministro sulla pia
De' morenti la prece proferendo,

Devotamente ad or ad or la gia
Nel nome di Gesù benedicendo,
Finchè 'l tocco feral dell' agonia
Fra 'l sopor che l' aggrava ella sentendo,
Balzò commossa, girò gli occhi intorno,
E domandò s' era spuntato il giorno.

La fu risposto esser la notte ancora;
Ma che indugiar però più lungamente
Non puote ad apparir nel ciel l' aurora,
Chè già svanian le stelle in oriente:
Tale di riveder la luce allora
Surge desìo nel cor della morente,
Che fè schiuder le imposte, e fu veduta
Guardar gran tempo il ciel cupida e muta.

Si scosse finalmente, e vista accesa
Starle la face benedetta accanto,
Le preghiere ascoltando della chiesa,
Che ripeteale quel ministro santo,
E la campana funerale intesa,
Che di squillar non desisteva intanto,
Dolce alzò gli occhi ad Idelbene in viso,
Ed: ecco, le dicea con un sorriso,

Ecco l' istante che da lungo agogno.—
Ma un affanno improvviso qui l'oppresse,
E levarla a sedersi fu bisogno,
Che riaver l' anelito potesse,—
Oh me contenta! questo non è un sogno
Disse, poichè il vigor glielo concesse,
Chè il dì de' morti rammentava, quando
Spirar tranquilla si credea sognando.

E furon queste l' ultime parole:
Il capo a guisa di persona stanca
Lene lene inchinò, siccome suole
Tenero fior, cui nutrimento manca.
Le sorge a fronte luminoso il sole,
E quella faccia più che neve bianca

Col primo raggio incontra, e la riveste
D' una luce purissima celeste.

Lyric and didactic poetry have been cultivated with success in Italy during the last fifty years. The principal writers who have followed these branches of literature are Passeroni, Parini, Fantoni, Pindemonte, Mazza, Bondi, Foscolo, and several others. One of the most beautiful specimens of Italian lyric poetry is a little poem by Foscolo, which he styled *I Sepolcri*. The subject was a law passed during the republican sway in the north of Italy, forbidding inscriptions over the tombs of the dead, or any sign of distinction or commemoration. The author addresses his poem to his illustrious cotemporary Ippolito Pindemonte, who happened to be at the same time engaged upon the same topic, but abandoned it, when he found that Foscolo had already written on the subject. The poet begins by asking himself whether tombs and cypresses, and all the funeral ornaments render the sleep of death less heavy? But is it, he answers, for the dead alone, or rather is it not for the living that the custom of honouring the dead has been instituted? Those who leave no affectionate remembrance of them alone are careless about their tombs.

Sol chi non lascia eredita' d' affetti
Poca giojà ha dell' urna; e se pur mira

Dopo l' esequie, errar vede il suo spirto
Fra 'l compianto de' templi Acherontei,
O ricovrarsi sotto le grandi ale
Del perdono d' Iddio: ma la sua polvè
Lascia alle ortiche di diserta gleba
Ove nè donna innamorata preghi,
Nè passeggier solingo oda il sospiro
Che dal tumulo à noi manda Natura.

He then takes an opportunity of complaining that no monument had been erected to the memory of the great Milanese poet Parini. Describing afterwards the advantages of having rural cemeteries, which honour the dead, without endangering the health of the living, as by the old Italian custom of burying in the churches, he proceeds to show the moral effects of the sight of the tombs of illustrious men, and he relates the impressions he felt in visiting the celebrated church of Santa Croce, and beholding there the tombs of Macchiavelli, Michelangelo, and Galileo. He thence takes occasion to praise Florence for having collected in one temple the memorials of Italian genius. To Santa Croce, Vittorio Alfieri used to pay frequent visits in his latter years. Foscolo describes him admirably:—

——————— E a questi marmi
Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispirarsi,
Irato a' patrii Numi, errava muto
Ove Arno è più deserto, i campi e il cielo
Desioso mirando; e poi che nullo
Vivente aspetto gli molcea la cura,

Quì posava l' austero, e avea sul volto
Il pallor della morte e la speranza.
Con questi grandi abita eterno: e l' ossa
Fremono amor di patria. Ah sì! da questa
Religïosa pace un Nume parla:
E nutria contro a' Persi in Maratona
Ove Atene sacrò tombe a' suoi prodi
La virtù greca e l' ira.

He then mentions the recent discovery made in the plains of the Troas by some travellers, of the sepulchre of Ilus, one of the Dardanides; and this leads the poet into a short digression on the fate of Troy, and on its bard the immortal Homer.

I Sepolcri has been greatly praised by the best judges. Pindemonte wrote a small poem in answer, in which he supports Foscolo's arguments. Replying to the unfeeling objection of those who ask of what use is a monument to the dead, Pindemonte observes:—

——————— Ah non è solo
Per gli estinti la tomba! Innamorata
Donna che à brun vestita il volto inchina
Sovra la pietra che il suo sposo serra,
Vedelo ancora, gli favella, l' ode,
Trova ciò ch' è il maggior ne' più crudeli
Mali ristoro: un lagrimar dirotto.

He then complains, that in the cemetery of Verona, Pindemonte's native town, every distinction was excluded between the different tombs, no inscription allowed, and the entrance forbidden to the living. He afterwards describes the

singular vaults they have in Sicily, where the bodies of the dead are preserved by some particular process, dressed up in the same clothes they used to wear in life, and stationed in niches around, where they remain for many years, visited by the relatives, who can almost fancy them as still among the living.

Blank verse seems of late to have been adopted by the best Italian writers instead of prose, for all serious and grave subjects. Indeed, Italian blank verse, if managed by a skilful hand, seems peculiarly adapted for discussing similar matters. Easy, yet dignified; lofty, yet unaffected; free, yet chaste; this metre seems most congenial to this beautiful language. Moral and didactic compositions, tragedies, satirical works, rural descriptions, sentimental and elegiac strains, and often even lyric effusions, are written in this metre. Some complain that this is abuse, that it tends to make rhymed poetry, which is so beautiful in Italian, neglected; but rhymed poetry is best adapted for the epopea, the tale or fable, and the epigrammatic style.

Clemente Bondi deserves a rank among the good Italian writers of the last and present centuries. He was tutor to the sons of the Archduke Ferdinand, once governor of Austrian Lombardy. After the French invasion, he retired to Germany,

and made Vienna his residence. In his little poem, *Le Conversazioni*, which is perhaps the best of his works, he paints, with good-natured satire, the fashionable absurdities and foibles of his countrymen. The following is his description of the egotist:

——————————— Quello ravvisi
Ch' entra se sol mirando? Il gran pensiero,
L'occupa di se stesso, e tanta ci prende
Cura di se che ne dispensa il mondo.
Suo nome è l' *Io*, ned altra voce mai
Esce dal labbro suo, nè più frequente,
Nè con enfasi egual. Natura il fece
D' aria sola temprandolo, e di molta
Opinion; poi "regna, disse, e vivi
Centro dell' universo: ogni vivente
A tè raggio sarà; te sempre e tutti
Occupa di te stesso; il nome tuo
Entri in ogni discorso, e de' tuoi casi,
Non mai chiesti da alcun, stanca ogni orecchia,
Ridicolo e importuno, e ad ogni incontro
E fuor di tempo eternamente suoni
Nella tua bocca il rispettabil *io*."
Così disse Natura ed ei di volo
Le usci di mano e frettoloso corse
A ragionar di sè, largo spargendo
Nelle sale e nei circoli loquaci
L' *io* ripetuto: *io son, io feci, io penso.*
Senza *io* nulla sà dir, ne' v' è discorso
Ch' ei non citi sè stesso, esempio eterno,
O paragone. Parlasi di cibi?
La sua mensa ei descrive. Avvi cui dolga
Il capo o il petto? e' con racconto esatto
Di tutti i mali suoi la turba informa
Che più volte li udi. Cada il discorso,

Sui varj umori, ed un trattato udrai
Far sull' indole sua. Critica un vizio:
Egli certo non l' ha; forma l' elogio
Di qualunque virtù: questa, egli dice
E il carattere mio. Non v' è ripiego
Non argomento si stranier, che possa
Difender da quell' *io:* di questa voce
Illustra ogni materia, ogni commento
Volge, riduce, calcola, confronta,
Approssima à se stesso; di sua vita,
Di sè, dei suoi pensier, de' sogni suoi
Perpetuo citator, storia e giornale.

He thus ridicules the affectation of some of his countrywomen; and their partiality for foreign manners and fashions:

L' affettata e patetica Melania
Di compri vezzi e di languenti grazie
Cascante ognor. Bella saria, ma troppo
Gliel dissero gli amanti, ond' ella vana
Dei plausi lor, la prodiga natura
Viziò con l'arte, e per piacer dispiacque.
Breve viaggio agl' itali confini
In poche lune l'arricchì di mille
Ridicole maniere. Al patrio lido
Straniera ritornò. Già vil le suona
Il nativo idioma, e tratto tratto
Chiama in soccorso le adunate frasi,
Pedantesco tesoro, e i motti arguti,
Che dalla Senna volano leggieri,
E à piè dell' Alpi poi rancidi e stanchi
Cadono in bocca de' lombardi Adoni
E dell' itale Veneri, che a gara
Se li rubano in giro, e senso e accenti
Storpiano gentilmente * * *

The following is the portrait of a free-thinker:

* * * Vicino à lei
Siede Aristippo, ed è colui che in atto
Di pensator profondo, altero sembra
Quasi seder della Ragion sul trono,
E il semichiuso ciglio abbassa appena
Sul non pensante vegetabil volgo.
Libertà filosofica egli vanta
Spirito forte, ed alla gloria aspira
Di Socrate moderno. Ai sommi Numi
Egli non crede, *o ch' ei non crede, almeno*
Vuól che si creda ; che non sempre poi
A ciò che il labbro vantatore afferma
L' interno senso corrisponde appieno
* * * * * *
Il pio culto devoto e i sacri riti
Lascia al credulo volgo, e à scorno avrebbe
Di proferir l' antico suono e basso
Di cattolica voce. Altro da lui
Non odi, fuor che, *la materia, il moto,*
L' ente, l' irresistibile natura,
La società ; pomposi nomi, e vuoti
Del giusto senso ch' ei corrompe o ignora.
Altra virtù non crede, altra non loda,
Che di Bruto, di Seneca, e Catone.
E indarno apponi del divin volume
La sacra storia, monumento augusto,
Ne mutabile mai ; con empio orgoglio
Quasi favola il mira, e degli antichi
Dottor la sacra ed erudita penna,
Giudice ignaro, o citatore infido,
Con pietà filosofica compiange.
Oracoli, maestri e numi suoi,
Nel cui nome egli giura, alcuni sono
Scrittor famosi di straniero lido,

Leggiadri, è ver, di lusinghiero ingegno,
Ma in pregio solo à chi ne ignora i scritti,
O non ne intese, o pur ne amò gli errori.

To this bold likeness, the author adds his testimony, that among the multitude of infidel writers, so much in vogue in his time, he had not read a single argument which could excite one doubt in his mind on the truth of revealed religion.

One of the great modern Italian poets on lyric and didactic subjects is the already-mentioned Cavaliere Pindemonte, of Verona. This illustrious writer, and most amiable and accomplished man, has been beautifully portrayed by his cotemporary and half countrywoman, Countess Albrizzi, in her *Ritratti*, or moral portraits, at the head of which she has placed him.

Religious without bigotry, of an independent but contented mind, learned though modest, warm-hearted and impassioned in his feelings, and, at the same time, chaste and pure in his thoughts, indulgent and generous, calm and reflective; his muse partakes of all these qualities. At times she soars in the highest regions of lyric poetry, but oftener sings her pensive strains in the elegiac tone. In the mildness of his sentiments Pindemonte resembles Parini.

His works are of different kinds, and all esteemed for the purity of their language, and for the frequent poetical beauties contained in them.

He has written some rural sketches, called *Prose e Poesie Campestri*, and these, I believe, were among his earliest works. He afterwards undertook the translation of Homer's Odyssey, of which he published some cantos. He also wrote a tragedy, *L' Arminio*, in which he has mixed the ancient and modern dramatic styles, and introduced chorusses, in which he displays his natural genius for the boldness of lyric composition.

Pindemonte had early travelled through the Italian peninsula, and to the Italian islands, especially to Sicily, of which beautiful country he speaks with fond recollection, in his epistle to Ugo Foscolo, in reply to the *Sepolcri* of the latter:

> Foscolo, è vero, il regno ampio de' venti
> Io còrsi a' miei verdi anni, e il mar Sicano
> Solcai non una volta, e a quando à quando
> Con piè leggier dalla mia fida barca
> Mi lanciava in quell' isola, ove Ulisse
> Trovò i Ciclopi, io *donne oneste e belle.*
> Cose ammirande colà vidi * * *

He visited also England, and there he imbibed that esteem and predilection for the English nation, which he has retained in the bosom of his native country, after long absence, and through all political vicissitudes.

In the already-mentioned Epistle on the Sepulchres, while praising the custom and appear-

ance of the country church-yards in England, he takes an opportunity of launching into a flight of praises on the rural beauties of England, and of English country seats and parks, among which he wishes himself again, to breathe in peace far from the din of war which then raged over the Continent.

Deh! perchè non poss' io tranquilli passi
Muover ancor per quelle vie, celarmi
Sotto l'intreccio ancor di que' frondosi
Rami ospitali, e udir da lungi appena
Mugghiar del mondo la tempesta, urtarsi
L' un contro l' altro popolo, corone spezzarsi
E scettri? Oh quanta strage! Oh quanto
Scavar di fosse, e traboccar di corpi,
E ai Condottier trafitti alzar di tombe!

In his *Sermoni*, or Discourses, a sort of didactic composition, mixed with mild satire, which he published in 1818, Pindemonte displays to us his mind and his principles. Averse to political strife, having witnessed the misfortunes which the violence of party-spirit had brought upon his unhappy country, expecting nothing but greater evils from further changes, at least in his life-time, he, like many other of his countrymen, deprecates that mania for political squabbles which, in Italy at least, has done little more, for thirty years past, than create confusion, and increase the sum of misery. Pindemonte begins his *Sermone* on poli-

tical opinions by a version of those lines of Goldsmith's "Traveller:"

In ev'ry government, though terror reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of that which human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

These lines are thus rendered:

Sotto qualunque reggimento uom viva
Benchè regni il terror, benchè la gente
Frenin tiranne Leggi o Rè tiranni,
Quanto de' mali, onde il cor nostro geme,
Scarsa parte è ciò mai, che i Rè, o le Leggi
O ponno in noi causare, o sanar ponno!

"And who is it that talks thus?" asks Pindemonte. "Is it a vile slave, the flatterer of an absolute power, under which he was born? No! it is the citizen of a country where the monarch's will is restrained by ancient and by modern boundaries, it is a soul frank and generous, a lover of liberty as much as of the Muses. Oh, blind human race, always ingenious to find out means to torment thyself! One man imagines a civil state of society in which alone he fancies that his days would glide along in perfect happiness. And I also," says Pindemonte, "I can distinguish also between gold and dung; I too perceive that there is much difference between being born an Englishman or a Turk. But tell me, does it not happen still under the best of governments, that a father loses his own son in

the flower of youth? That a young husband sees his beloved wife snatched from him at the moment when he expected her to give him the first pledge of their chaste love? That a man loses his best friends and finds himself alone on earth? That hail and storms, that fires and inundations, that quarrels and envy, rage among and desolate mankind? Are not the stone and the gout and all the train of diseases still existing?"

"If Hortensius spends his life in trifles, if a new idea never dawns upon his mind, nor a generous affection vibrates through his heart, is it the fault of the evil government under which he lives?

Superbia, invidia, ambizione ed ira
S' indonnaro così nel cuor di Floro
Che un ora sola non gli varca in pace.
A che, Floro, mi vai di Monarchia
Gracchiando, o di Repubblica? Non sorse
Repubblica nel Mondo, o Monarchia,
Dove scorgesse senza nube un giorno
Chi de' suoi pravi affetti un mai non vinse.

"Oh, Gods!" he continues, "a mist of grief shades Matilda's forehead and partly veils the brilliancy of her eyes. What has happened?—Is her lap-dog ill, has she upset the coffee over her embroidery, has the dress-maker spoiled her new gown, or is it not rather a pimple that has broken out on the tip of her nose? Such grave misfortunes, O Matilda, happen every where, and in

spite of the wisest laws; therefore, trouble yourself somewhat less about national representation and the division of powers, and do not stun our ears so much with dissertations on political equilibrium, or on that strength which is concentrated in one arm. And thou, Rosina, with thy languid look, tell me, does government prevent thee from going to the theatre every night, lying in bed until noon, feeding thy parrot, scolding thy maid for whole hours together, and changing thy bonnets whenever thou likest?"

Sò che una gente più o men risplende
Secondo che sè regge o retta viene,
Della pace nell' arti e nella guerra:
Nè che, quanta più luce in lei sfavilla,
Il suo più goda naturale orgoglio,
A conceder son tardo. E chi mai niega
Che vermiglia si mostri in ciel l' Aurora?

"Yet," he continues, "admitting the influence of governments upon the outward splendour and general prosperity of nations, yet, I affirm that that true individual felicity, to which alone we can aspire in this sublunar world, does not reside in cities, in the forum, or in the public halls, but is to be found rather within our private domestic walls, and still more within our own souls. But as in order to meet it there, we must labour hard and strive to conquer ourselves, we find it more

easy to look for it elsewhere, and under some particular form of government.

"Noi di fuor la cerchiamo, e chi trovarla
Crede all' ombra d' un trono, in assemblea
Nobile un altro, un altro in popolare;
E fù chi ai boschi in seno, e trà feroci,
D' ogni fren, d' ogni leggi, impazienti
Nazioni selvaggie, andonne in traccia."

The other *Sermoni* are on the following subjects:—In praise of poetical mediocrity; in praise of country life; a dream of Parnassus; advice to a youthful friend; the dramatic poet; his own apology for writing verses; the disadvantages of beauty; true merit; and, lastly, one upon travels, being an amusing satirical description of various sorts of travellers.

He thus describes, in grateful thanks to Apollo, his early propensity for the Muses:—

Fanciullo ancor nell' Atestin liceo
Le severe pareti, ov' io dal volto
Della madre e de' mici, lunge vivea,
Rideano à me per la volante intorno
De' fantasmi Dircei turba dipinta,
Nel Mondo entrato e novellino autore,
Quando eran tutti rose i miei pensieri,
Cortesemente dai leggiadri spirti
Mi vidi ancor, mercè del casto foco,
Che m' avean le tue Muse acceso il petto.
E allor che i boschi e le fontane e i colli
De' non più freschi di furo i compagni,
Quale nell' alma impensierita e trista
Poesia non versavami dolcezza,

Dolcezza che trà i campi è più sentita,
E più al monte che al pian: che le Camene
Nella Tempe non già, benche si amena,
Non del Caistro o del Meandro in riva
Benche i Cigni v' alberghino gentile
Famiglia lor; ma si la loro stanza
Sul Parnaso fermaro, e sù l' Olimpo.
Molta io trascorsi Europa culta, e poco,
Degli Elvetici laghi, e della Senna
Lungo le sponde, e del Tamigi, il nome
Di tuo caldo seguace à me non valse.
Poi si rivolse il mondo, e in giorni brevi
Nell' abisso de' mali Italia cadde.
Culle infelici! sventurate fasce?
Gridar sovente udiasi; ed io, mandata
Dagli occhi mesti la dovuta stilla,
Frettoloso à staccar dalla parete
Correa la cetra, e allevïava il core.
Quel femmineo* sfalli labbro ingegnoso
Sù cui scendon talor le fiamme tue,
Che m' accusò di viscere non molli,
Perche dell' arte più gentile in grembo
Un conforto io cercai ————

The last publication of Pindemonte (known to me) is styled *Il Colpo di Martello*, and appeared at Verona in 1820.

The circumstance that gave occasion to this little poem was the recent establishment of guards on the summit of the lofty steeple of St. Mark at Venice, who are watching from thence night and day, should any fires break out in that vast city.

* Probably he means here Countess Albrizzi. See the last words of her portrait of Pindemonte.

To show their vigilance, these guards are obliged to strike the great bell at every quarter of an hour. This the poet considers as a warning voice addressed to the citizens. He thus begins:

Sù l' antica di Marco eccelsa Torre
Ad ogni quarta porziòn d' un ora
La tremenda sua voce udir fà *il Tempo.*
Quanti sul cavo risonante bronzo
Dal pesante martel colpi si danno
Tanti ricordi il cittadin riceve
Che di rapido vol fuggono i giorni.
Dove sei, dove, o Gioventù? *Mi splende*
Così davanti agli occhi il tuo sorriso,
Che sembrami l' altr' *jeri averlo visto,*
E pur molto è che mi dicesti addio.

He then proceeds to warn his countrymen to make a proper use of that time which the bell of St. Mark's tower seems to measure out to them in such an impressive manner. He exhorts them to avoid the different deceitful pursuits in which many waste their lives. But what is man to employ his time in?

A che dovrà tender l' uom dunque? A farsi
Di se stesso miglior di *giorno in giorno,*
Spogliarsi un vizio e una virtù vestirsi;
Col sol cadente seppellir nel mare
Un desir basso, e col sorgente sole
Un preclaro desir trar fuor dell' onda:
Rifiorir di dolcezza ad ogni aprile,
Ad ogni estate riscaldar d' affetti,
Mostrar l' autunno non pria visti frutti
Di sapienza; e, giunto il verno, l' alma

Nelle membra che il freddo aere rinforza,
Rinforzar più: conseguir quella in fine
Che sotto il curvo Ciel viengli concessa
Perfezion morale, e, volti gli anni,
Quella mertar sovra gli eterei smalti
Felicità, cui nacque, onde l' istinto
Sente, e che qui trovar non puote integra.
Ma non perda un sol dì, perchè il martello
Che ad ogni quarta porzion d' un ora,
Nell' antica di Marco eccelsa Torre, *&c.*

He then points out the vanity of human ambition and human greatness, and the futility of giving too much time and attention to those pursuits. He shows the superiority of virtue, exemplified in those martyrs and other Christians who suffered in order to obey the dictates of duty.

The following is a lofty encomium on the firmness of the late Pope Pius VII. while a prisoner in France.

Che veggio? Un vecchio venerando, à cui
Posa sul bianco crin triplice serto,
Scende per forza dal più augusto seggio
Dell' Universo, passa l' Alpi, ed entra
Casa regal che in carcere si muta;
E qui davanti *ad un gemmato brando*
Che il Mondo tremar fà, solo non trema,
Solo non cede; ma gli suona ognora
Sovra il labbro senil quel No sublime,
Di liberissim' alma invitto figlio,
Cui l' Istro applause, il Boristene, il Tago,
Non che il Tebro e l'Eridano, e di cui
Trà molte abbiette e poche maschie voci,

Voce non serberanno i nostri annali,
Che una pagina lor più abbelli e indori.

He thus ends his poem by an affecting apostrophe to the manes of his parents and early preceptors:

O de' miei genitori, e de' maestri
Che all' Adige sonante e all' Atestino
Panaro lento e taciturno in riva,
Nella virtù mi rallevar, voi chiamo,
Sante ossa e care, in testimonio ch' io
Frà le molte follie degli anni andati
Rispettai sempre le lor sagge voci,
E vivo in cor serbai quel sacro foco,
Che acceso aveanvi pria, sebben da molta
Nebbia e molta caligine del mondo
Cinto così, che forse parve spento.
Troppo mi piacque questo esiglio, è vero,
Ma per esiglio sempre il riconobbi,
Me riconobbi pellegrino, e in alto
Vidi, e sù gli astri, la mia patria vera,
Che discordia di parti, e di sentenze
Politico conflitto unqua non turba.
* * * * *
Deneri amate, io d' un cor grato i sensi
Nella chiara del giorno aperta luce
Mi compiaccio drizzarvi, e non mi curo
Che altri dica di me, che questi gravi
Mando dal sen religiosi accenti,
Perchè il termine mio, perchè di morte
Veggo l' ombre da presso, ed alla fronte
Delle scosse ali sue mi giunge il vento.
Bruna l' uom mostri o biancheggiante chioma,
Dal suo termin giammai non è lontano;
Ciò che fine aver dee, dura ognor poco;
E non v' ha orecchio giovanile o annoso,

Cui tremenda sonar quella non debba
Che ad ogni quarta porzion d' un ora,
Nell' antica di Marco eccelsa Torre,
Sua voce infaticabile, o le cose
Dipinga il sole, o la nemica notte
Ne confonda i colori, udir fà il Tempo.

Pindemonte's muse is essentially moral, but mild; pensive, but not gloomy. He seems little inclined to take a part in political concerns. He probably discovers errors in every party; but he is not, therefore, the less useful to his countrymen. Good writers in every branch are to be appreciated; every one (and lucky it is) is not called upon to be a politician, no more than to be a moralist, but yet both moralists and politicians are eminently valuable. I shall only add, that it were desirable that Pindemonte's philosophy should be a little more generally spread in these troublesome times, especially in Italy. We should then not see so many valuable persons obliged to exile themselves from their homes, without being able to do any good to their country.

Italy has produced of late several good fabulists, a branch of letters which had been comparatively neglected. Pignotti, Roberti, Passeroni, Bertola, Clasio, (Fiacchi,) Decoureil, and De Rossi, have written fables and apologues in verse. Pignotti and Bertola are the two principal ones. The first is better known for his history of Tus-

cany, which, with Micali's "History of Italy before the Dominion of the Romans," are the two best historical works Italy has produced in our days.

Aurelio Bertola of Rimini had a natural flow of easy and elegant verse. Some of his fables are very pretty, their versification is soft and musical; his style is not however always sufficiently natural and simple as becomes that sort of composition; it is at times too epigrammatic; some of his fables resemble too much the *ariette* of Metastasio. The following are specimens of them—the first is upon the old dispute between blue eyes and dark eyes:—

GLI OCCHI AZZURRI E GLI OCCHI NERI.

A contesa eran venuti
Gli Occhi azzurri, e gli Occhi neri—
Occhi neri fieri e muti,
Occhi azzurri non sinceri:
Color bruno, color mesto:
A cangiar l' azzurro è presto.
Siamo immagine del Cielo:
Siamo faci sotto à un velo,
Occhi azzurri han Palla e Giuno:
E Ciprigna è d' occhio bruno—
S'avrian dette anche altro cose,
Ma frà lor Amor si pose,
Decidendo tanta lite
In tai note, che ha scolpite
Per suo cenno un pastor fido
Sopra un codice di Gnido:
" Il primato in questi o in quelli
Non dipende dal colore;
Ma quegli occhi son più belli
Che rispondono più al core."

The other is an illustration of the power of flattery:

IL LEONE E LA RANA.

Un Leon dalla pugna
Mentre ritorno fea,
E l'ampie fauci avea
Tinte di sangue ancor;
Passando lungo un fosso,
Della fangosa tana
Usci loquace Rana
Delle poch' acque à fior:
E non sò quai gracchiando
Lodi al Leone diede:
Intanto fermò il piede,
Degli animali il Ré.
E sul dorso battendossi
La coda maestosa,
Colla fronte giubosa
D' approvar segno fè.
Sorpresa dir volea
La Corte sua seguace:
Come! Signor! ti piace?
Ma tanto non osò.
" Ah da qualunque bocca
Venga un encomio fuora
Del cor de' grandi ognora
Facil la via trovò."

Bertola has also written sonnets, canzoni, and other light poetry. In one of these, addressed from Naples to Ippolito Pindemonte, he thus describes that then rising genius:

E di mezzo al poetico
Fulgore in bei caratteri

Veggo il tuo nobil core,
Come allora il vid' io,
Che parlò sul lattifluo
Tuo labbro in mio favore
Dell' amistade il Dio.

O Pindemonte! Italia
Te pel cadente secolo
Suo primo Vate noma,
Te per l' età vicina;
E quei che à Metastasio
Lauri ombreggian la chioma
Al capo tuo destina.

Dalla vaga Partenope,
Ove il cantor del Mincio,
Ove il tuo Plinio giace,
Ove la sempre lieta
Mergellina ricurvasi
Frà i poggi, e tanto piace
Al pensator poeta;

Io ti saluto, o giovane
Dittator dell' Italico
Parnaso, e fò preghiera
Che errante contro voglia
Fuor delle terre Aonie,
Sotto la tua bandiera
Me tra non molto accoglia:

Bertola then thus describes himself:

Me cantore di gelide
Fontane, e pratei morbidi,
Negletto sì, ma *vero;*
Me à tenui cose nato,
Me dall' età più tenera
Di Tibullo e Gesnero
Seguace innamorato.

Bertola wrote also epigrams; an eulogium of Gessner, on which he bestowed particular pains; an interesting account of a journey along the Rhine; an essay on the philosophy of History; in short, he was an universal writer; but, as he says himself, he was chiefly adapted for soft and elegant subjects. His excessive sensibility, his delicate health, and the mobility of his imagination, prevented him from applying to more serious works. "It seems," says the Countess Albrizzi of him, "as if nature had intended to make him a perfect man, but repented when her work was half done."

Among the Italian dialects the Sicilian is one of the most expressive, and best adapted for poetry: it abounds with diminutives, and with terms of endearment; its pronunciation is soft, and the measure of its words is well calculated for music. Several men of genius have enriched the Sicilian language with their poetical productions; l'Abate Meli is the most eminent amongst them: his pastorals, odes, and songs, are full of fire and tenderness; his images are taken from a beautiful nature; and his expressions are delicate and graceful. I shall subjoin two extracts out of them:—

"Sti silenzii, sta virdura
Sti muntagni, sti vallati

L' ha criate lá natura
Pri li cori innamurati.

Lu susurru di li frunni,
Di lu sciumi lu lamentu,
L' aria, l' ecu chi rispunni,
Tuttu spira sentimentu.

Ddà farfalla accussi vaga;
Lu muggitu di li tori;
L' innocenza, chi vi appaga,
Tutti parranu a lu cori.

Stu frischettu insinuanti
Chiudi un gruppu di piaciri;
Accarizza l' alma amanti;
E ci arrobba li suspiri.

Ccà l' armuzza li soi porti
Apri tutti a lu dilettu;
Sulu è indignu di sta sorti
Cui non chiudi amuri in pettu.

Sulu è reu, cui pò guardari
Duru, e immobili sta scena;
Ma lu stissu nun amari
E' delittu insemi; e pena.

Donna bella senza amuri,
E' na rosa fatta in cira;
Senza vezzi senza oduri,
Chi nun veggeta ne spira.

Tu nun parri o Dori mia?
Stu silenziu mi spaventa;
E' possibili, ch' in tia
Qualchi affettu nun si senta?

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

E l' amuri un puru raggiu,
Chi lu Celu fa scappari,

E ch' avviva pri viaggiu
Suli, luna, terra, e mari.
Iddu duna a li suspiri
La ducizza chiu esquisita;
Ed aspergi di piaciri
Li miserii di la vita.
Mugghia l' aria, e a sò dispettu
Lu pasturi a li capanni
Strinci a se l' amatu oggettu;
E' si scorda di l' affanni.

ODE.—Lu Pettu.

'Ntra ssù Pittuzzu amabili
Ortu di rosi e sciuri,
Duc mazzuneddi Amuri
Cu li soi mani fà.
Ci spruzza poi co l' ali
Li fiocchi di la nivi;
'Ntriccià li vini e scrivi:
Lu Paradisu è ccà.
Ma un importuna nuvula
M' ottenebra lu celu;
Appena ntra lu velu
Na spiragghiedda c' è.
Armata d' una spingula
Chi pari na laparda
Modestia si lu guarda,
Ch' è rigurusa oimé!
Un Amurinu affabili
L' ammutta à jiri à mia,
Ma l' autra, o tirannia!
Turnari poi la fà.
Pietusu à li mei lagrimi,
Chiddu lu spinci arreri;
Ma torna poi 'nnarreri
E sempri veni e và.

Si mai sintisti affettu
O zefiru amurusu
Lu velu suspittusu
Allarga un pocò chiù ;
E si lu tó non basta
Alitu dilicatu
Pigghiati lu miu sciatu,
E servitinni tù."

Italian literature is remarkably rich in historians. This peculiar merit has been well supported in our times. Pignotti's History of Tuscany, Micali's History of Italy before the dominion of the Romans, Botta's History of the War of American Independence, and the vast undertaking of the History of Italy ancient and modern, by Luigi Bossi, are works that deserve to be mentioned, amongst a great number of others of subordinate merit in the same branch.

Italian literature has also had many able biographers. The accurate and learned Tiraboschi, the acute and judicious Bettinelli, the eloquent Denina ; these have given histories of Italian literature ; also Corniani, of Brescia, has given us *I Secoli della Letteratura Italiana dopo il suo risorgimento ;* Mazzucchelli has written a work rich in erudition, *De' Scrittori d'Italia*, part of which only is published ; the rest is in manuscript, in the possession of his son; and very recently Camillo Ugoni, of Brescia, has written, also, upon "Italian literature, during the latter

half of the 18th century," as a continuation to Corniani's Secoli. Of the merits of this last work I have already spoken. Salfi has given a continuation of Ginguene's literary history of Italy. Besides which, the Literature of the different states of Italy has also had biographers; Foscarini for that of Venice, Napione for Piedmont, and others. Napoli Signorelli, of Naples, has given a history of the dramatic art; Mayer has given the history of the origin, progress, and decline of music in Italy, since 1812.

A number of men of letters have been of late zealously occupied in collecting, compiling, commenting upon, and illustrating the writings of the best Italian authors, either published or unpublished before. Among these deserving men are to be mentioned, Custodi, Gamba, Ciampi, Reina, Barbieri, Biagioli, Buttura, and others.

In the last century, Lanzi wrote the History of Italian Painters; and lately Count Cicognara, of Ferrara, has given us an excellent History of modern Sculpture. It cannot be said, therefore, as superficially-informed persons are apt to believe, that Italian literature, in our days, has dwindled to mere philological discussions about language.

The great dispute about language however still continues between the Tuscans and the other Italians, especially those of the north. At the head of the

latter is Monti, the Nestor of Italian literature, who has written several volumes of corrections and additions to be made to the Dictionary of La Crusca*, which naturally dry subject he has found the means of rendering agreeable as well as attractive. His cause seems founded upon reason, more so perhaps than that in which he upholds the exclusive dominion of classic literature against romanticism, to which he is averse. Thus, in literature, as well as in politics, a man may be liberal in one cause and absolute in another. Monti's son-in-law, Count Perticari, who died prematurely, was the active coadjutor in the philological labours of his father.

With regard to the question of language, we find the following judicious remarks of the learned Acerbi, editor of the Biblioteca Italiana:

" La legge servile impostasi di non registrare che quelle voci in appoggio delle quali trovansi pronti gli esempi sotto le dita de' compilatori, è legge tirannica ed irragionevole. Una buona e valente autorità dovrebbe già essere quella de' compilatori stessi raccolti à collegio per giudicare nel loro sinodo della bontà di un vocabolo: ben inteso però che non di soli Bolognesi o Fiorentini, ma d' Italiani presi da ogni parte d' Italia fosse

* Proposta di alcune Correzioni ed Aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca, Milano, 1821.

composto un tal sinodo. Il Dizionario dell' Accademia di Parigi non ha testi, non ha citazioni, non ha autorità, tranne quella degli Accademici stessi. La definizione, la spiegazione, perfino l'applicazione de' vocaboli è loro propria. Non pretendiamo per questo che si segua affatto l' esempio Francese, e giacche noi abbiamo un lavoro già fatto sull' appoggio degli esempi e de' testi, *riteniamolo; ma l' autorità sua non sia esclusiva*, e non si tralascino centinaja e migliaja di voci che sono Italiane per indole, per necessità, per analogia, e che non furono accolte per la sola ragione che i compilatori mancarono pel momento di uua citazione o di un esempio antico, che contenesse in sè quelle voci.

" Quanti vantaggi non ne trarrebbe la lingua da codesto consiglio Anfizionico! Quante voci municipali non sarebbero fatte cittadine d' Italia, e giudicate degne d' esser deposte nel magazzino universale della lingua! Noi non applicheremo per intero il paragone de' dialetti diversi della Grecia alla nostra Penisola, ma crediamo fermamente che ne' dialetti diversi d' Italia si trovino voci degne di arricchire il patrimonio generale della favella, perche, o precedenti da buone fonti, o perche presto intese anche da chi non le udì mai prima, o perche calzanti al segno da non aver altre voci che vi suppliscano senza perifrasi. Ne

daremo due soli esempi. In Milano, si usa dal popolo la voce *sfollare*, per contrario di affollare, e per esprimere lo calca di un gran teatro che uscendo và diradando la piena al di dentro. Chi negherebbe, à questa voce la cittadinanza? A Brescia, dove l' idioma è così mozzo e barbaro, si usa con bel vezzo, e nel senso stesso del Latino, la voce *pesundare* per vilipendere. Sarebbero molti gli esempi di questo genere."

And, lower down, speaking of the unavoidable influence of foreign conquest over the language of a nation :—

"La nostra lingua ha sentito l' influsso della conquista, e quello che pare contraddittorio, essa prese nella servitù un andamento più libero e più disinvolto, ed essa formossi uno stile caratteristico del secolo, diverso affatto dalla superstiziosa aridità de' trecentisti, e distinto ancora dalla servile imitazione de' buoni secoli che vennero dopo."

Italian literature, rich so early in *novelle* or tales, in anecdotes and episodes, is extremely scanty in novels in which the whole character and life of the hero is sketched, or, *romanzi in prosa*, as they are called in Italian. Probably the facility of writing verse has dissuaded Italian writers from writing works of imagination in prose. Probably, also, the example of the Greeks and Romans, upon

which Italian literature was modelled, prevented its writers from applying to a species of composition for which they had no example in the ancient languages. Whatever may be the reason, the fact is, that, with the exception of the *Lettere d' Ortis*, Italy has hardly a real original novel, to be compared to the numerous productions of the kind which England, Germany, France, and Spain, have produced. The facility of translating and imitating the latter, may be another reason why nothing original of this sort has been produced by an Italian pen. Certainly the country that has given to the world the Inferno, Innamorato, Morgante, Gerusalemme, Furioso, and so many other original poems, cannot be suspected to be unproductive of imaginations rich enough to write a good work of fancy in prose. Of late years, several writers have tried the untrodden path of novel-writing; among the rest, Sacchi and Bertolotti are those who have given the best-grounded hopes of succeeding in this undertaking. The former has published, in 1822, a novel called Oriele, or, Letters of two Lovers; the second, who has written several works of light and elegant literature, also sketched a short novel called l' Isoletta de' Cipressi. Unfortunately both these novels end by suicide. Yet, notwithstanding these essays, it seems that the appearance of a good Italian novel remains still a desideratum.

That branch of oratory which is devoted to the pulpit, although cultivated in Italy by many, cannot be said to have flourished in that country within the last fifty years. Bishop Turchi, of Parma, is one of the few preachers who has supported the dignity of Italian pulpit-eloquence. His works, consisting of sermons, homilies, and funeral orations, were published at Venice, 1815, in five volumes. Another collection of his inedited works has been since published at Modena, 1818, in six volumes. His ideas are glowing, and often elevated, and his composition is rapid and animated. His style, however, and still more his language, are neglected. Turchi entered, in early youth, the order of St. Francis; became, through his merit, known to the Duke of Parma, who appointed him chaplain to his court; after which he was intrusted with the education of the Infante Don Ludovico, afterwards, for a short time, King of Etruria. Turchi was subsequently appointed to the episcopal see of Parma. He died in 1803, at the advanced age of eighty.

In the other parts of rhetoric, such as panegyrics and academical orations in eulogy of illustrious individuals, a number of men of letters have distinguished themselves. One of the most conspicuous in our days is Pietro Giordani of Piacenza, one of the first contributors to the Biblioteca Italiana.

This writer is remarkable for the purity and simplicity of his style, the independence of his thoughts, and the moderation and uprightness of his principles. His works upon different subjects, containing orations, criticisms, historical dissertations, translations, *&c.*, have been lately published in seven volumes. Antonio Benci, one of the contributors to the other Italian periodical, l' Antologia, deserves to be mentioned honourably in the same line. He has published lately an excellent translation of Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

Passing from literature, so properly called, to those branches of it which are more scientific, we shall only observe, that in the last century, Vico and Genovesi brought sound principles to the discussion of rational philosophy. Some branches of this science have been lately illustrated by Delfico, Montrone, Talia, and others.

In political economy, Pietro Verri, Carli, and Galiano, in the last century, distinguished themselves. Many more there have been in our times, and of different colours and shades of opinion

One of the principal Italian economists of our days, is Gioja of Piacenza. He wrote several political works during the Cisalpine and Italian republics. But his great work, which has acquired him universal reputation, is styled *Nuovo*

Prospetto delle Scienze economiche, being an exposition of all theoretical as well as practical principles in every branch of private and public administration, divided into classes and united in a general system. In a few volumes he has undertaken to collect the substance of all that has been written on this subject, of the laws of the different governments, and of the custom of nations with regard to administration.

This is a very succinct account of Italian literature. Many deserving names have been omitted, for the sake of that brevity which was a necessary quality of this treatise; but it will, at least, serve to show that the field is vast, and that there is much to be reaped from it. I shall conclude in the words of Antonio Benci, himself one of the supporters of his country's literary honours, that Italy is far, very far, from being

"Qual grido stolto il suona,"

merely the land of the dead.

THE END.

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